PIANO · VOCAL · GUITAR
Steely Dan
COMPLETE
STEELY DAN
THE ROYAL SCAM
STEELY DAN
PRETZEL LOGIC
HOT
PRETZLES
15 ¢
HOT
Steely Dan
Can't Buy A Thrill
Steely Dan
Katy Lied
STEELY DAN
countdown to ecstasy
steely dan
Gaucho
aja
STEELY DAN
HAL·LEONARD

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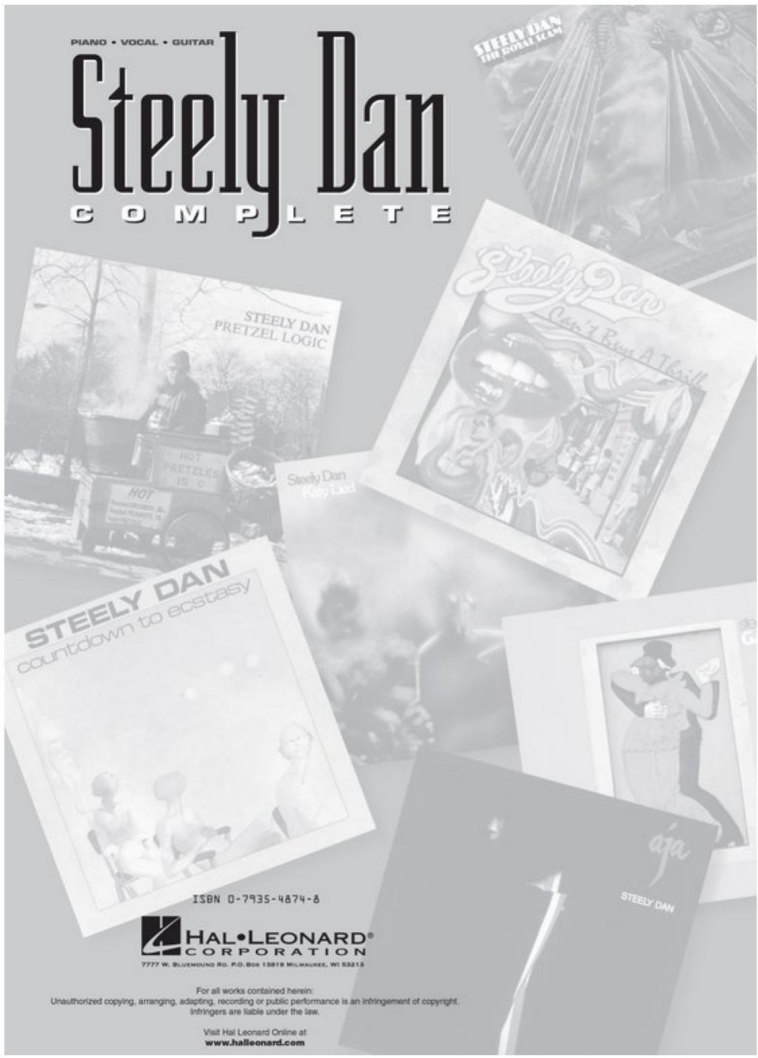

ISBN 0-7935-4874-8

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Gaucho
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Third World Man

Steely Dan

INTRODUCTION

By Bruce Pollock and John Stix

If radio programmer John Sebastian has his way, the music of Steely Dan may become as common on the airwaves as the tunes of the Beatles. Pushing a new format called Eclectic Oriented Rock, Sebastian feels that the Dan (aka Donald Fagen, Walter Becker, and a cast of thousands of studio fingers] are the unheralded heroes of post-Beatles rock, in their own way as imaginative and unique as yesteryear's Fab Four. And, to put his money where his taste is, Sebastian plans to advise all stations playing the EOR format to go heavy on Steely Dan. Which means that a lot of starving heads may soon have their fill of subtle and perverse lyrics insinuated into cryptic and sardonic storylines (or is that vice-versa] and wound around a sampling from the literature of pop-rock-jazz-blues melodies. Plus, you can even dance to some of them.

At the keyboards, Donald Fagen was co-conspirator on all of the Dan's classic songs, from "Do It Again" and "Reelin' in the Years" and "Rikki Don't Lose That Number" to "Peg" and "Deacon Blues" and "Hey Nineteen." But beyond the immediately accessible, the Steely Dan scrapbook of rock portraits includes a memorable, if ragged, bunch: "Charlie Freak," "Rose Darling," "Kid Charlemagne," "Pearl of the Quarter," "Doctor Wu" among them. Charting the inevitable comedown from a decade of street theater, Fagen & Becker swung from the chandeliers while the roof was caving in. Now, removed from such turbulence, and approaching his songwriting mid-life alone, Fagen contemplates the glittering standard-strewn byways that led him to this juncture.

Donald: "I don't think Walter and I were songwriters in the

traditional sense, neither the Tin Pan Alley/Broadway variety nor the "staffer" type of the 50s and 60s. An attentive listening to our early attempts at normal genre-writing will certainly bear me out. It soon became more interesting to exploit and subvert traditional elements of popular songwriting and to combine this material with the jazz-based music we had grown up with. In college, we were both intrigued by certain humorists of the late 50s and early 60s, such as John Barth, Joseph Heller, Kurt Vonnegut, Thomas Berger, Terry Southern and Bruce Jay Friedman. (I've since cooled a lot on these writers.) Walter read a couple of novels by Thomas Pynchon. We both thought the predicament in which popular music found itself in the middle 60s rather amusing too, and we tried to wring some humor out of the whole mess. We mixed TV-style commercial-arranging cliches with Mersey beats, assigned nasty sounding heavily amplified guitars to play Ravel-like chords, etc. The fairly standardized rock instrumentation of the original group added to the schizy effect. We never tried to compete with the fine songwriters of the era (Goffin & King, Lennon & McCartney). We were after a theatrical effect, the friction produced by the mix of music and the irony of the lyrics.

At this point I can't remember who wrote this verse or that chorus, but the way it often worked out was like this: I would come up with a basic musical structure, perhaps a hook line and occasionally a story idea. Walter would listen to what I had and come up with some kind of narrative structure. We'd work on music and lyrics together, inventing characters, adding musical and verbal jokes, polishing the arrangements, and smoking Turkish cigarettes. Of course, the musicians would kick in with arranging ideas, bass lines, etc. once we got into the studio.

Because most of our tunes were written to be performed only by Steely Dan, they don't lend themselves very well to cover renditions. The lyrics are not the sort that would inspire singers to cover them. And most of the melodies are instrumental- type lines, and not songs in the usual sense of the term. By that I mean that a real song, it seems to me, has a kind of melody which is, first of all, very easy to sing. It has a natural flow, usually in a stepwise

motion, with consecutive notes, simple arpeggios, and so on. That's a quality a lot of the great songwriters had. You can sing the melody without any chordal background, and it'll still sound good. The melody is not dependent on the harmony; it's just a really good melody. I think our songs were derived more instrumentally, more in the way-not to make a comparison in quality-Duke Ellington would write. I think his songs, in fact, don't work that well as songs. He wrote for the people in his band, the specific players. He wrote lines that he thought they could play well. And although we weren't writing for instrumental performers-we were writing for my voice-I think our background, because it comes mostly out of arranging and jazz, made us lean toward melodies that had that kind of structure-they're more chordally situated. When I hear the occasional cover, I almost always experience what I've come to think of as the Bill Murray Effect-i.e., Buddy Greco doing "Born to be Wild." When Walter and I decided we weren't cut out to be leaders of a touring band, we started looking for a more mature (some might say slicker) sound. Our original players went their separate ways and studio players were just the ticket. Because the cost of rehearsal time with studio players was (and is) high, we began to prepare fairly detailed charts before going into the studio, sometimes with the help of one of the musicians on the date. The players would run down the tune a few times and then we'd start recording. With luck, we'd get an early take. More often, we'd do quite a few. Solos were usually overdubbed and judged on flow and originality: however, a player with a nice touch could get by easily on blues alone. Larry Carlton played on quite a few of our records. He's a real virtuoso. In my opinion, he can get around his instrument better than any studio guitarist. He's also quite a good blues player. He did the solos on "Kid Charlemagne;" the middle solo he did in two takes and we used both parts. The last solo was straight improvisation. Sometimes a player would come in and tip off a solo like that, other times if they were playing something which we didn't think was stylistically consistent with the song, or if they were just having trouble getting any idea, we might suggest a stylistic or melodic idea to get them started.

A Final Query for Donald

Did you ever cry when you wrote that song?

Donald: No, but when I hear one of our less successfully realized songs on the radio, it's easy to trace the tracks of my tears.

Walter Becker

John Stix caught up with Walter Becker, after the band's '94 reunion tour. Armed with more questions about songwriting, Walter obliged by sharing the following choice nuggets. The entire product of songwriting is basically an improvisation, because you start with nothing and you end up with something. So you spontaneously had a thought, either musical or lyrical. We knew we would make a good team, because we were able to work together. We liked what we were coming up with, what we were writing. We were temperamentally suited to one another, and we had a very similar musical background and consciousness. I think there were various songs we wrote where we were trying to imitate particular musical styles, or something like that. A song like "With A Gun," on *Pretzel Logic* was kind of a country song. We were trying to write something in a style that was a little bit distant from our usual style. In those early days, we didn't have any drum machines. Our demos were very crude, and they didn't have any rhythm to them, for the most part. There was a lot more left to the imagination and up to the individual musicians as far as coming up with the actual beat and the way the drummer was going to play the beat and so on. For example, Elliott Randall just improvised the opening solo to "Reelin' in the Years." He obviously decided to include the melody in a thematic improvisation. But, you have to remember, when you record something in the studio the way we used to do it, you have five guys arrive at the studio and maybe some of them don't know each other. Certainly they haven't played or rehearsed together, and they are coming in to record a piece of music that's perhaps never been played before. So it's not as though they are going to play this thing perfectly the first time, and you are just going to make them do it over and over again until they get one that you

somehow like, that is infinitesimally better or different from the first one. They are going to have to learn that piece of music, come up with parts and an approach, and develop something. That's quite a lengthy process you're trying to compress into one session. It's an unusual circumstance, and sometimes it works, and sometimes it doesn't. To the extent that the music we were writing was somewhat challenging, and that we were trying to come up with unusual feels and spectacularly great tracks with a lot of virtuoso playing, then it becomes a little bit harder. You go on stage and you're trying to get the same result, but now there's already been a model on which everybody is basing their parts. You've been playing this thing night after night, so really, you're trying to come up with the same result. It's just that all of the questions that had to be answered at the first session were answered long ago. The band rehearsed for a couple of weeks and has been playing the tune night after night. So it's just a question of what you're trying to do.

Bruce Pollock interview with Donakd Fagan courtesy of *Guitar For The Practicing Musician.*

COMPLETE ALPHABETICAL LISTING

187 Aja

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132 Any World
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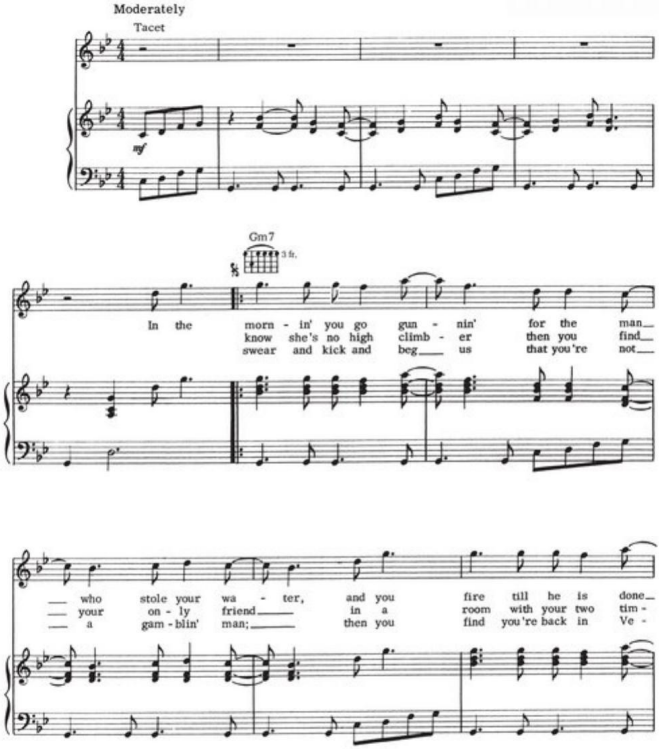
Can’t Buy A Thrill

DO IT AGAIN

Words and Music by WALTER BECKER
and DONALD FAGEN


Moderately
Tacet
mf
Gm7
3 fr.
In the morn - in' you go gun - nin' for the man__
know she's no high climb - er then you find__
swear and kick and beg__ us that you're not__
__ who stole your wa - ter, and you fire till he is done__
__ your on - ly friend__ in a room with your two tim -
__ a gam - blin' man;__ then you find you're back in Ve -

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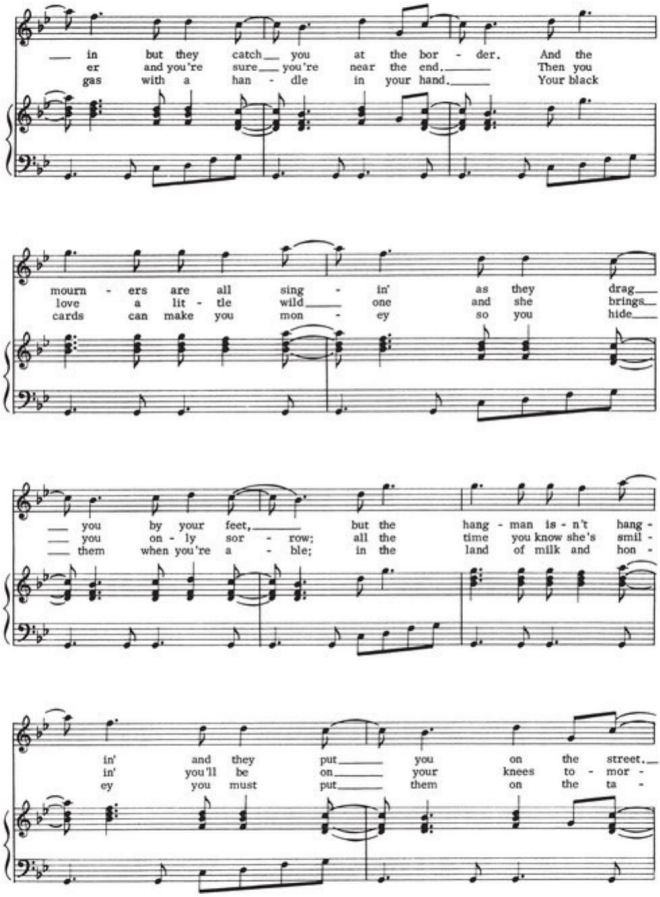
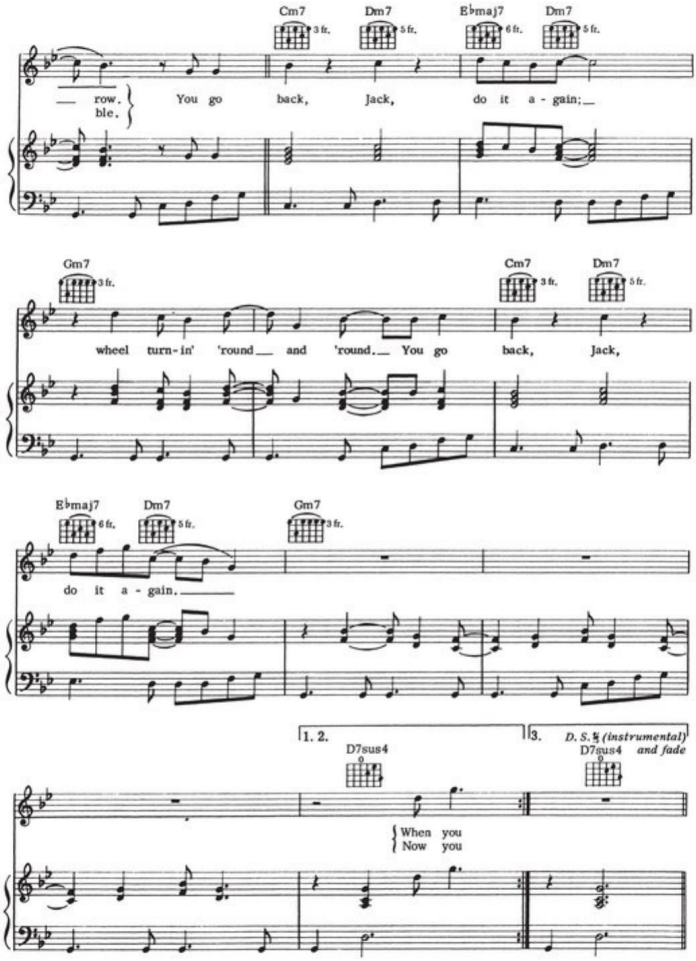
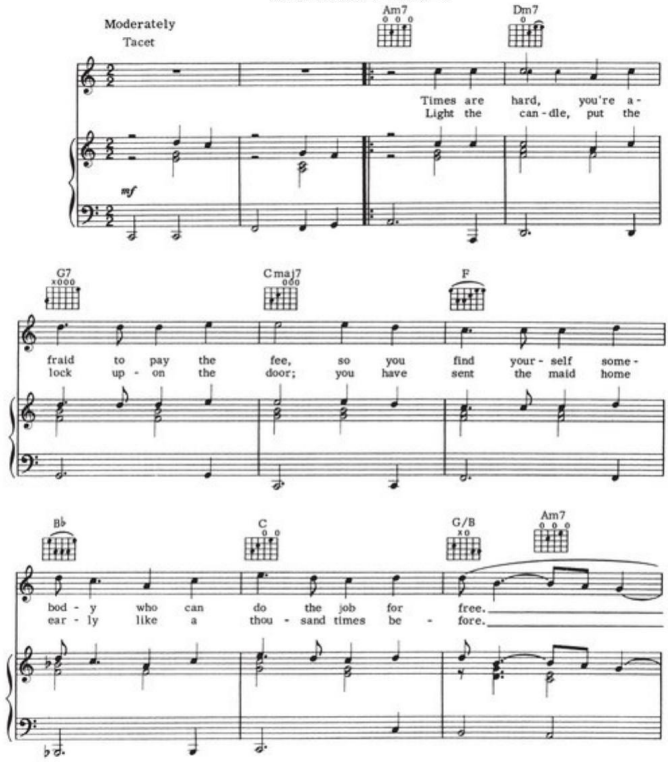

— in but they catch— you at the bor - der. And the
er and you're sure— you're near the end.— Then you
gas with a han - dle in your hand.— Your black
mourn - ers are all sing - in' as they drag—
love a lit - tle wild— one and she brings—
cards can make you mon - ey so you hide—
— you by your feet,— but the hang - man is - n't hang -
— you on - ly sor - row; all the time you know she's smil -
— them when you're a - ble; in the land of milk and hon -
in' and they put— you on the street.—
in' you'll be on— your knees to - mor -
ey you must put— them on the ta -


Cm7
3 fr.
Dm7
5 fr.
E♭maj7
6 fr.
Dm7
5 fr.
— row.
ble.
You go back, Jack, do it a - gain;—
Gm7
3 fr.
Cm7
3 fr.
Dm7
5 fr.
wheel turn - in' 'round— and 'round.— You go back, Jack,
E♭maj7
6 fr.
Dm7
5 fr.
Gm7
3 fr.
do it a - gain.—
1. 2.
3.
D. S. 𝄋 (instrumental)
and fade
D7sus4
D7sus4
When you
Now you

DIRTY WORK

Words and Music by WALTER BECKER
and DONALD FAGEN



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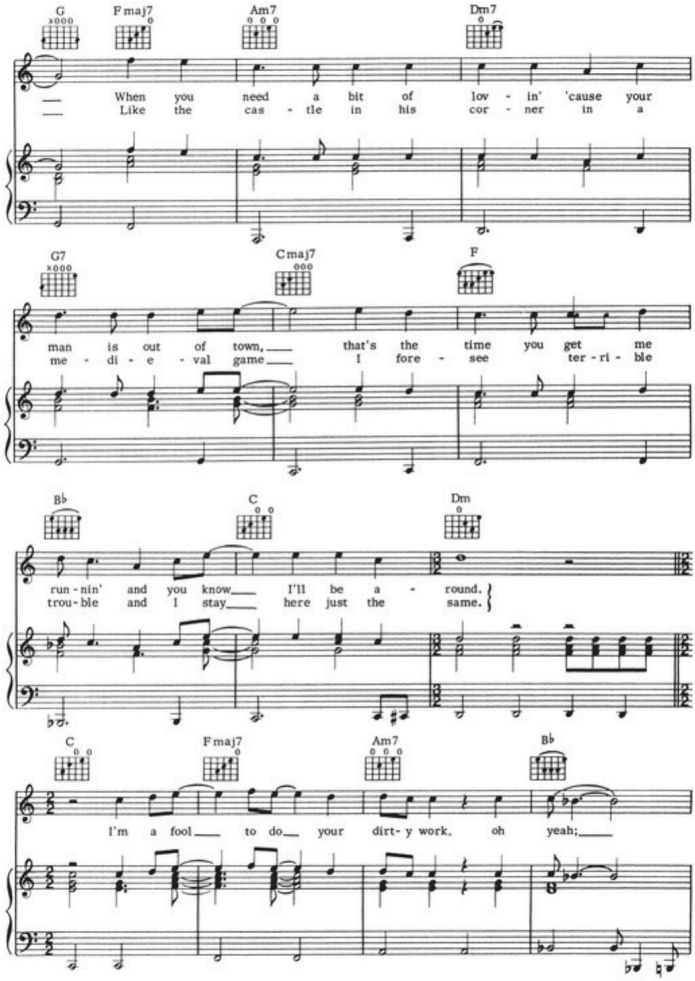
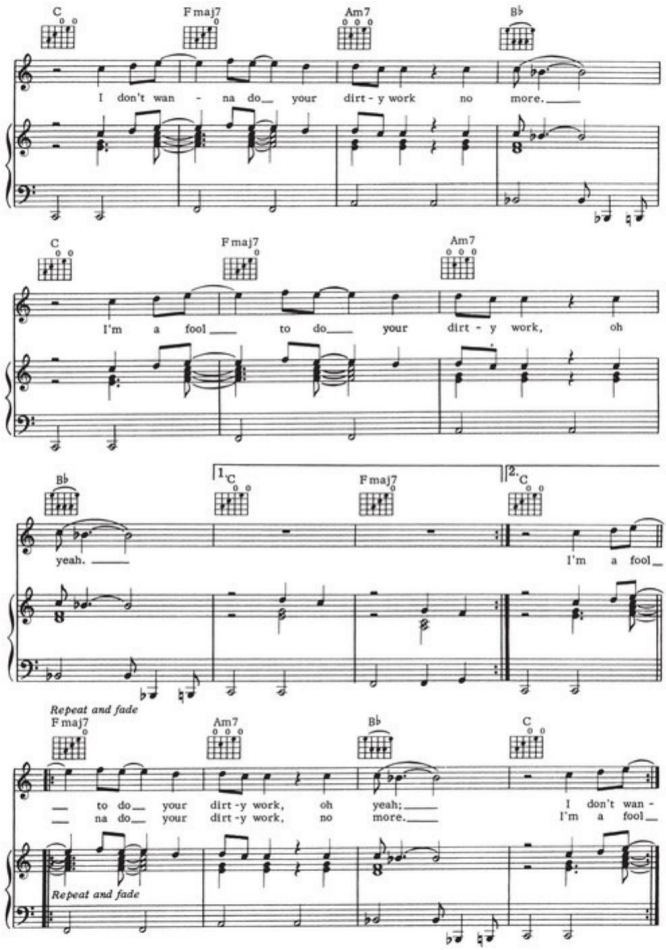
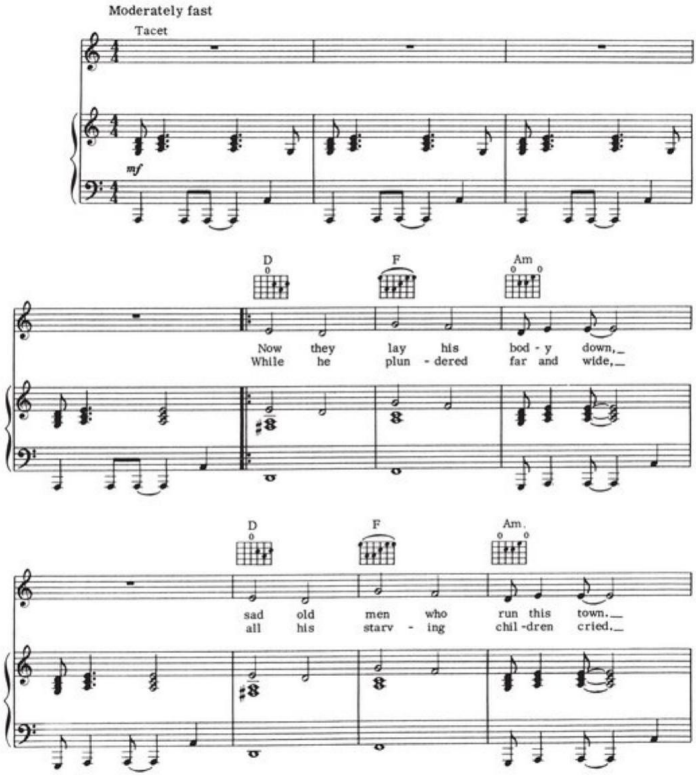

G
F maj7
Am7
Dm7
When you need a bit of lov - in' 'cause your
Like the cas - tle in his cor - ner in a
G7
C maj7
F
man is out of town, that's the time you get me
me - di - e - val game I fore - see ter - ri - ble
B♭
C
Dm
run - nin' and you know I'll be a - round.
trou - ble and I stay here just the same.
C
F maj7
Am7
B♭
I'm a fool to do your dirt - y work, oh yeah;


C
F maj7
Am7
B♭
I don't wan - na do your dirt - y work no more.
C
F maj7
Am7
I'm a fool to do your dirt - y work, oh
B♭
1. C
F maj7
2. C
yeah.
I'm a fool
Repeat and fade
F maj7
Am7
B♭
C
to do your dirt - y work, oh yeah; I don't wan -
na do your dirt - y work, no more. I'm a fool
Repeat and fade

KINGS

Words and Music by WALTER BECKER
and DONALD FAGEN



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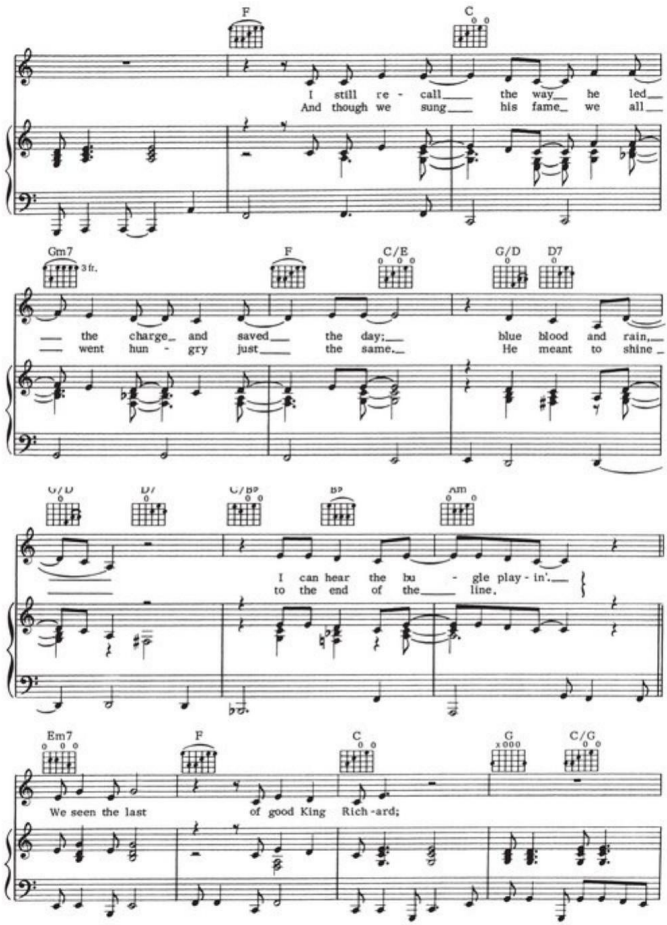
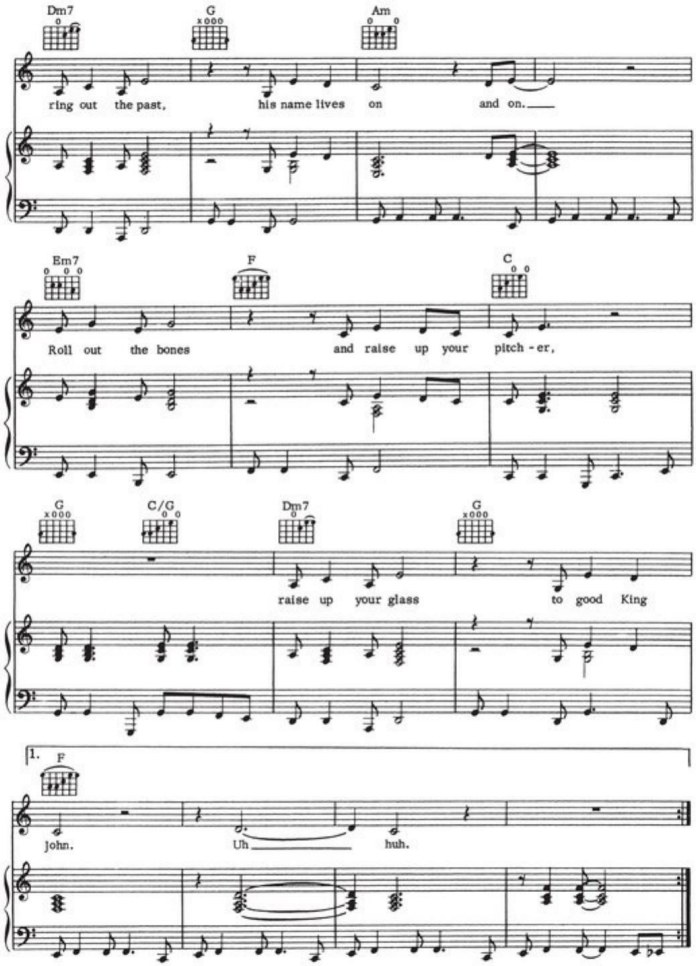
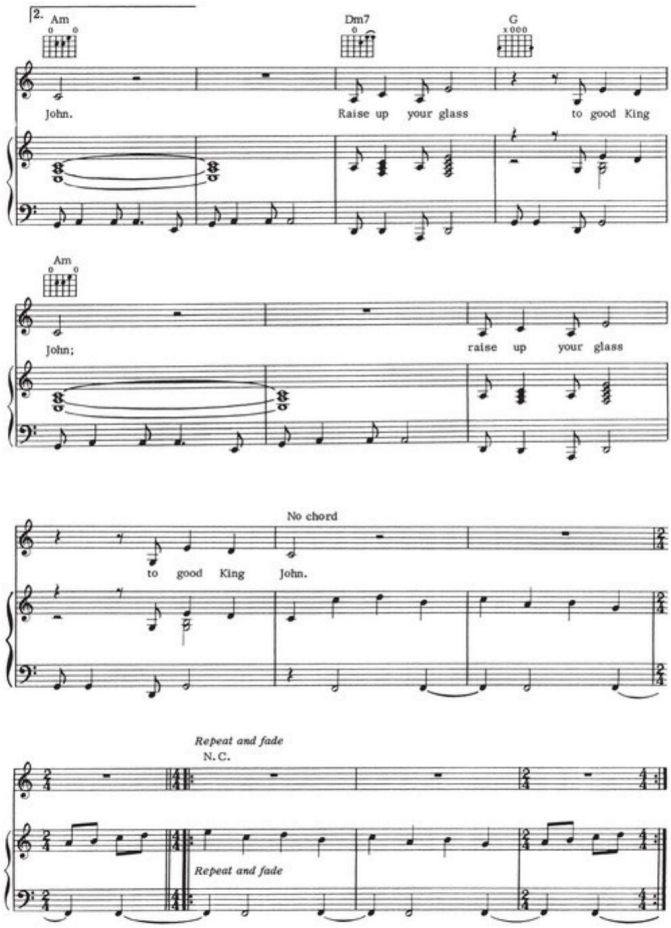
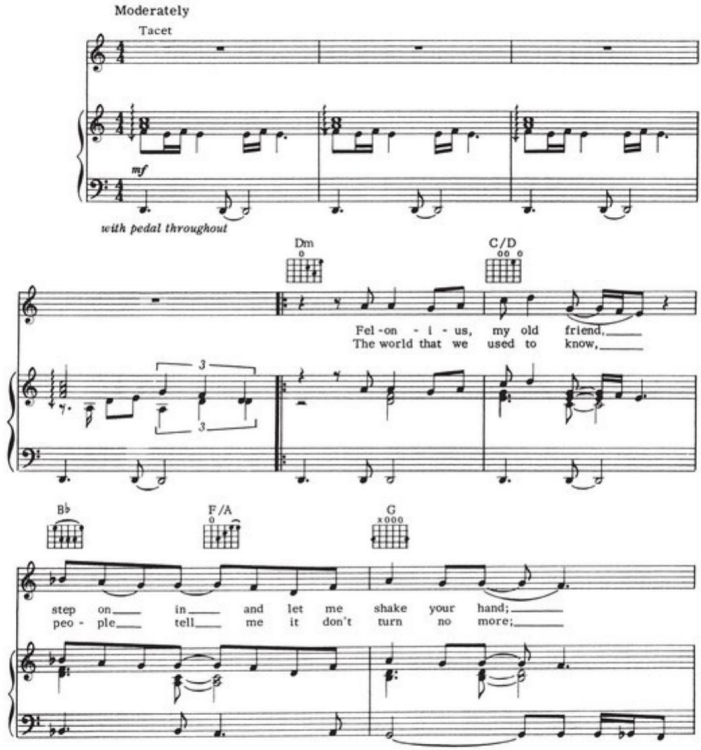

F
C
I still re - call the way he led
And though we sung his fame we all
Gm7
3fr.
F
C/E
G/D
D7
the charge and saved the day; blue blood and rain,
went hun - gry just the same. He meant to shine
G/D
D7
C/B♭
B♭
Am
I can hear the bu - gle play - in'.
to the end of the line.
Em7
F
C
G
C/G
We seen the last of good King Rich - ard;


Dm7
G
Am
ring out the past, his name lives on and on.
Em7
F
C
Roll out the bones and raise up your pitch - er,
G
C/G
Dm7
G
raise up your glass to good King
1.
F
John. Uh huh.


2.
Am
Dm7
G
John.
Raise up your glass
to good King
Am
John;
raise up your glass
No chord
to good King John.
Repeat and fade
N.C.
Repeat and fade

MIDNITE CRUISER

Words and Music by WALTER BECKER
and DONALD FAGEN



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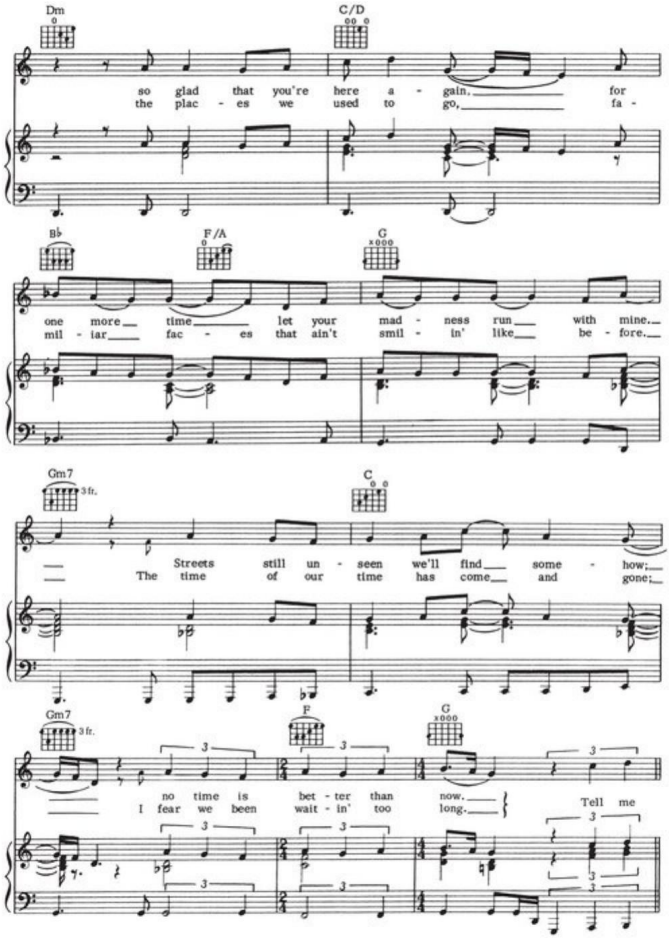
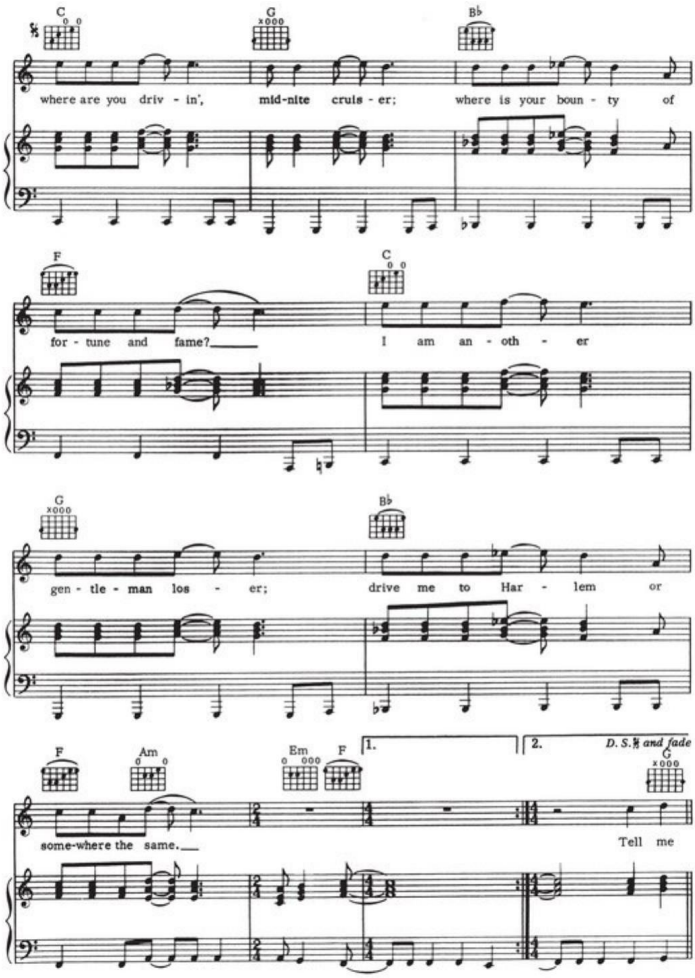
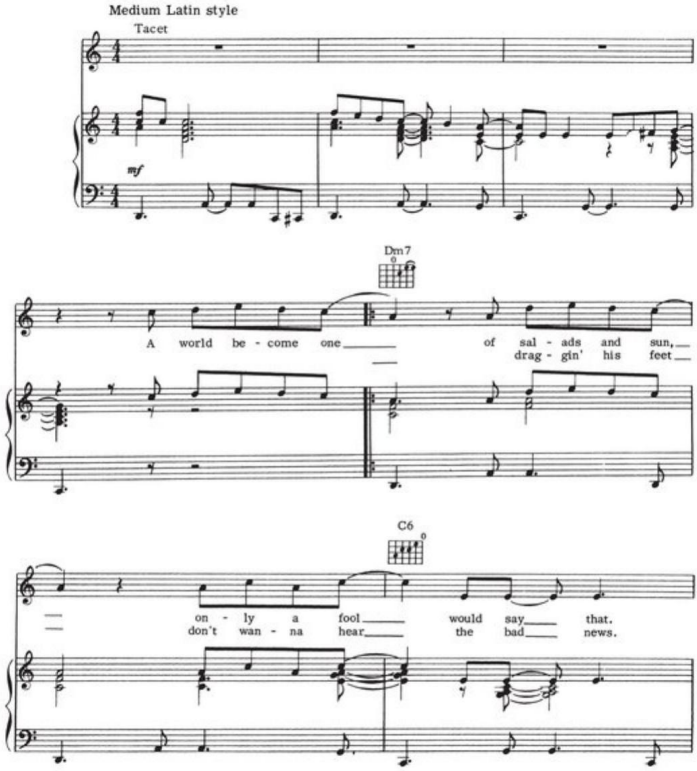

Dm
C/D
so glad that you're here a - gain. for
the plac - es we used to go, fa -
B♭
F/A
G
one more time let your mad - ness run with mine.
mil - tar fac - es that ain't smil - in' like be - fore.
Gm7
3 fr.
C
Streets still un - seen we'll find some - how;
The time of our time has come and gone;
Gm7
3 fr.
F
G
no time is bet - ter than now.
I fear we been wait - in' too long.
Tell me


C
G
B♭
where are you driv - in', mid-nite cruis - er; where is your boun - ty of
F
C
for - tune and fame? I am an - oth - er
G
B♭
gen - tle - man los - er; drive me to Har - lem or
F
Am
Em
F
1.
2.
D.S. and fade
C
some-where the same. Tell me

ONLY A FOOL WOULD SAY THAT

Words and Music by WALTER BECKER
and DONALD FAGEN



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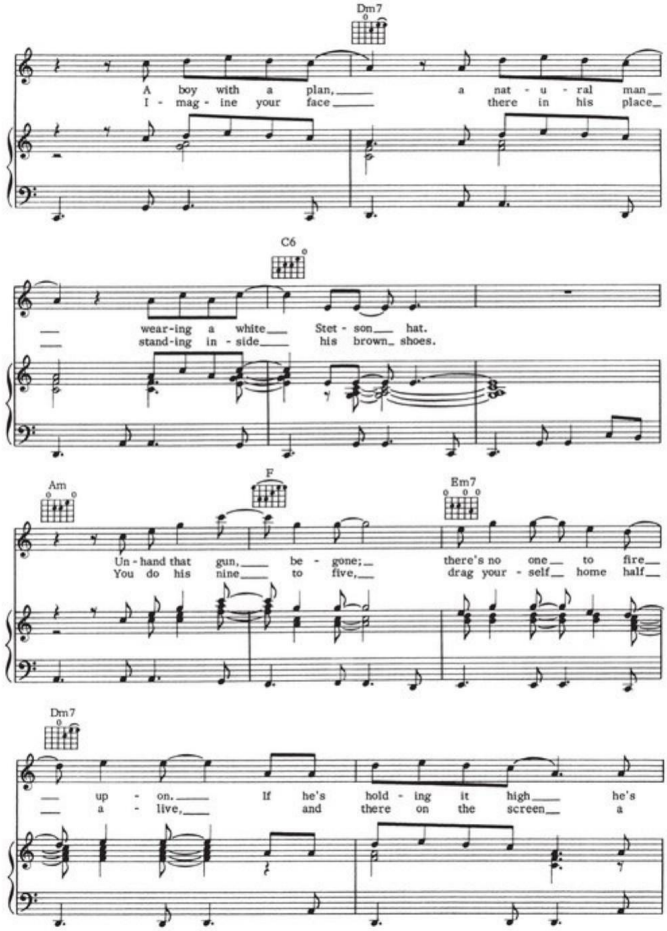
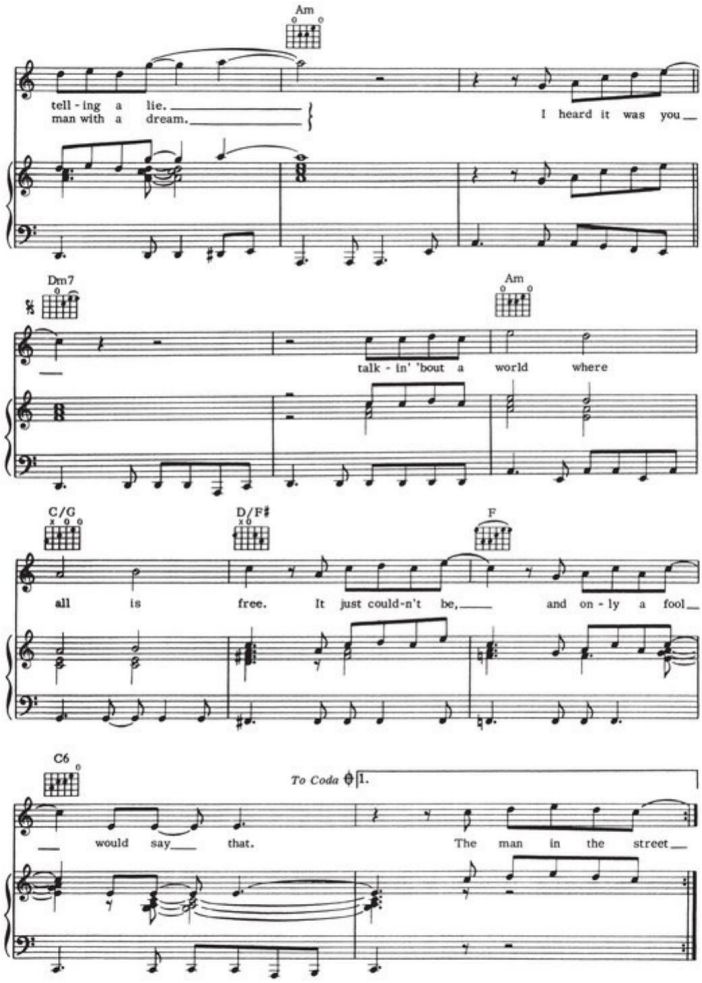
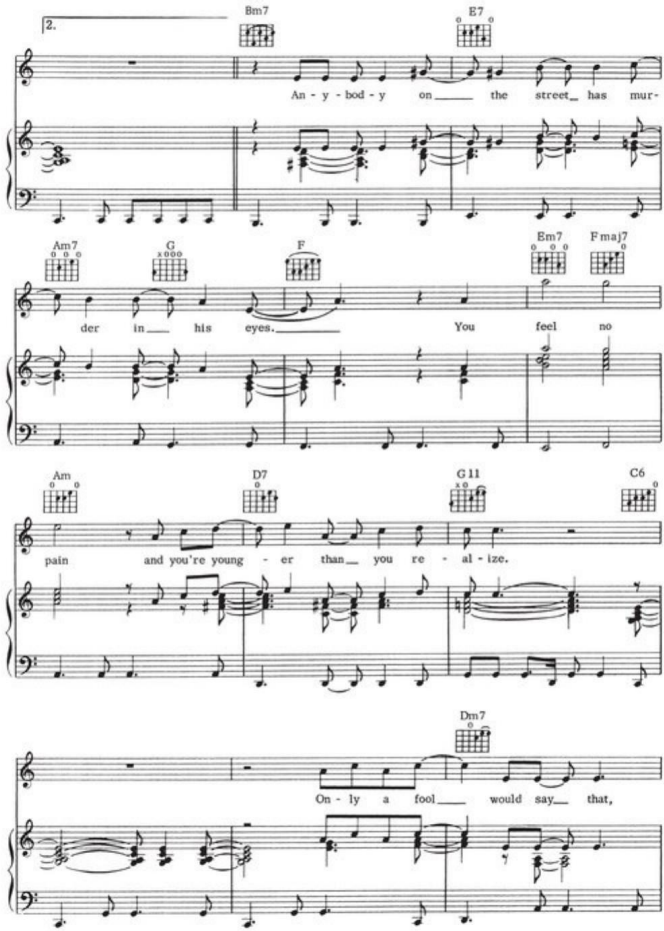
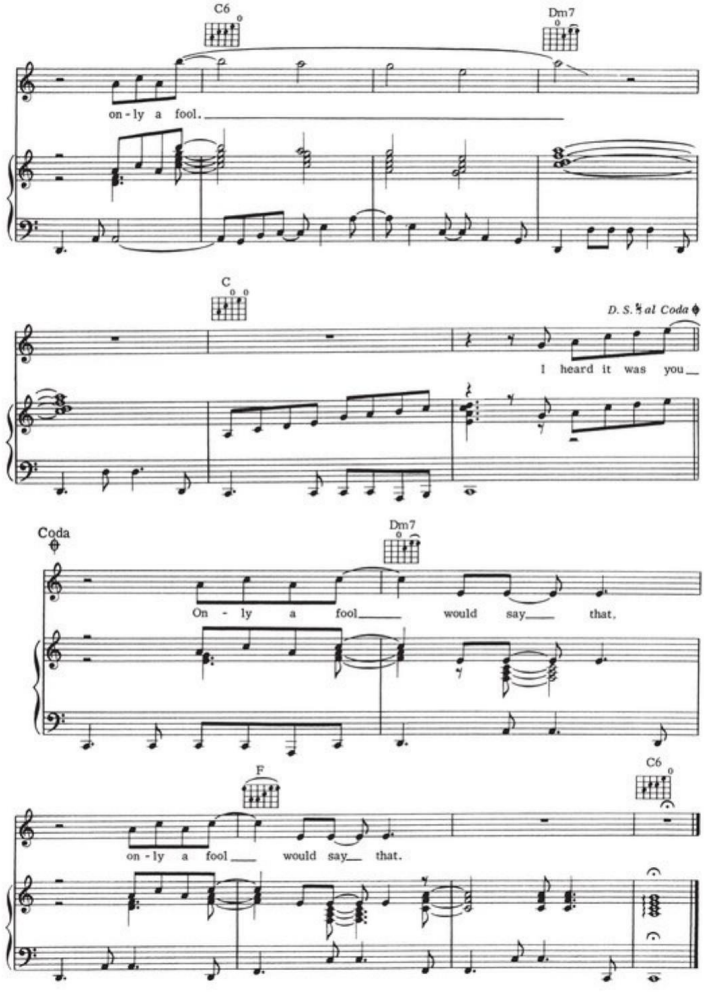

Dm7
A boy with a plan, a nat - u - ral man
I - mag - ine your face there in his place
C6
wear-ing a white Stet - son hat.
stand-ing in - side his brown shoes.
Am
F
Em7
Un - hand that gun, be - gone;
You do his nine to five,
there's no one to fire
drag your - self home half
Dm7
up - on. If he's hold - ing it high he's
a - live, and there on the screen a

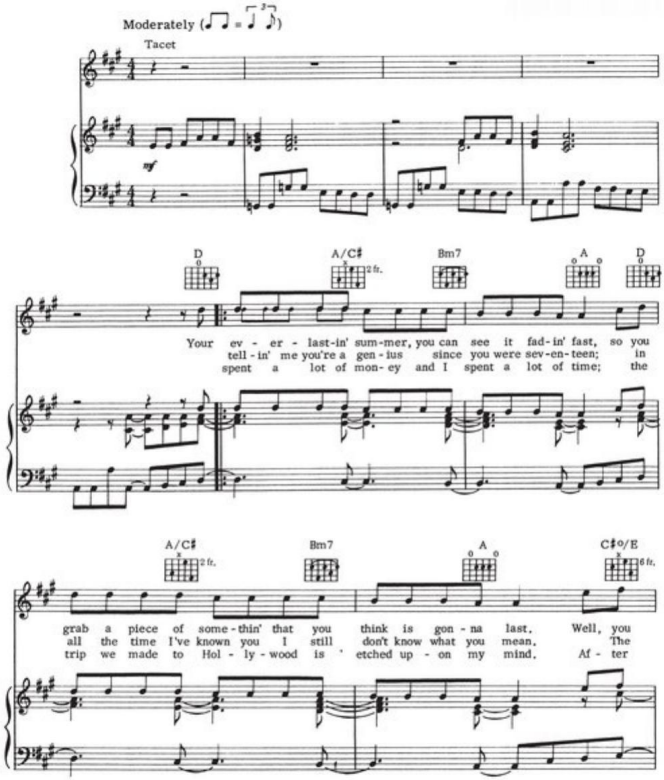

Am
tell - ing a lie.
man with a dream.
I heard it was you
Dm7
Am
talk - in' 'bout a world where
C/G
D/F♯
F
all is free. It just could-n't be, and on - ly a fool
C6
To Coda
1.
would say that. The man in the street


2.
Bm7
E7
An - y - bod - y on the street has mur-
Am7
G
F
Em7
Fmaj7
der in his eyes. You feel no
Am
D7
G11
C6
pain and you're young - er than you re - al - ize.
Dm7
On - ly a fool would say that,


C6
Dm7
on - ly a fool.
C
D. S. 𝄋 al Coda
I heard it was you
Coda
Dm7
On - ly a fool would say that.
F
C6
on - ly a fool would say that.

REELING IN THE YEARS

Words and Music by WALTER BECKER and DONALD FAGEN


Moderately
Tacet
mf
D
A/C♯
2 fr.
Bm7
A
D
Your ev - er - last-in' sum-mer, you can see it fad-in' fast, so you
tell-in' me you're a gen-ius since you were sev-en-teen; in
spent a lot of mon-ey and I spent a lot of time; the
A/C♯
2 fr.
Bm7
A
C♯o/E
6 fr.
grab a piece of some-thin' that you think is gon-na last, Well, you
all the time I've known you I still don't know what you mean, The
trip we made to Hol-ly-wood is ' etched up-on my mind, Af-ter

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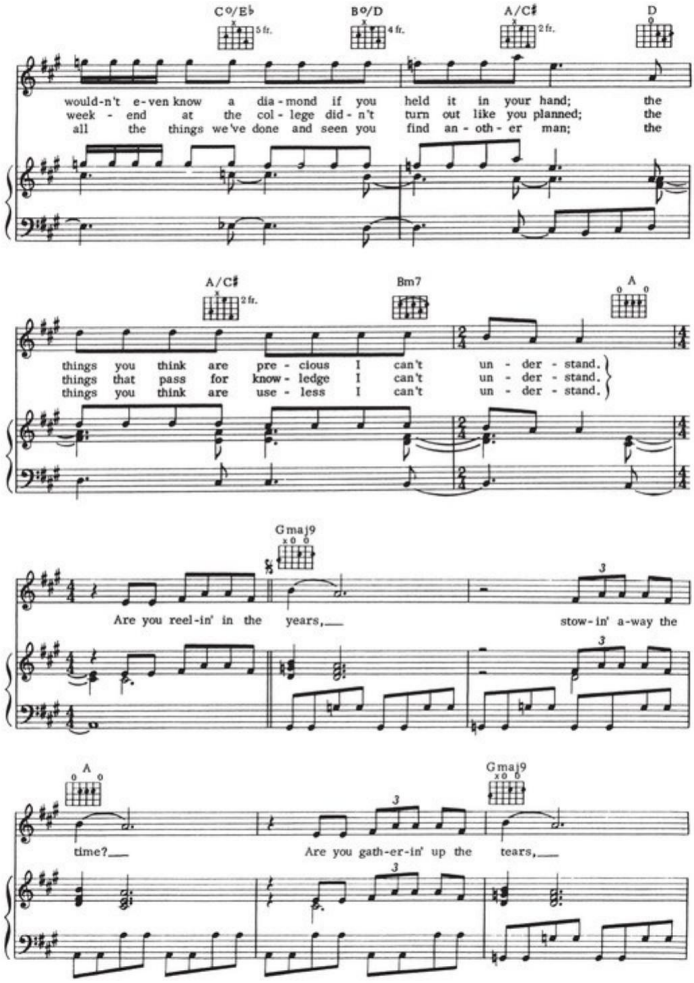
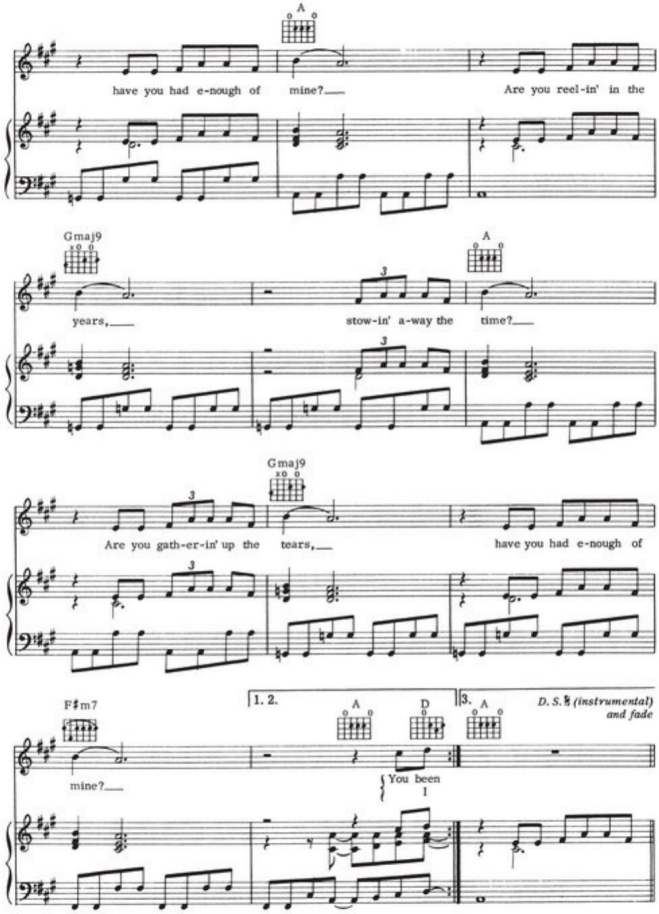
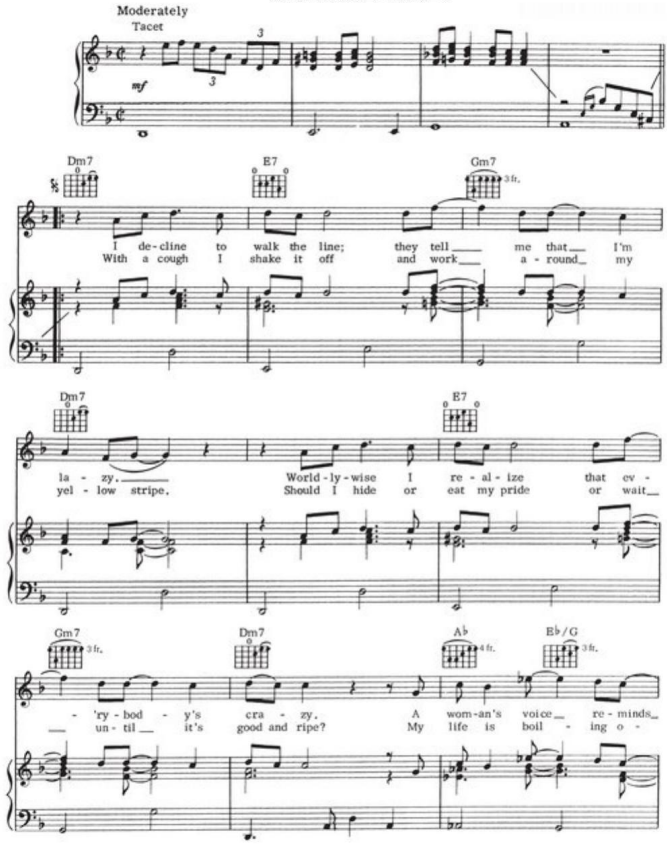

C°/E♭
5 fr.
B°/D
4 fr.
A/C♯
2 fr.
D
would-n't e-ven know a dia-mond if you held it in your hand; the
week - end at the col-lege did-n't turn out like you planned; the
all the things we've done and seen you find an-oth-er man; the
A/C♯
2 fr.
Bm7
A
things you think are pre-cious I can't un-der-stand.
things that pass for know-ledge I can't un-der-stand.
things you think are use-less I can't un-der-stand.
Gmaj9
Are you reel-in' in the years,
stow-in' a-way the
A
time?
Gmaj9
Are you gath-er-in' up the tears,


A
have you had e-nough of mine?
Are you reel-in' in the
Gmaj9
A
years,
stow-in' a-way the time?
Gmaj9
Are you gath-er-in' up the tears,
have you had e-nough of
F♯m7
1. 2.
A
D
3.
A
D. S. 𝄋 (instrumental) and fade
mine?
You been
I

FIRE IN THE HOLE

Words and Music by WALTER BECKER
and DONALD FAGEN



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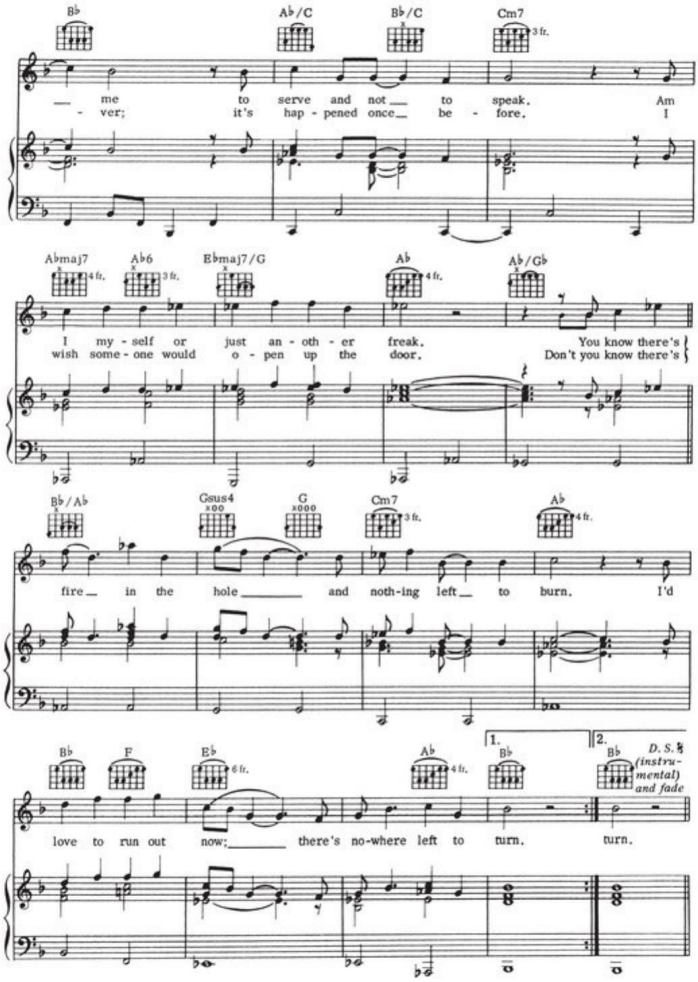
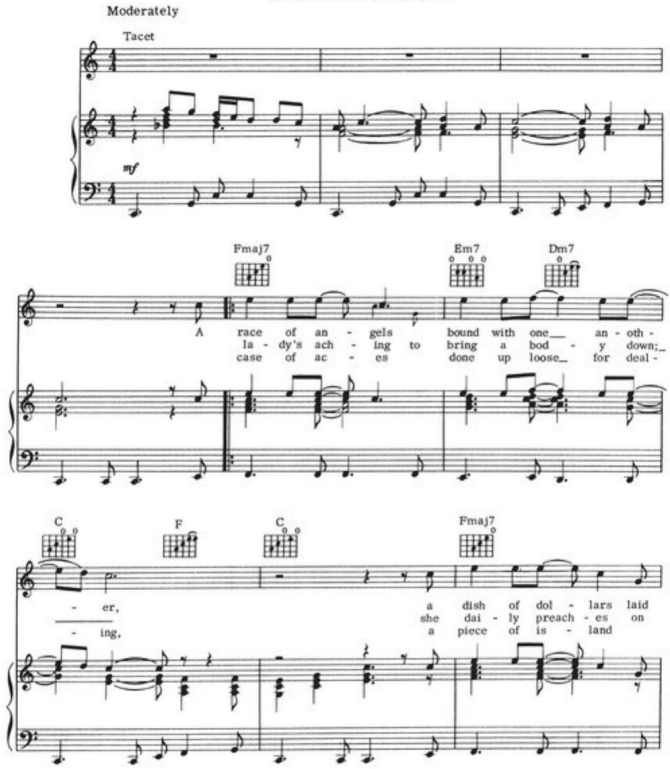

B♭
A♭/C
B♭/C
Cm7
3 fr.
— me to serve and not — to speak. Am
- ver; it's hap - pened once — be - fore. I
A♭maj7
4 fr.
A♭6
3 fr.
E♭maj7/G
A♭
4 fr.
A♭/G♭
I my - self or just an - oth - er freak. You know there's
wish some - one would o - pen up the door. Don't you know there's
B♭/A♭
Gsus4
xoo
G
xooo
Cm7
3 fr.
A♭
4 fr.
fire — in the hole — and noth-ing left — to burn. I'd
B♭
F
E♭
6 fr.
A♭
4 fr.
1.
B♭
2.
B♭
D. S. 𝄋 (instru- mental) and fade
love to run out now; — there's no-where left to turn. turn.

BROOKLYN

(OWES THE CHARMER UNDER ME)

Words and Music by WALTER BECKER and DONALD FAGEN



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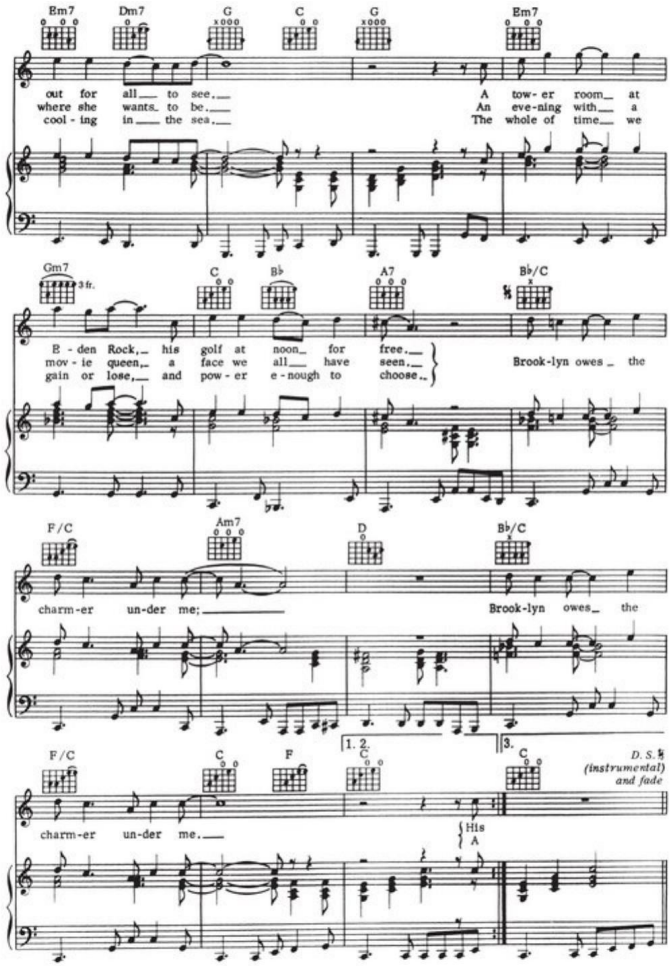
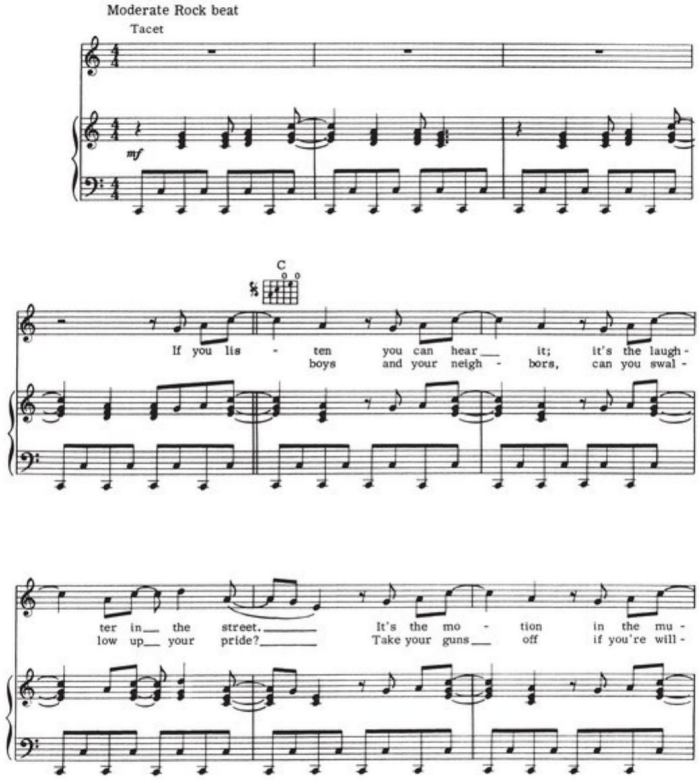

Em7 Dm7 G C G Em7
out for all to see. A tow-er room at
where she wants to be. An eve-ning with a
cool-ing in the sea. The whole of time we
Gm7 3 fr. C B♭ A7 B♭/C
B-den Rock, his golf at noon for free.
mov-ie queen, a face we all have seen.
gain or lose, and pow-er e-nough to choose.
Brook-lyn owes the
F/C Am7 D B♭/C
charm-er un-der me;
Brook-lyn owes the
1. 2. 3.
F/C C F C C
D.S. 𝄋 (instrumental) and fade
charm-er un-der me.
His
A

CHANGE OF THE GUARD

Words and Music by WALTER BECKER
and DONALD FAGEN


Moderate Rock beat
Tacet
mf
C
If you lis - ten you can hear it; it's the laugh -
boys and your neigh - bors, can you swal -
ter in the street.
low up your pride?
It's the mo - tion in the mu -
Take your guns off if you're will -

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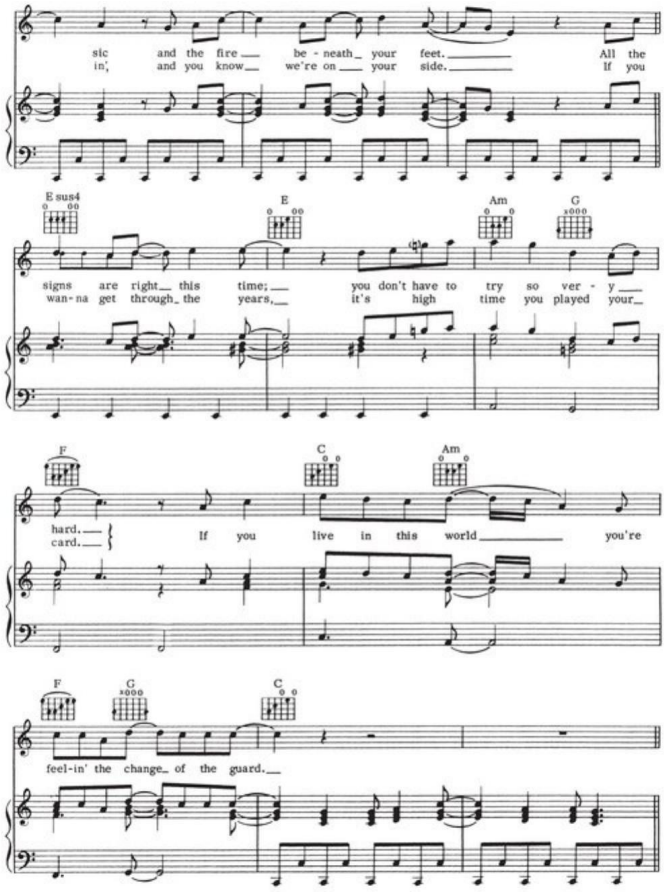
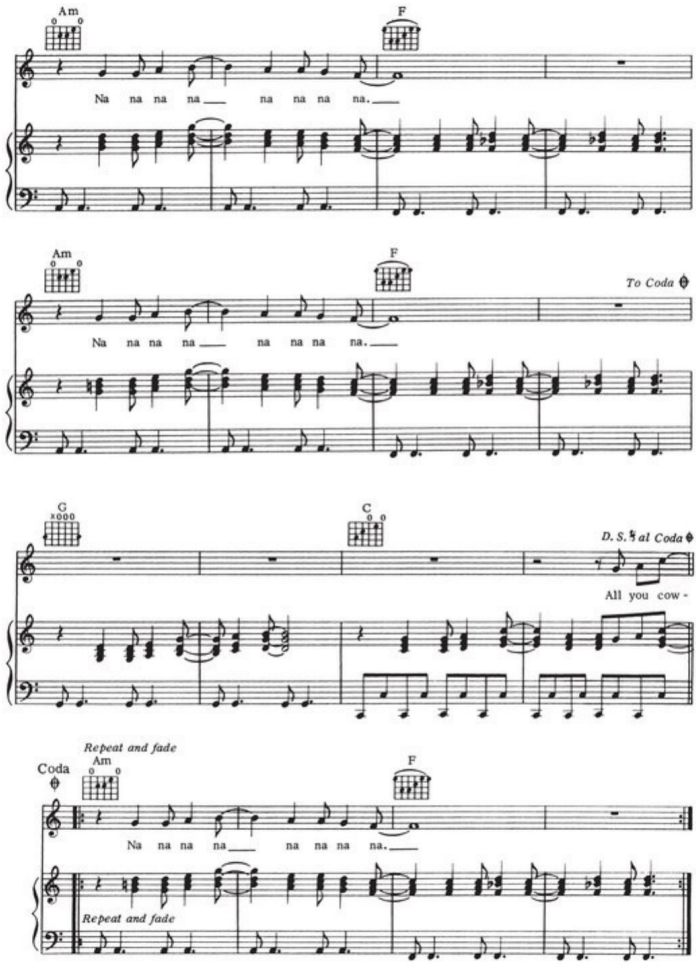
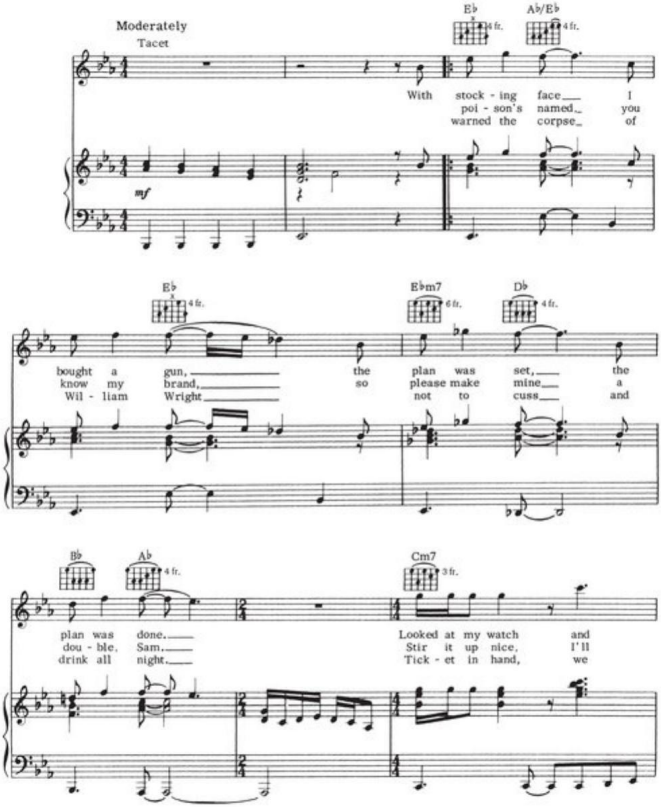

sic and the fire be - neath your feet. All the
in', and you know we're on your side. If you
E sus4
E
Am
G
signs are right this time; you don't have to try so ver - y
wan-na get through the years, it's high time you played your
F
C
Am
hard. If you live in this world you're
card.
F
G
C
feel-in' the change of the guard.


Am
F
Na na na na na na na na.
Am
F
To Coda
Na na na na na na na na.
G
C
D. S. 𝄋 al Coda
All you cow -
Repeat and fade
Coda
Am
F
Na na na na na na na na.
Repeat and fade

TURN THAT HEART BEAT OVER AGAIN

Words and Music by WALTER BECKER and DONALD FAGEN


Moderately
Tacet
mf
With stock - ing face I
pol - son's named you
warned the corpse of
bought a gun, the plan was set, the
know my brand, so please make mine a
Wil - liam Wright not to cuss and
plan was done. Looked at my watch and
dou - ble, Sam. Stir it up nice, I'll
drink all night. Tick - et in hand, we

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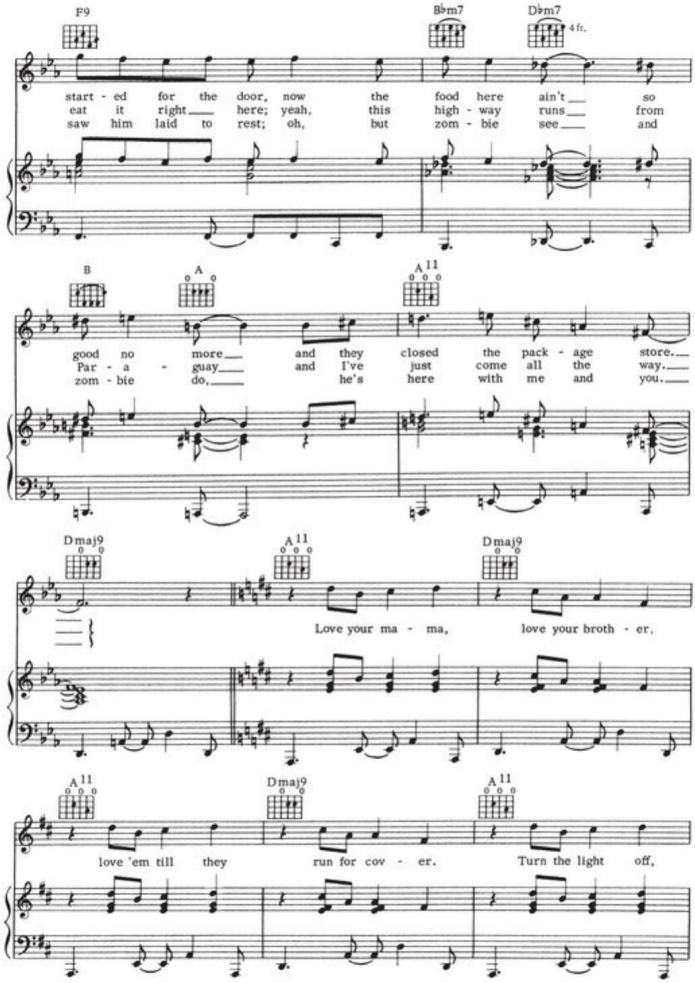
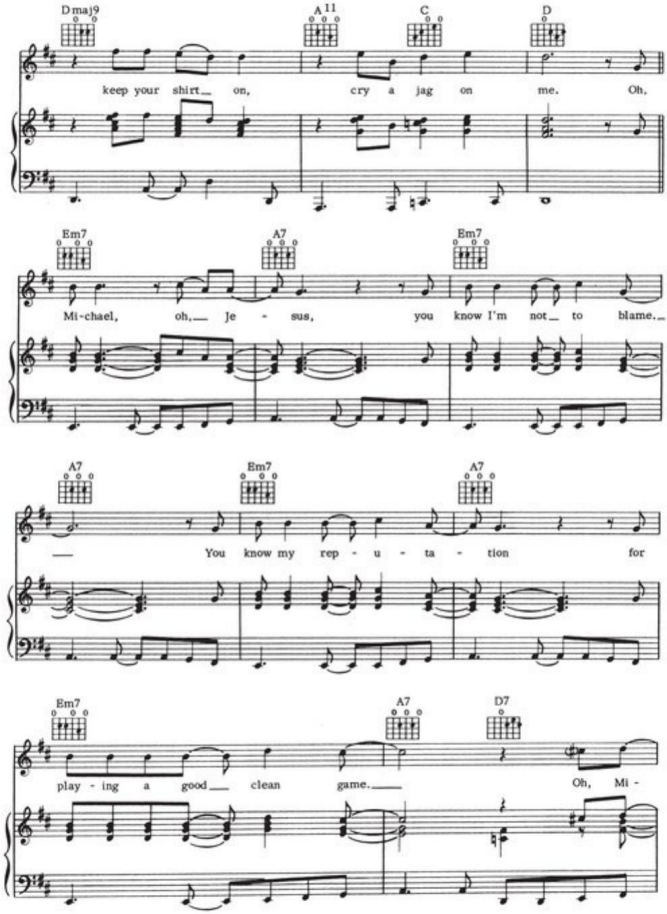
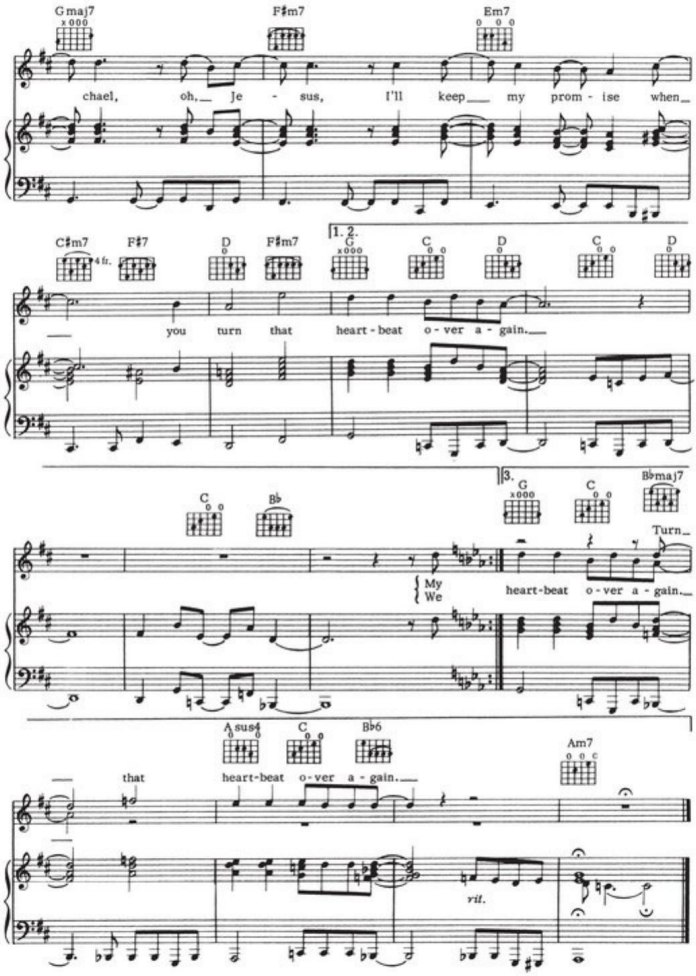

F9
B♭m7
D♭m7
4 fr.
start - ed for the door, now the food here ain't so
eat it right here; yeah, this high - way runs from
saw him laid to rest; oh, but zom - bie see and
B
A
A11
good no more and they closed the pack - age store.
Par - a - guay and I've just come all the way.
zom - bie do, he's here with me and you.
Dmaj9
A11
Dmaj9
Love your ma - ma, love your broth - er,
A11
Dmaj9
A11
love 'em till they run for cov - er. Turn the light off,


Dmaj9
A11
C
D
keep your shirt on, cry a jag on me. Oh,
Em7
A7
Em7
Mi-chael, oh, Je - sus, you know I'm not to blame.
A7
Em7
A7
You know my rep - u - ta - tion for
Em7
A7
D7
play - ing a good clean game. Oh, Mi -

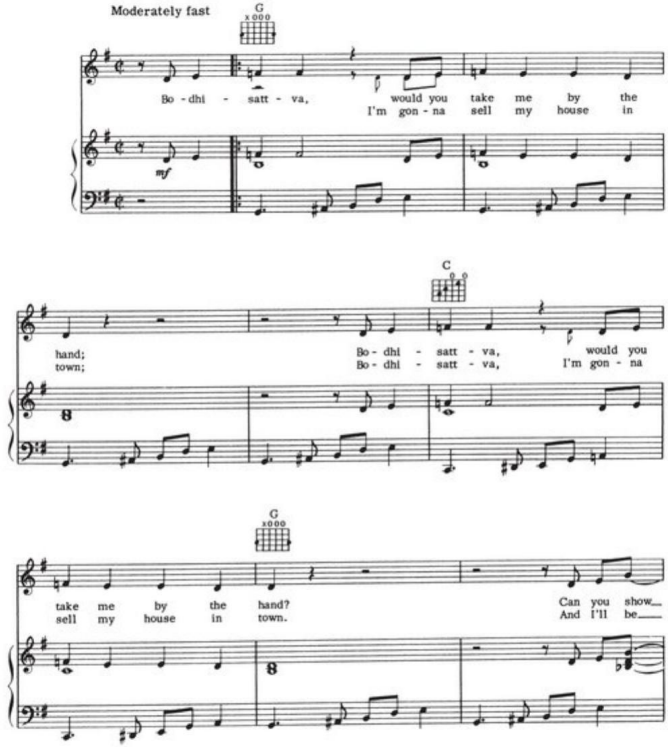

Gmaj7
F♯m7
Em7
chael, oh, Je - sus, I'll keep my prom - ise when
C♯m7
4 fr.
F♯7
D
F♯m7
1. 2.
G
C
D
C
D
you turn that heart - beat o - ver a - gain.
3. G
C
B♭maj7
C
B♭
Turn
My
We
heart-beat o - ver a - gain.
A sus4
C
B♭6
Am7
that heart-beat o - ver a - gain.
rit.

Steely Dan
Can't Buy A Thrill

Countdown to Ecstasy

BODHISATTVA

Words and Music by WALTER BECKER
and DONALD FAGEN


Moderately fast
G
x000
Bo - dhi - satt - va, would you take me by the
I'm gon - na sell my house in
mf
C
hand; Bo - dhi - satt - va, would you
town; Bo - dhi - satt - va, I'm gon - na
G
x000
take me by the hand? Can you show
sell my house in town. And I'll be

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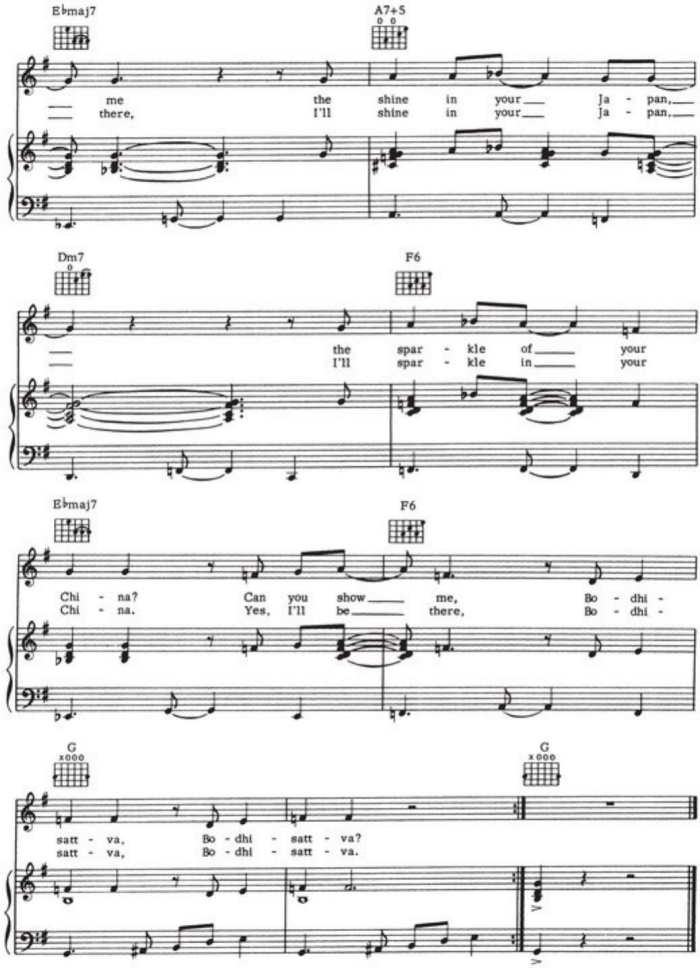
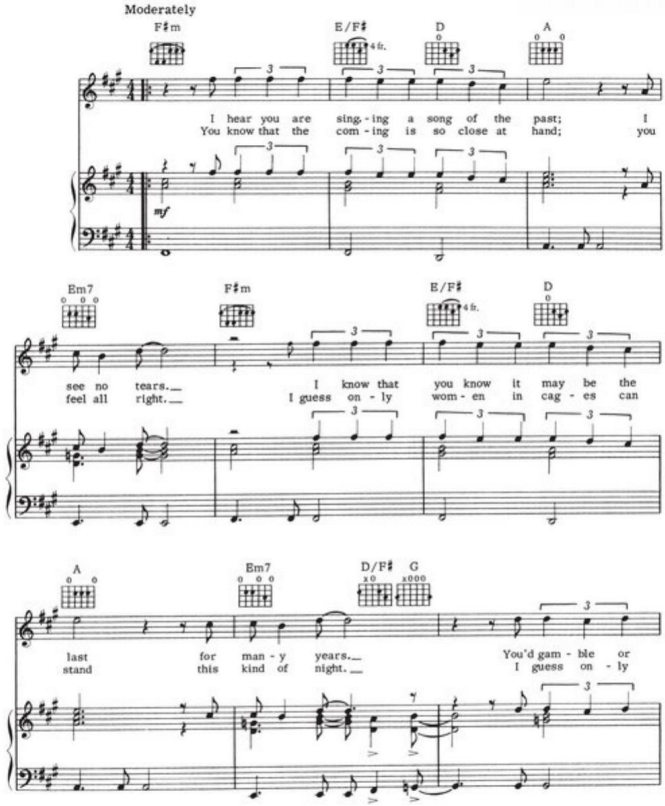

E♭maj7
A7+5
me the shine in your Ja - pan,
there, I'll shine in your Ja - pan,
Dm7
F6
the spar - kle of your
I'll spar - kle in your
E♭maj7
F6
Chi - na? Can you show me, Bo - dhi -
Chi - na. Yes, I'll be there, Bo - dhi -
G
x000
G
x000
satt - va, Bo - dhi - satt - va?
satt - va, Bo - dhi - satt - va.

RAZOR BOY

Words and Music by WALTER BECKER and DONALD FAGEN



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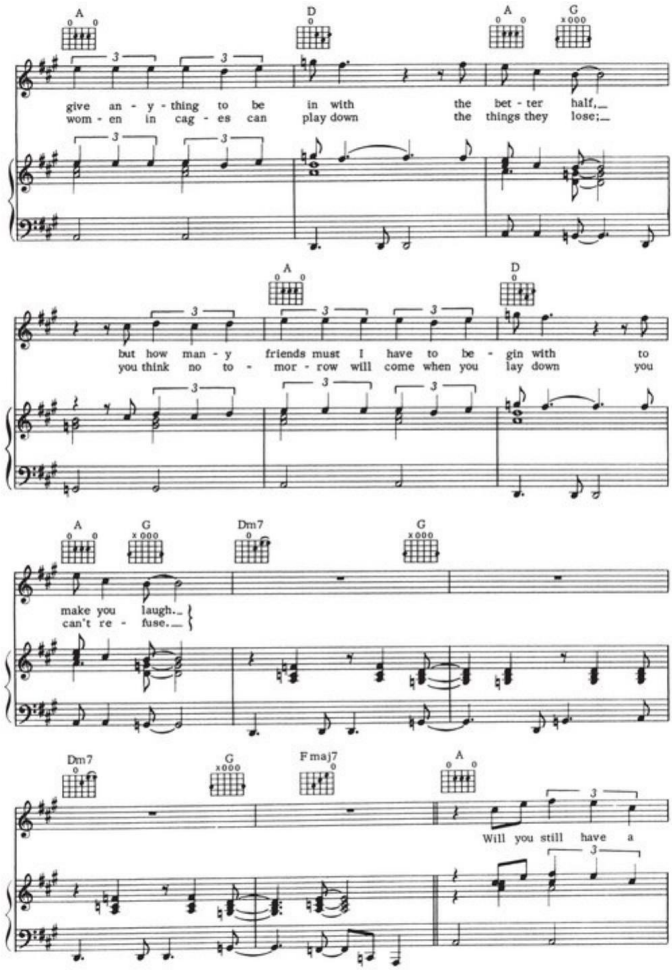
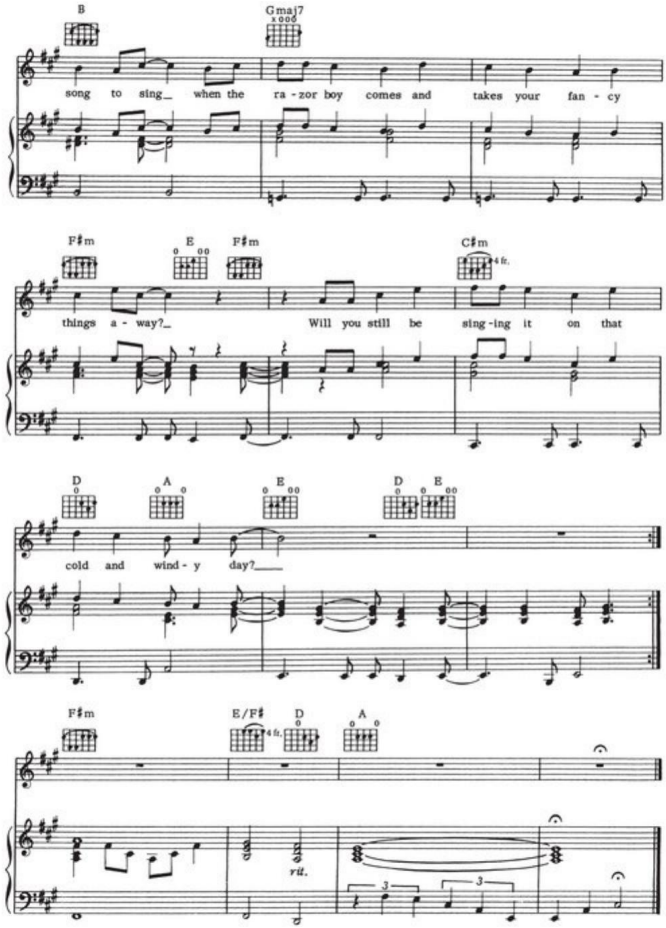
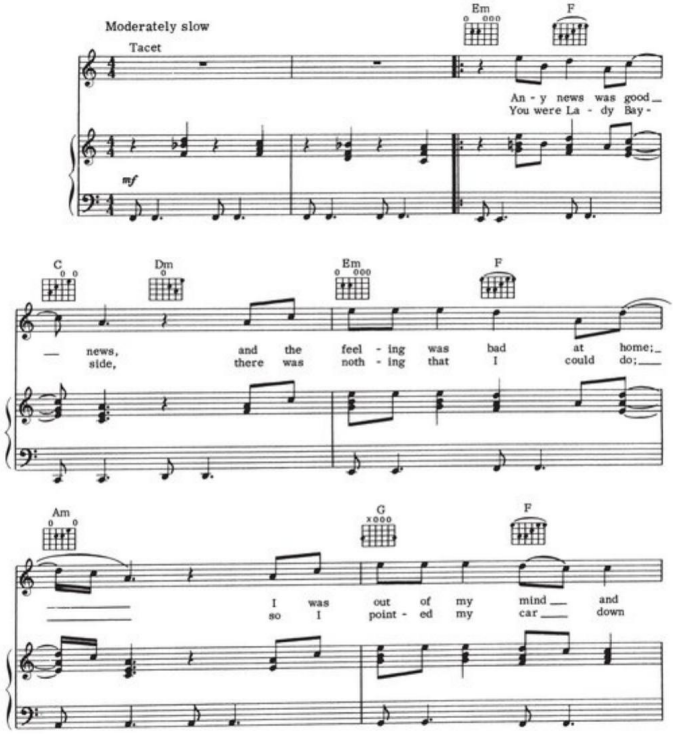

A
D
A
G
give an - y - thing to be in with the bet - ter half,
wom - en in cag - es can play down the things they lose;
A
D
but how man - y friends must I have to be - gin with to
you think no to - mor - row will come when you lay down you
A
G
Dm7
G
make you laugh..
can't re - fuse.
Dm7
G
Fmaj7
A
Will you still have a


B
Gmaj7
song to sing_ when the ra - zor boy comes and takes your fan - cy
F♯m
E
F♯m
C♯m
4 fr.
things a - way?_ Will you still be sing - ing it on that
D
A
E
D
E
cold and wind - y day?_
F♯m
E/F♯
4 fr.
D
A
rit.
3
3

THE BOSTON RAG

Words and Music by WALTER BECKER
and DONALD FAGEN



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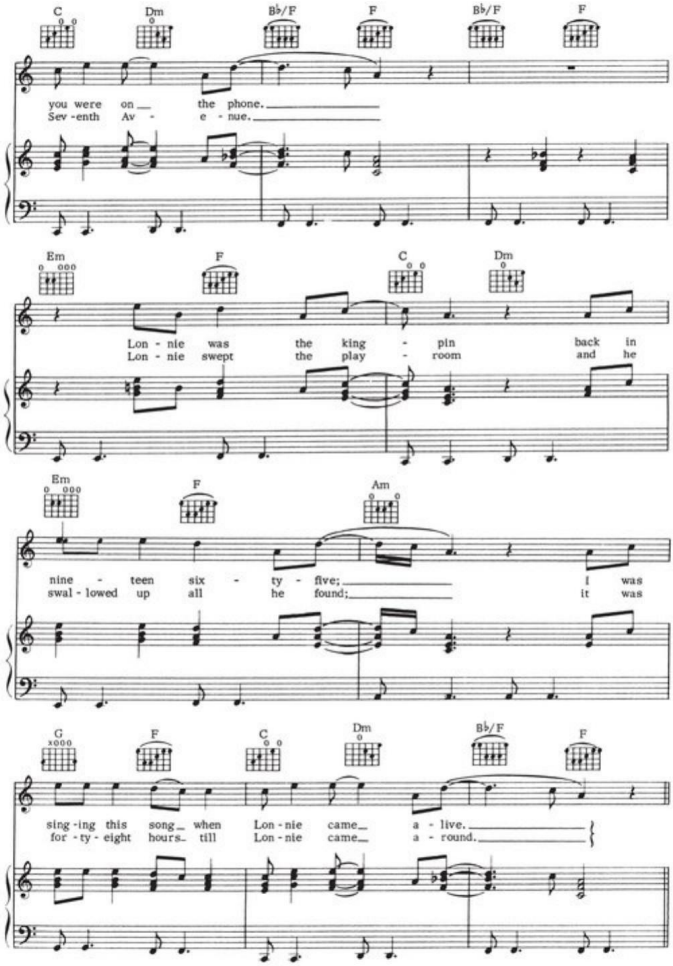
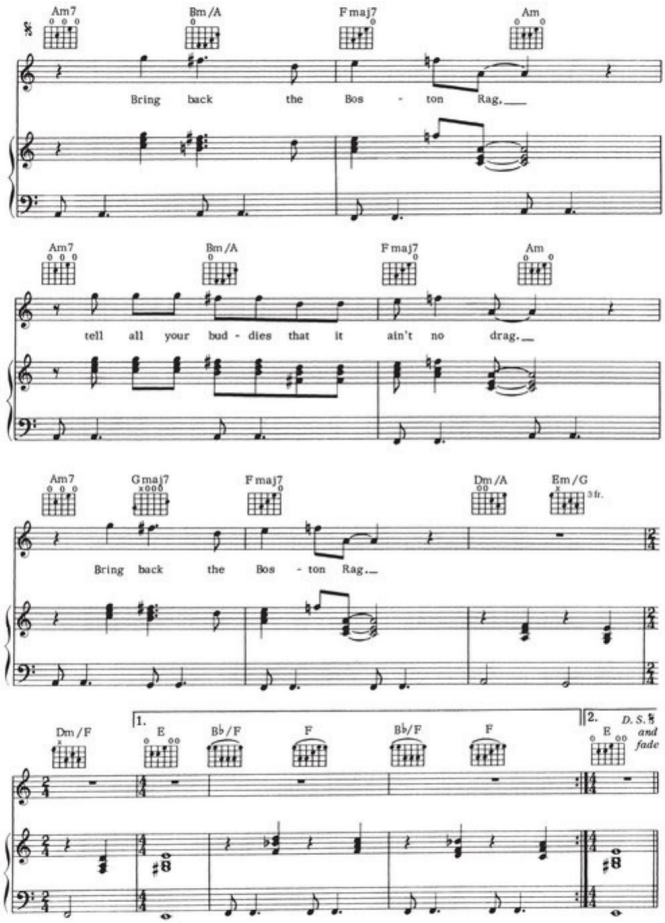
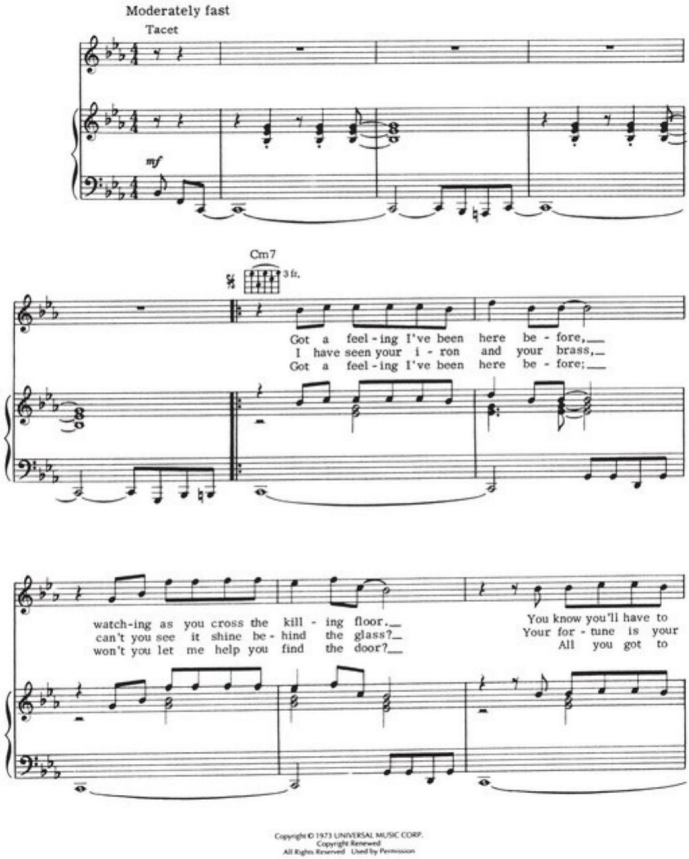

C
Dm
B♭/F
F
B♭/F
F
you were on the phone.
Sev-enth Av e-nue.
Em
F
C
Dm
Lon-nie was the king-pin back in
Lon-nie swept the play-room and he
Em
F
Am
nine-teen six-ty-five; I was
swal-lowed up all he found; it was
G
F
C
Dm
B♭/F
F
sing-ing this song when Lon-nie came a-live.
for-ty-eight hours till Lon-nie came a-round.


Am7
Bm/A
Fmaj7
Am
Bring back the Bos - ton Rag,
Am7
Bm/A
Fmaj7
Am
tell all your bud - dies that it ain't no drag.
Am7
Gmaj7
Fmaj7
Dm/A
Em/G
3 fr.
Bring back the Bos - ton Rag.
Dm/F
1.
E
B♭/F
F
B♭/F
F
2.
E
D.S. ad lib. and fade

YOUR GOLD TEETH

Words and Music by WALTER BECKER
and DONALD FAGEN


Moderately fast
Tacet
mf
Cm7
3 fr.
Got a feel - ing I've been here be - fore,
I have seen your i - ron and your brass,
Got a feel - ing I've been here be - fore;
watch-ing as you cross the kill - ing floor.
can't you see it shine be - hind the glass?
won't you let me help you find the door?
You know you'll have to
Your for - tune is your
All you got to

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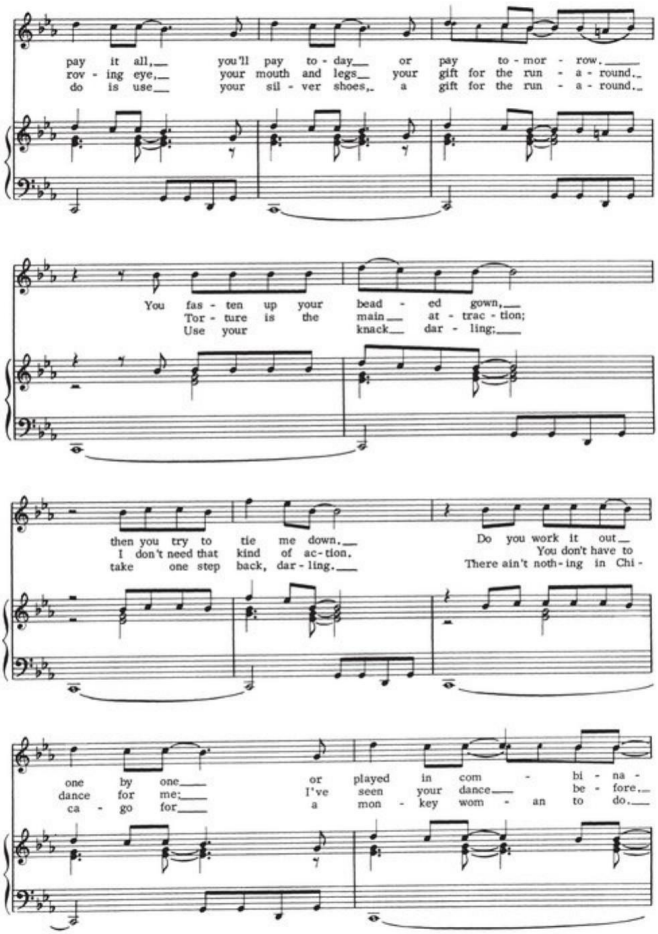
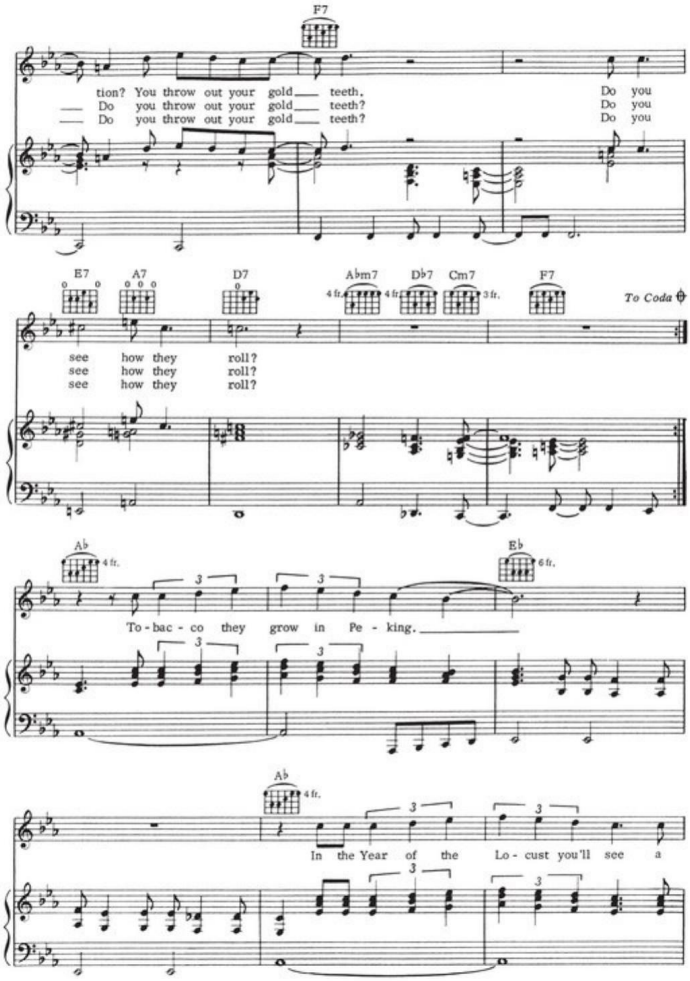
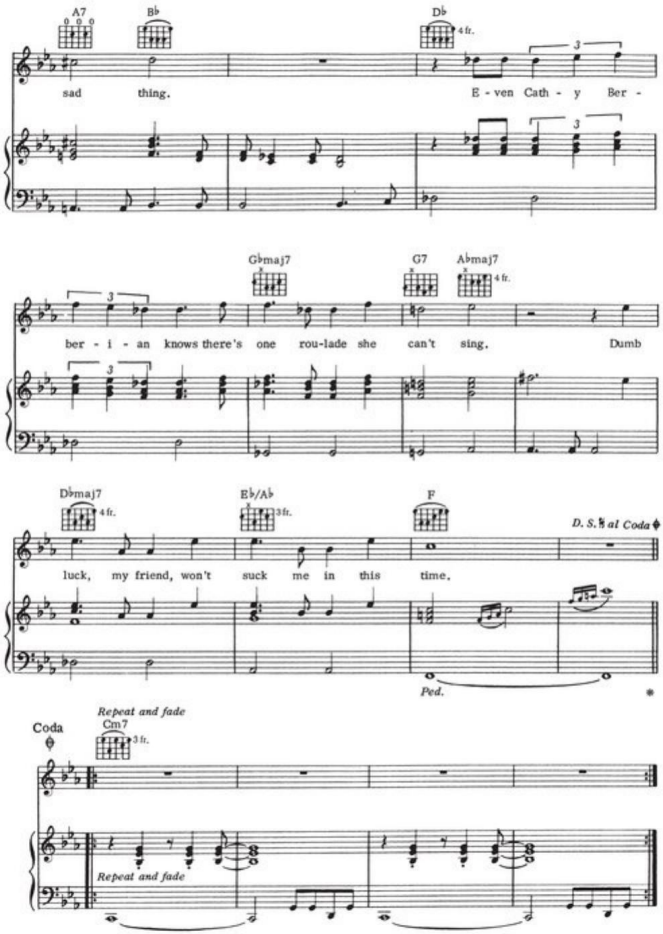
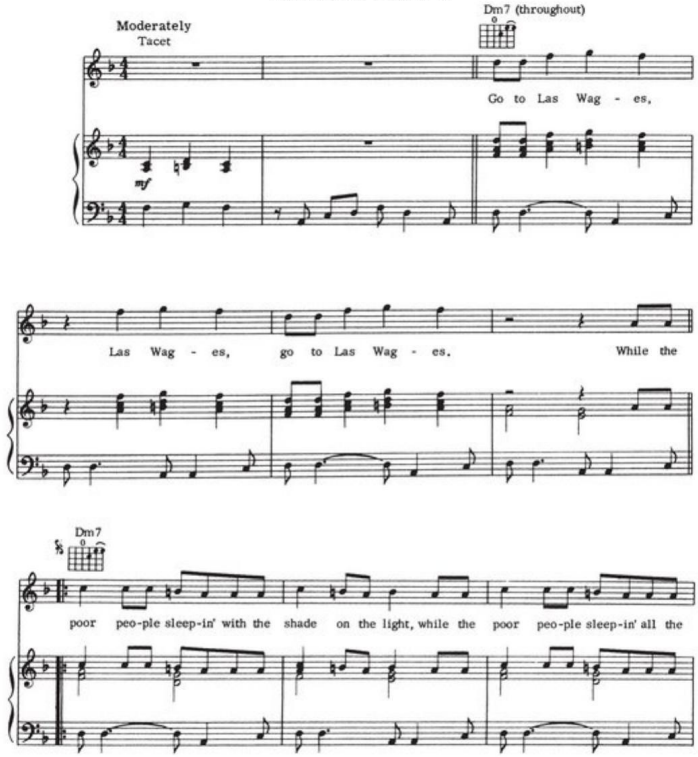

pay it all, you'll pay to-day or pay to-mor-row.
rov-ing eye, your mouth and legs your gift for the run-a-round.
do is use your sil-ver shoes, a gift for the run-a-round.
You fas-ten up your bead-ed gown,
Tor-ture is the main at-trac-tion;
Use your knack dar-ling;
then you try to tie me down.
I don't need that kind of ac-tion,
take one step back, dar-ling.
Do you work it out
You don't have to
There ain't noth-ing in Chi-
one by one
dance for me;
ca-go for
or played in com-bi-na-
I've seen your dance be-fore,
a mon-key wom-an to do.


F7
tion? You throw out your gold teeth.
Do you throw out your gold teeth?
Do you throw out your gold teeth?
Do you
Do you
Do you
E7
A7
D7
A♭m7
D♭7
Cm7
F7
To Coda
see how they roll?
see how they roll?
see how they roll?
A♭
E♭
To - bac - co they grow in Pe - king.
A♭
In the Year of the Lo - cust you'll see a


A7
B♭
D♭
4fr.
sad thing.
E - ven Cath - y Ber -
G♭maj7
G7
A♭maj7
4fr.
ber - i - an knows there's one rou-lade she can't sing.
Dumb
D♭maj7
4fr.
E♭/A♭
3fr.
F
D. S. 𝄋 al Coda
luck, my friend, won't suck me in this time.
Ped.
*
Coda
Repeat and fade
Cm7
3fr.
Repeat and fade

SHOW BIZ KIDS

Words and Music by WALTER BECKER
and DONALD FAGEN


Moderately
Tacet
Dm7 (throughout)
Go to Las Wag - es,
mf
Las Wag - es, go to Las Wag - es. While the
Dm7
poor peo-ple sleep-in' with the shade on the light, while the poor peo-ple sleep-in' all the

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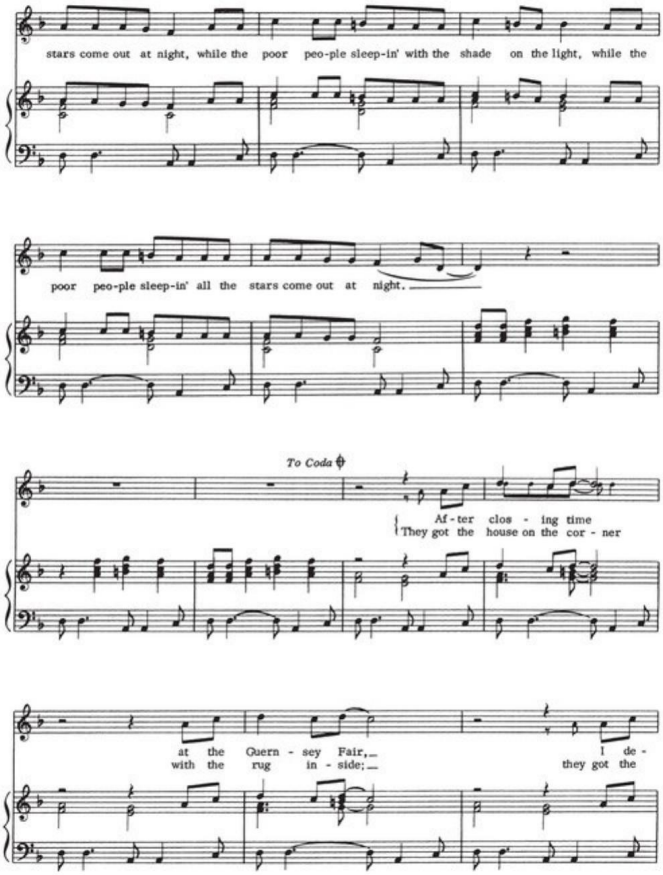
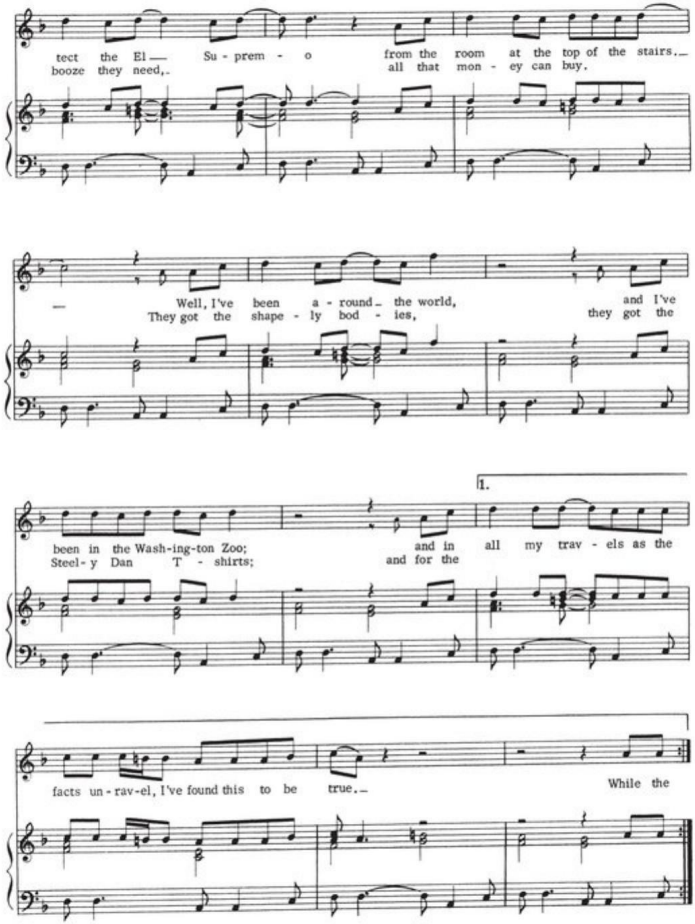
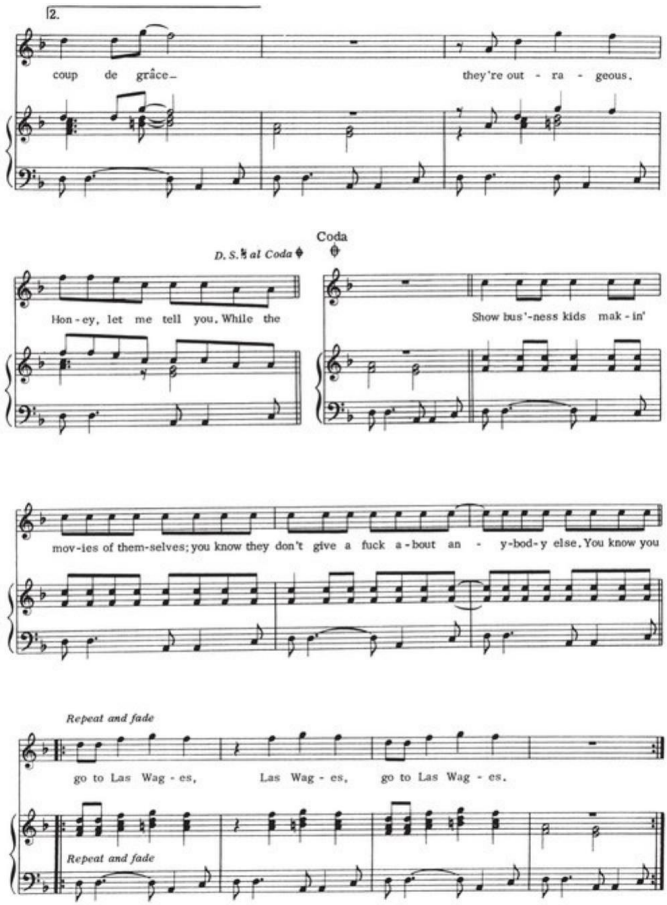
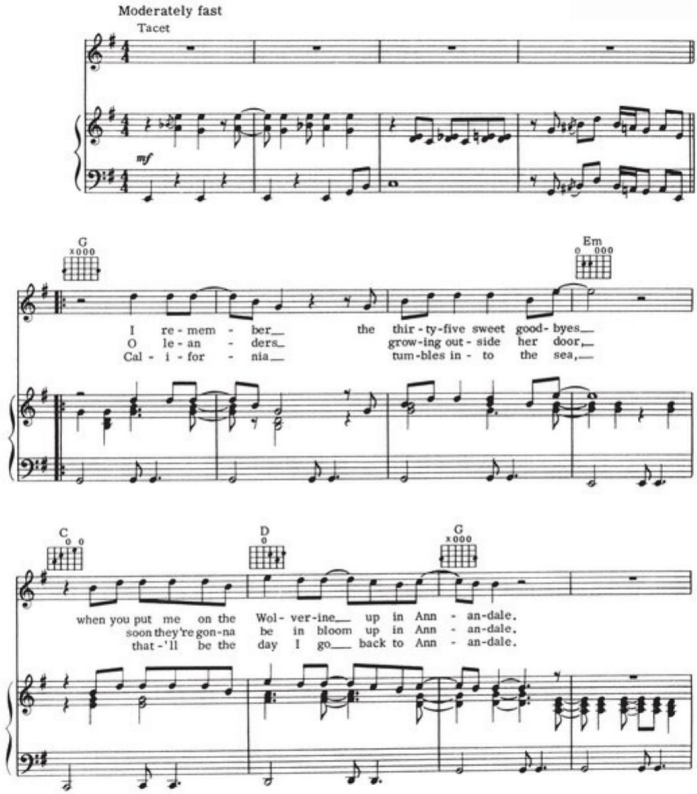

stars come out at night, while the poor peo-ple sleep-in' with the shade on the light, while the
poor peo-ple sleep-in' all the stars come out at night.
To Coda
After - ter clos - ing time
They got the house on the cor - ner
at the Quern - sey Fair,
with the rug in - side;
I de -
they got the


tect the El — Su - prem - o from the room at the top of the stairs.—
booze they need,. all that mon - ey can buy.
— Well, I've been a - round— the world, and I've
They got the shape - ly bod - ies, they got the
1.
been in the Wash-ing-ton Zoo; and in all my trav - els as the
Steel - y Dan T - shirts; and for the
facts un - rav-el, I've found this to be true.— While the


2.
coup de grâce_
they're out - ra - geous.
D. S. 𝄋 al Coda
Coda
Hon - ey, let me tell you. While the
Show bus'-ness kids mak - in'
mov - ies of them-selves; you know they don't give a fuck a - bout an - y-bod-y else. You know you
Repeat and fade
go to Las Wag - es, Las Wag - es, go to Las Wag - es.
Repeat and fade

MY OLD SCHOOL

Words and Music by WALTER BECKER
and DONALD FAGEN


Moderately fast
Tacet
mf
G
Em
I re - mem - ber the thir - ty-five sweet good- byes
O le - an - ders grow-ing out - side her door
Cal - i - for - nia tum-bles in - to the sea
C
D
G
when you put me on the Wol - ver-ine up in Ann - an-dale.
soon they're gon-na be in bloom up in Ann - an-dale.
that-'ll be the day I go back to Ann - an-dale.

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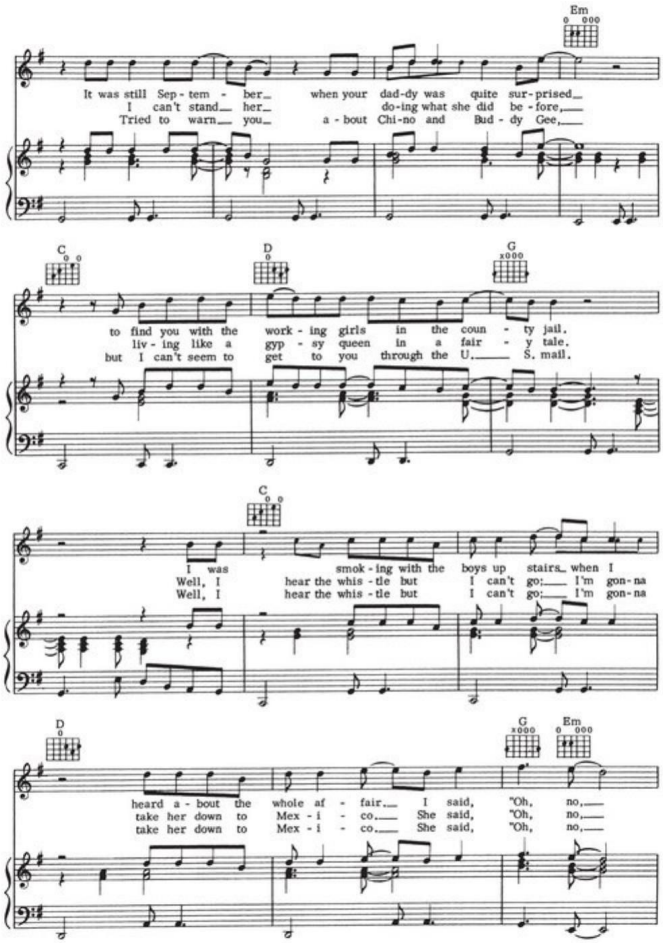
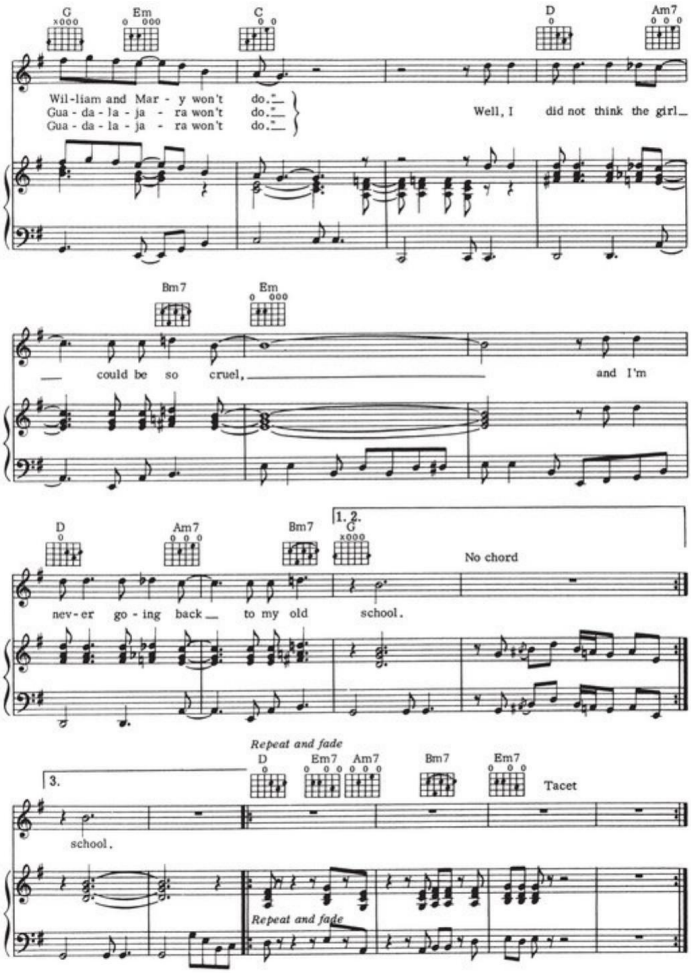
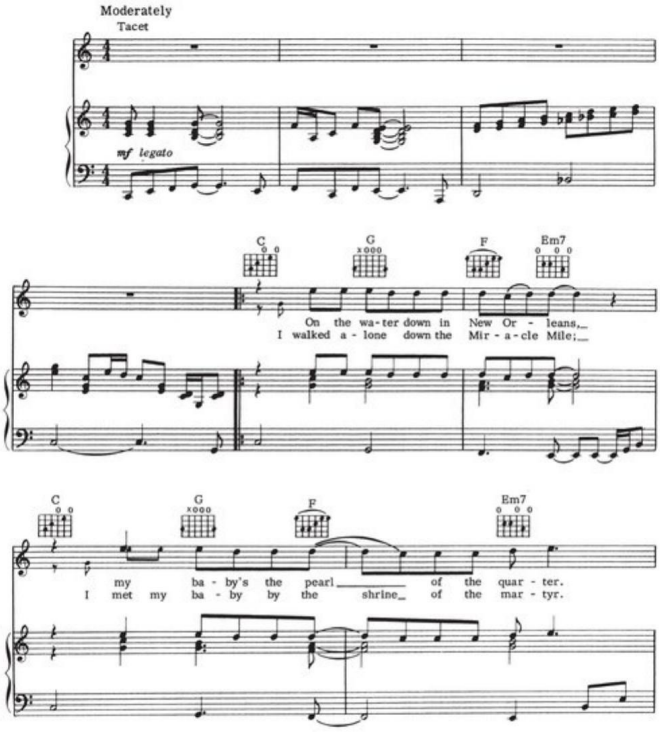

Em
It was still Sep - tem - ber_ when your dad-dy was quite sur-prised_
I can't stand_ her_ do-ing what she did be-fore,_
Tried to warn_ you_ a-bout Chi-no and Bud - dy Gee,_
C
D
G
to find you with the work - ing girls in the coun - ty jail.
liv - ing like a gyp - sy queen in a fair - y tale.
but I can't seem to get to you through the U._ S. mail.
C
I was smok - ing with the boys up stairs_ when I
Well, I hear the whis - tle but I can't go;_ I'm gon-na
Well, I hear the whis - tle but I can't go;_ I'm gon-na
D
G
Em
heard a - bout the whole af - fair_ I said, "Oh, no,_
take her down to Mex - i - co._ She said, "Oh, no,_
take her down to Mex - i - co._ She said, "Oh, no,_


G
Em
C
D
Am7
Wil-liam and Mar - y won't do.
Gua - da - la - ja - ra won't do.
Gua - da - la - ja - ra won't do.
Well, I did not think the girl
Bm7
Em
could be so cruel,
and I'm
D
Am7
Bm7
1. 2.
G
No chord
nev-er go - ing back to my old school.
Repeat and fade
D
Em7
Am7
Bm7
Em7
3.
Tacet
school.
Repeat and fade

PEARL OF THE QUARTER

Words and Music by WALTER BECKER
and DONALD FAGEN



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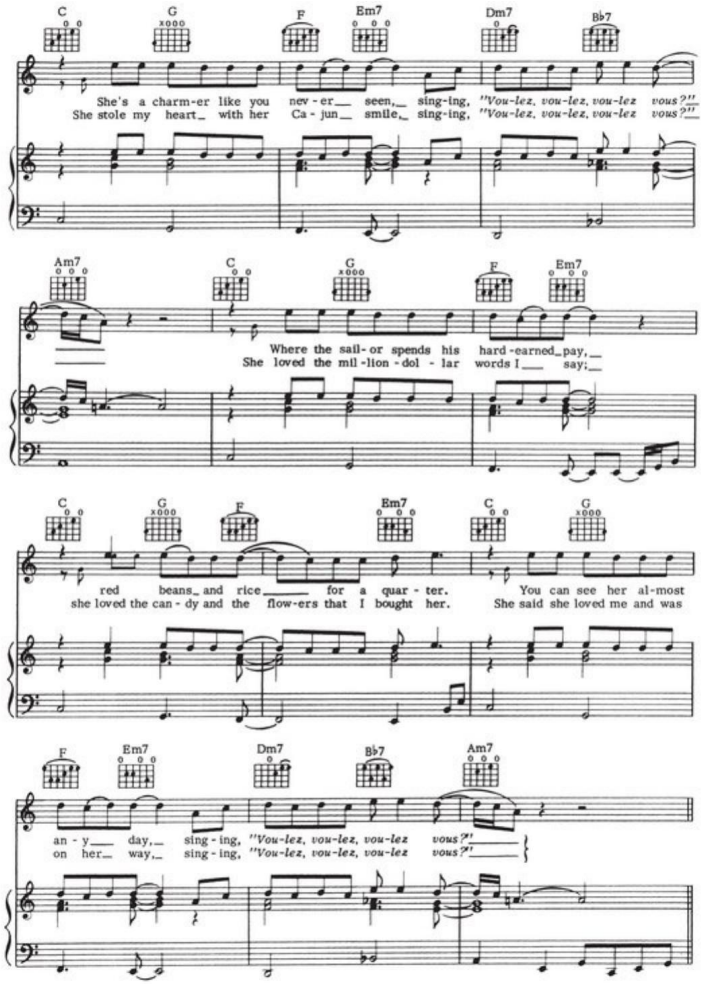
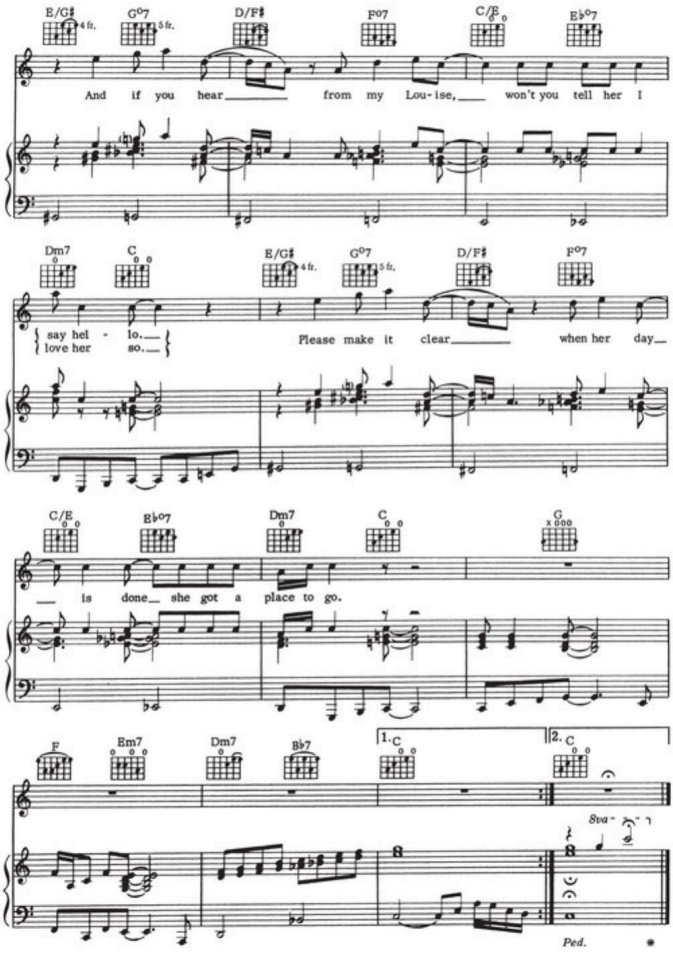
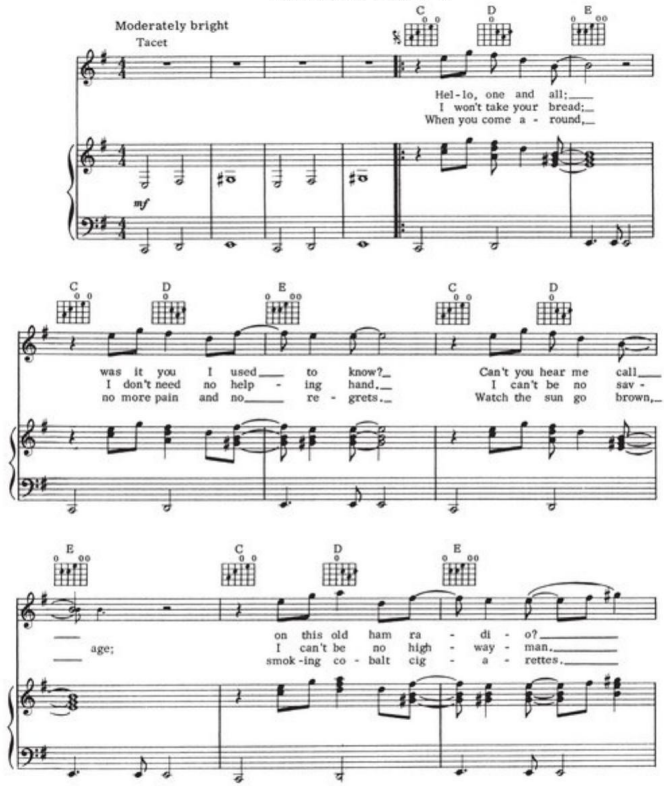

C G F Em7 Dm7 B♭7
She's a charm-er like you nev-er seen, sing-ing, "Vou-lez, vou-lez, vou-lez vous?"
She stole my heart with her Ca-jun smile, sing-ing, "Vou-lez, vou-lez, vou-lez vous?"
Am7 C G F Em7
Where the sail-or spends his hard-earned pay,
She loved the mil-lion-dol-lar words I say;
C G F Em7 C G
red beans and rice for a quar-ter. You can see her al-most
she loved the can-dy and the flow-ers that I bought her. She said she loved me and was
F Em7 Dm7 B♭7 Am7
an-y day, sing-ing, "Vou-lez, vou-lez, vou-lez vous?"
on her way, sing-ing, "Vou-lez, vou-lez, vou-lez vous?"


E/G♯ 4fr.
G°7 5fr.
D/F♯
F°7
C/E
E♭°7
And if you hear from my Lou-ise, won't you tell her I
Dm7
C
E/G♯ 4fr.
G°7 5fr.
D/F♯
F°7
say hel - lo.
love her so.
Please make it clear when her day
C/E
E♭°7
Dm7
C
G x000
is done she got a place to go.
F
Em7
Dm7
B♭7
1. C
2. C
8va
Ped.

KING OF THE WORLD

Words and Music by WALTER BECKER and DONALD FAGEN


Moderately bright
Tacet
C
D
E
Hel - lo, one and all:
I won't take your bread;
When you come a - round,
mf
was it you I used to know?
I don't need no help - ing hand,
no more pain and no re - grets.
Can't you hear me call
I can't be no sav -
Watch the sun go brown,
age;
on this old ham ra - di - o?
I can't be no high - way - man.
smok - ing co - balt cig - a - rettes.

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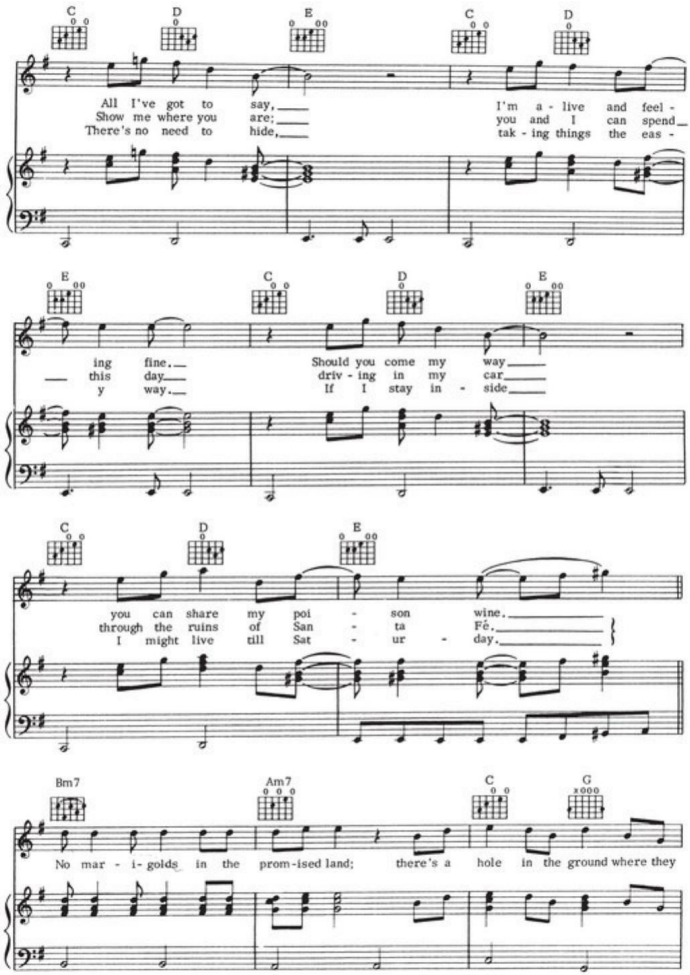
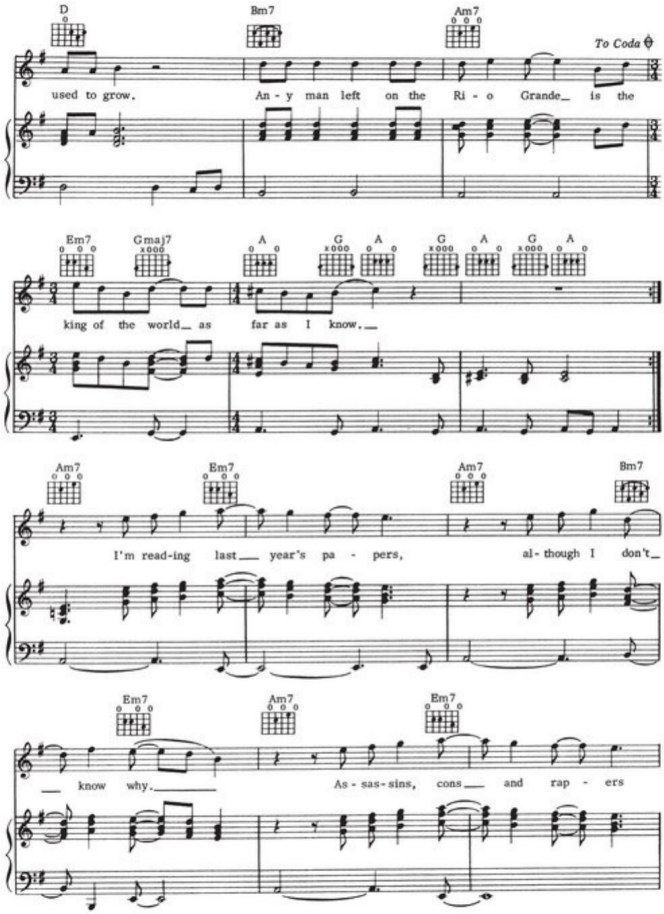
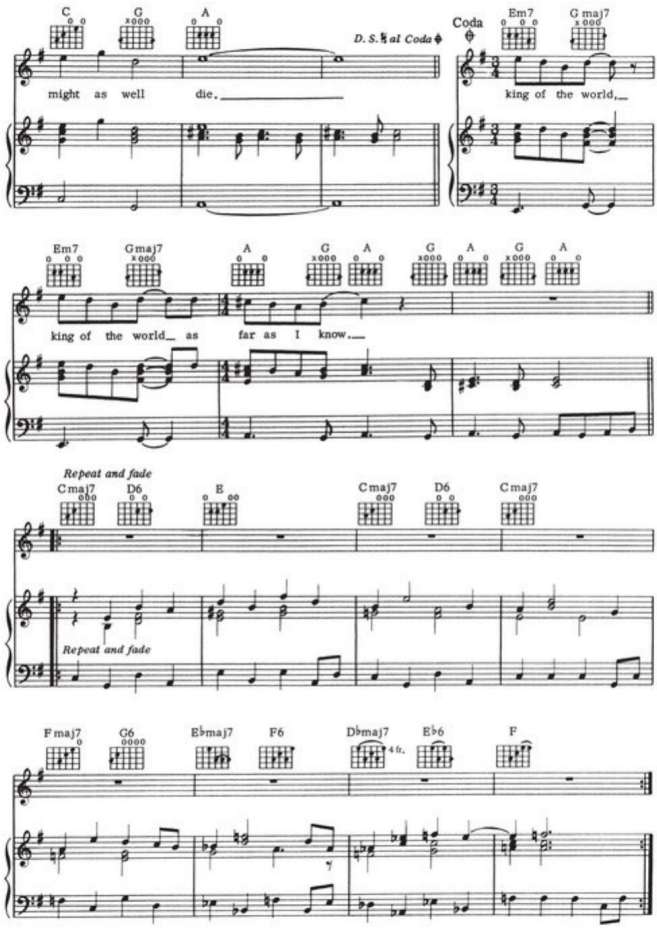
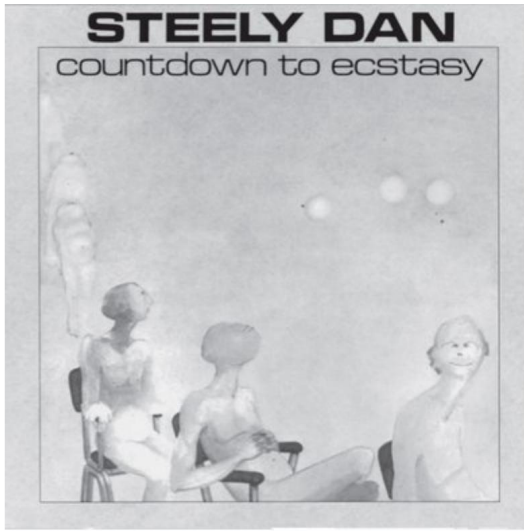

C D E C D
All I've got to say, I'm a - live and feel -
Show me where you are; you and I can spend
There's no need to hide, tak - ing things the eas -
E C D E
ing fine. Should you come my way
this day. driv - ing in my car
y way. If I stay in - side
C D E
you can share my poi - son wine.
through the ruins of San - ta Fé.
I might live till Sat - ur - day.
Bm7 Am7 C G
No mar - i- golds in the prom-ised land; there's a hole in the ground where they


D
Bm7
Am7
To Coda
used to grow. An - y man left on the Ri - o Grande_ is the
Em7
Gmaj7
A
G
A
G
A
G
A
king of the world_ as far as I know._
Am7
Em7
Am7
Bm7
I'm read-ing last___ year's pa - pers, al- though I don't_
Em7
Am7
Em7
___ know why.___ As - sas - sins, cons___ and rap - ers

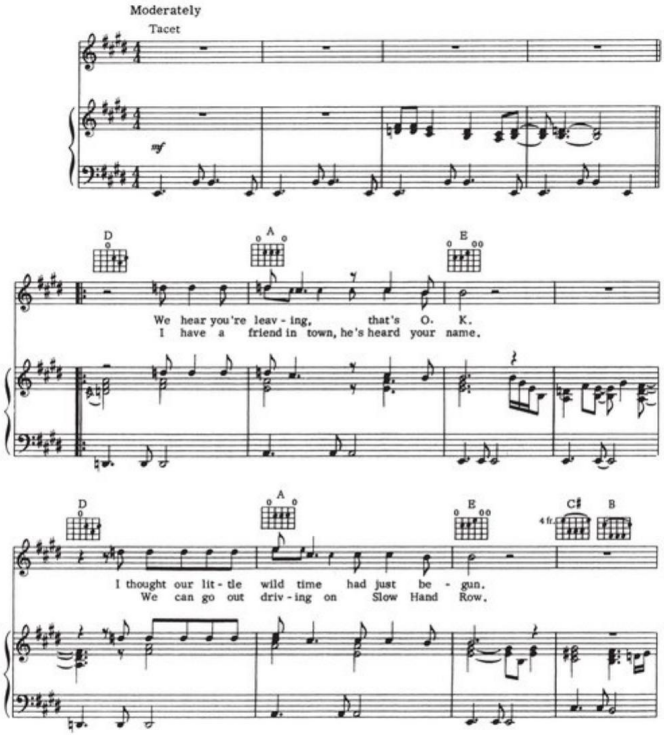

C
G
A
D.S. 𝄋 al Coda
might as well die.
Coda
Em7
G maj7
king of the world.
Em7
Gmaj7
A
G
A
G
A
G
A
king of the world as far as I know.
Repeat and fade
Cmaj7
D6
E
Cmaj7
D6
Cmaj7
Repeat and fade
Fmaj7
G6
E♭maj7
F6
D♭maj7
4 fr.
E♭6
F


STEELY DAN
countdown to ecstasy

Pretzel Logic

RIKKI DON'T LOSE THAT NUMBER

Words and Music by WALTER BECKER
and DONALD FAGEN



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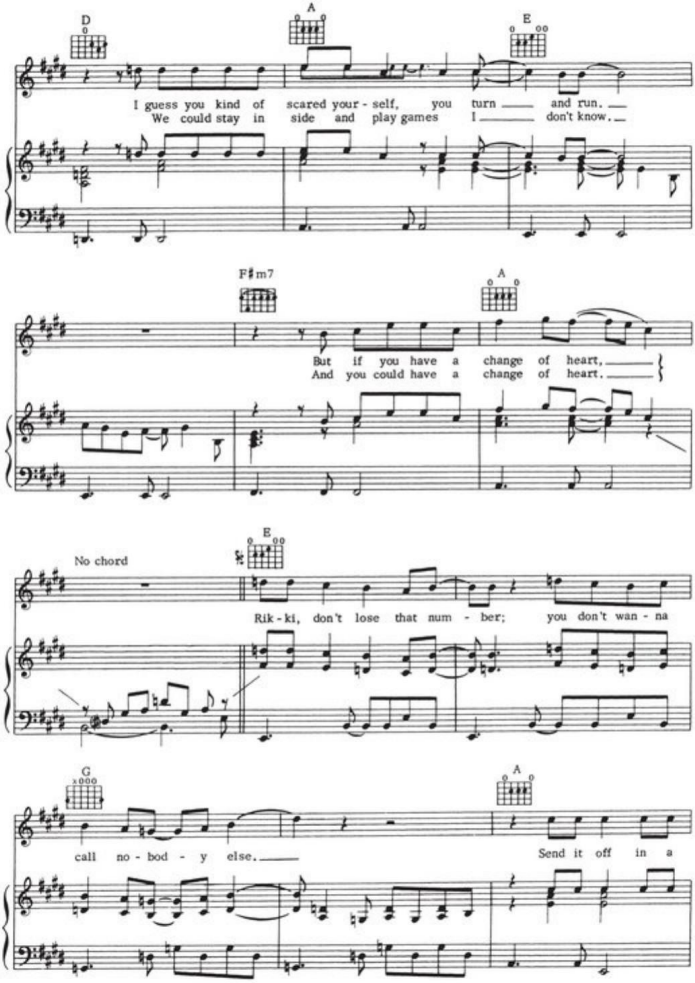
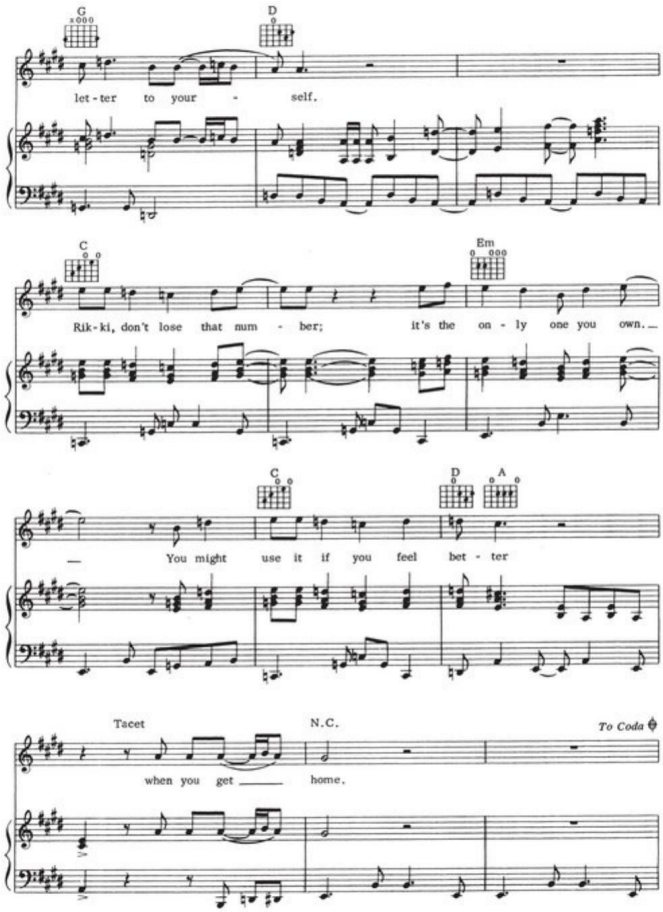
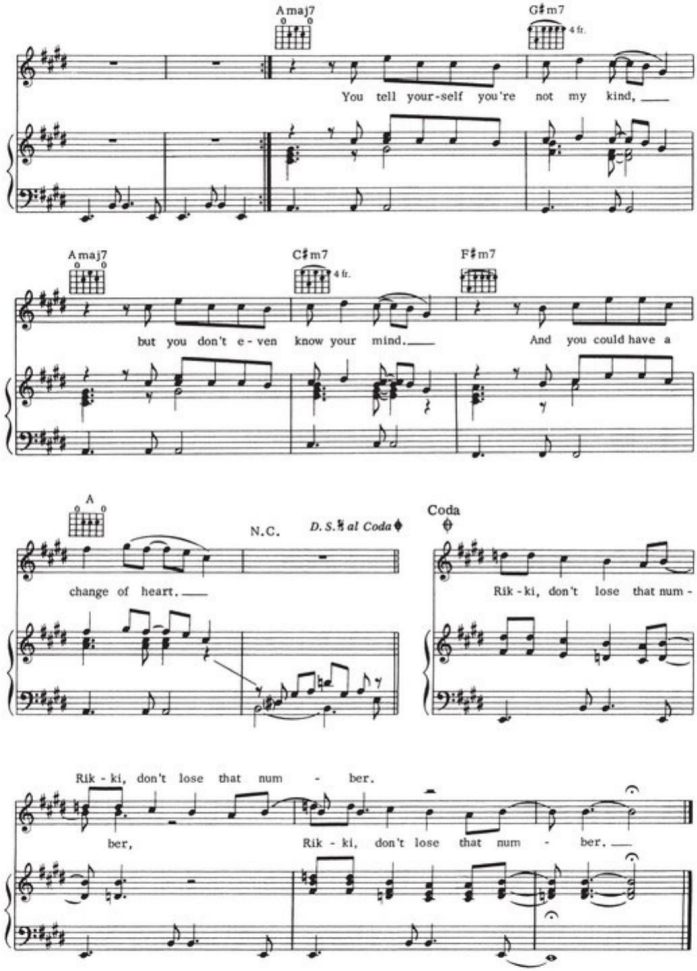
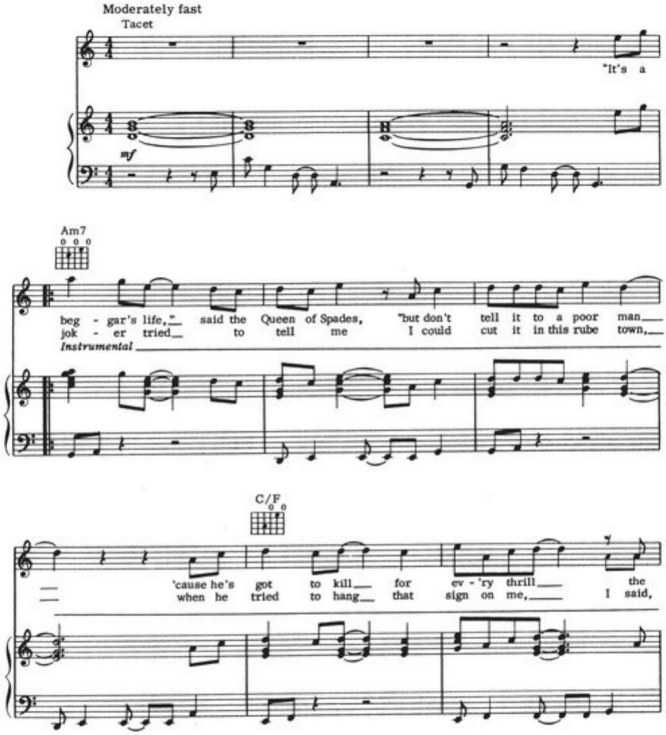

D
A
E
I guess you kind of scared your - self, you turn and run.
We could stay in side and play games I don't know.
F♯m7
A
But if you have a change of heart,
And you could have a change of heart.
No chord
E
Rik - ki, don't lose that num - ber; you don't wan - na
G
A
call no - bod - y else.
Send it off in a


G
D
let - ter to your - self.
C
Em
Rik - ki, don't lose that num - ber; it's the on - ly one you own.
C
D
A
— You might use it if you feel bet - ter
Tacet
N.C.
To Coda
when you get — home.


Amaj7
G♯m7
4 fr.
You tell your-self you're not my kind,
Amaj7
C♯m7
4 fr.
F♯m7
but you don't e - ven know your mind.
And you could have a
A
N.C.
D.S.𝄋 al Coda
change of heart.
Coda
Rik - ki, don't lose that num -
Rik - ki, don't lose that num - ber.
ber,
Rik - ki, don't lose that num - ber.

NIGHT BY NIGHT

Words and Music by WALTER BECKER and DONALD FAGEN


Moderately fast
Tacet
"It's a
mf
Am7
beg - gar's life,_ said the Queen of Spades, "but don't tell it to a poor man,_
jok - er tried_ to tell me I could cut it in this rube town,_
Instrumental
C/F
'cause he's got to kill_ for ev - 'ry thrill_ the
when he tried to hang_ that sign on me,_ I said,

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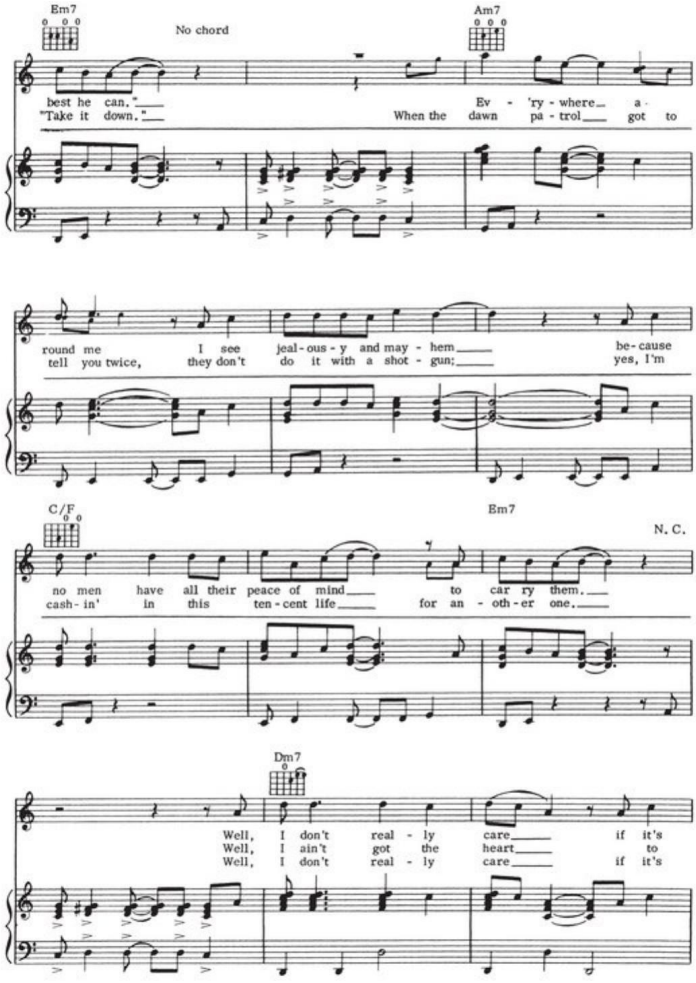
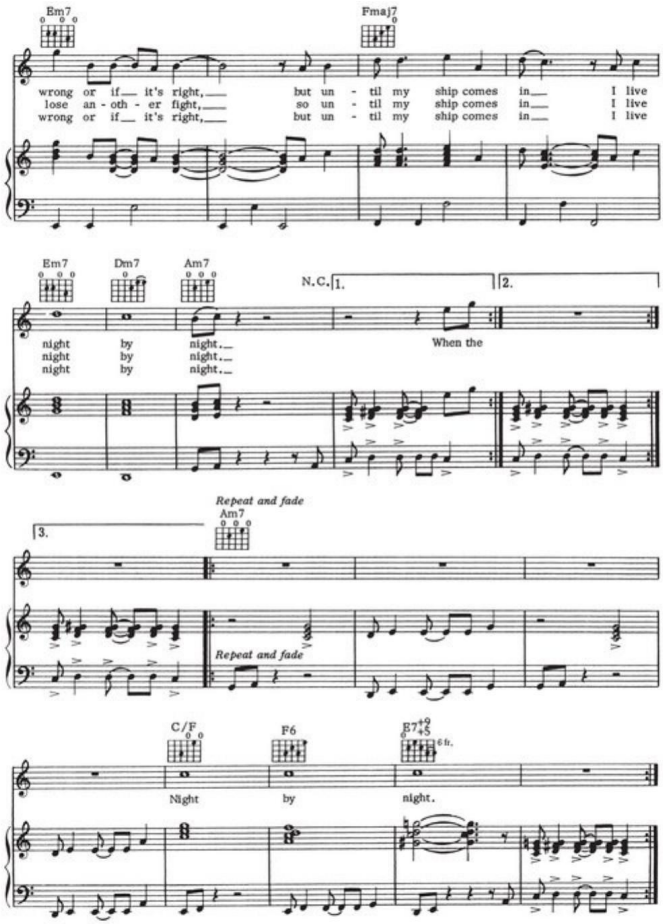
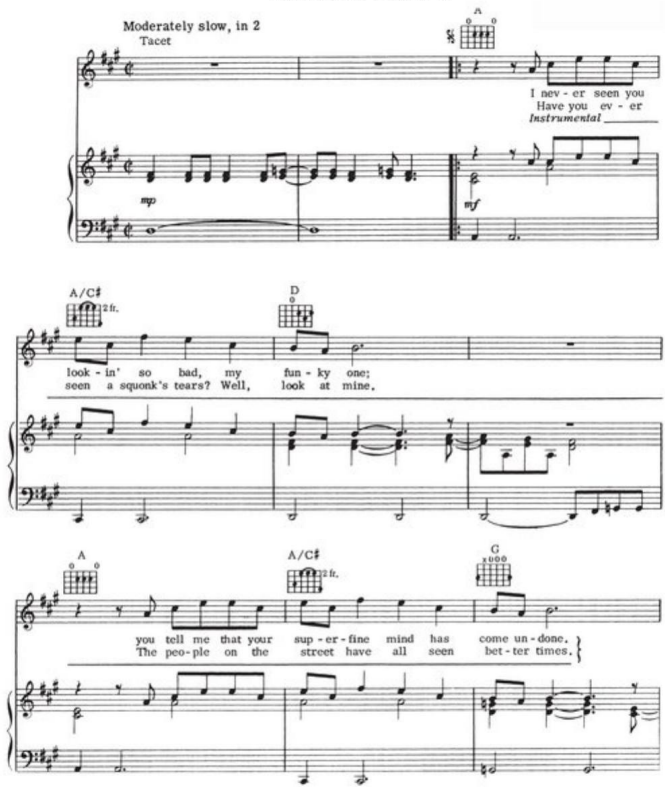

Em7
No chord
Am7
best he can."
"Take it down."
When the
Ev - 'ry - where a -
dawn pa - trol got to
round me I see jeal - ous - y and may - hem be - cause
tell you twice, they don't do it with a shot - gun; yes, I'm
C/F
Em7
N. C.
no men have all their peace of mind to car ry them.
cash - in' in this ten - cent life for an - oth - er one.
Dm7
Well, I don't real - ly care if it's
Well, I ain't got the heart to
Well, I don't real - ly care if it's


Em7
Fmaj7
wrong or if__ it's right,__ but un - til my ship comes in__ I live
lose an - oth - er fight,__ so un - til my ship comes in__ I live
wrong or if__ it's right,__ but un - til my ship comes in__ I live
Em7
Dm7
Am7
N.C.
1.
2.
night by night.__
night by night.__
night by night.__
When the
Repeat and fade
Am7
3.
Repeat and fade
C/F
F6
E7♯9♭5
6fr.
Night by night.

ANY MAJOR DUDE WILL TELL YOU

Words and Music by WALTER BECKER
and DONALD FAGEN


Moderately slow, in 2
Tacet
A
I nev - er seen you
Have you ev - er
Instrumental
mp
mf
A/C♯
2 fr.
D
look - in' so bad, my fun - ky one;
seen a squonk's tears? Well, look at mine.
A
A/C♯
2 fr.
G
you tell me that your sup - er - fine mind has come un - done.
The peo - ple on the street have all seen bet - ter times.

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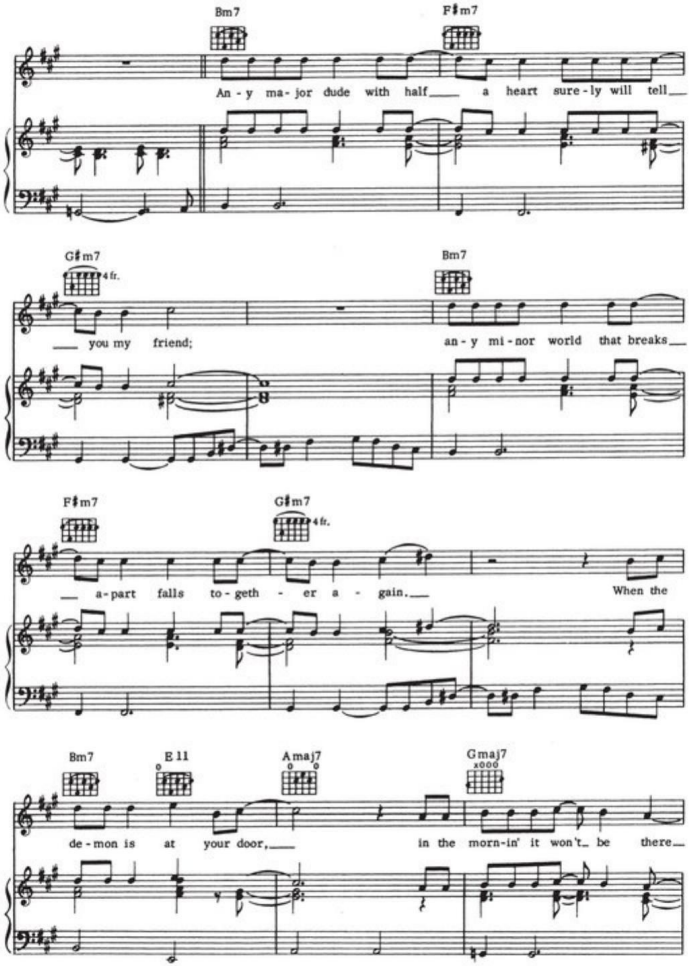
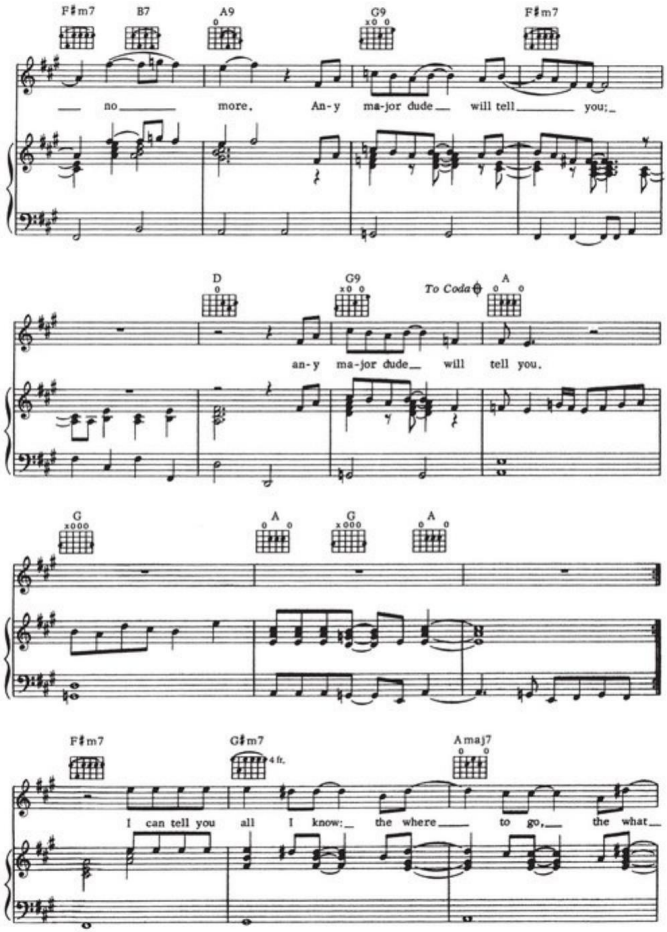
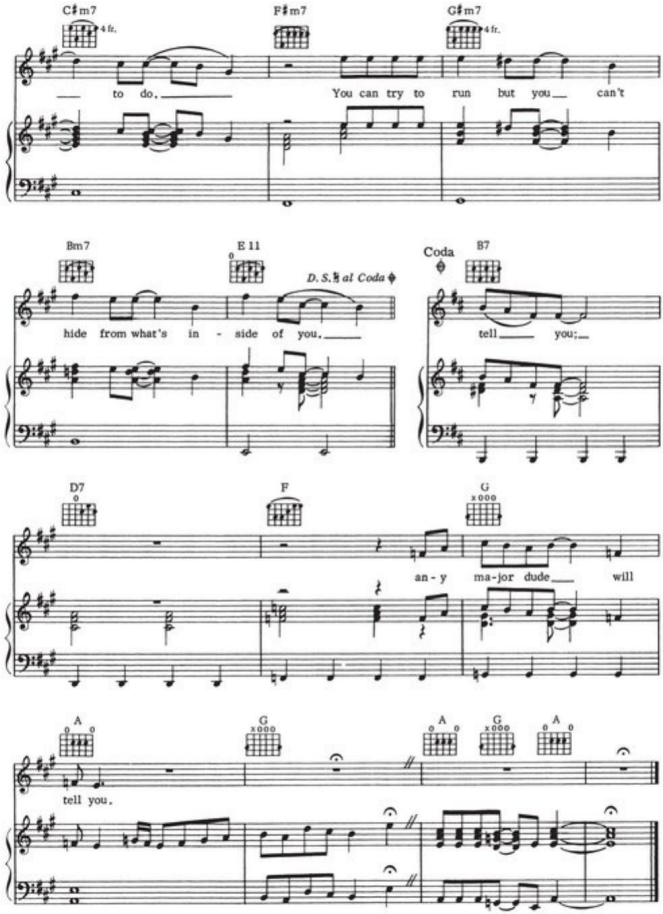
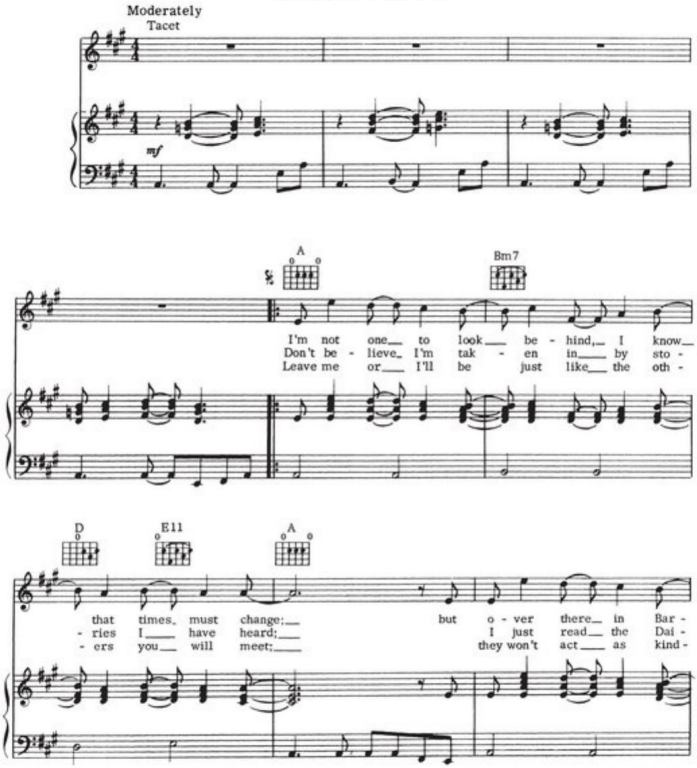

Bm7
F♯m7
An - y ma - jor dude with half a heart sure - ly will tell
G♯m7 4fr.
Bm7
you my friend;
an - y mi - nor world that breaks
F♯m7
G♯m7 4fr.
a - part falls to - geth - er a - gain.
When the
Bm7
E 11
Amaj7
Gmaj7
de - mon is at your door,
in the morn-in' it won't be there


F♯m7
B7
A9
G9
F♯m7
no more. An-y ma-jor dude will tell you;
D
G9
To Coda
A
an-y ma-jor dude will tell you.
G
A
G
A
F♯m7
G♯m7
4 fr.
Amaj7
I can tell you all I know: the where to go, the what


C♯m7
4 fr.
F♯m7
G♯m7
4 fr.
to do.
You can try to run but you can't
Bm7
E 11
D.S. 𝄋 al Coda
hide from what's in - side of you.
Coda
B7
tell you;
D7
F
G
an - y ma-jor dude will
A
G
A
G
A
tell you.

BARRY TOWN

Words and Music by WALTER BECKER
and DONALD FAGEN


Moderately
Tacet
mf
A
Bm7
I'm not one to look be - hind, I know
Don't be - lieve I'm tak - en in by sto -
Leave me or I'll be just like the oth -
D
E11
A
that times must change:
- ries I have heard;
- ers you will meet;
but o - ver there in Bar -
I just read the Dai -
they won't act as kind -

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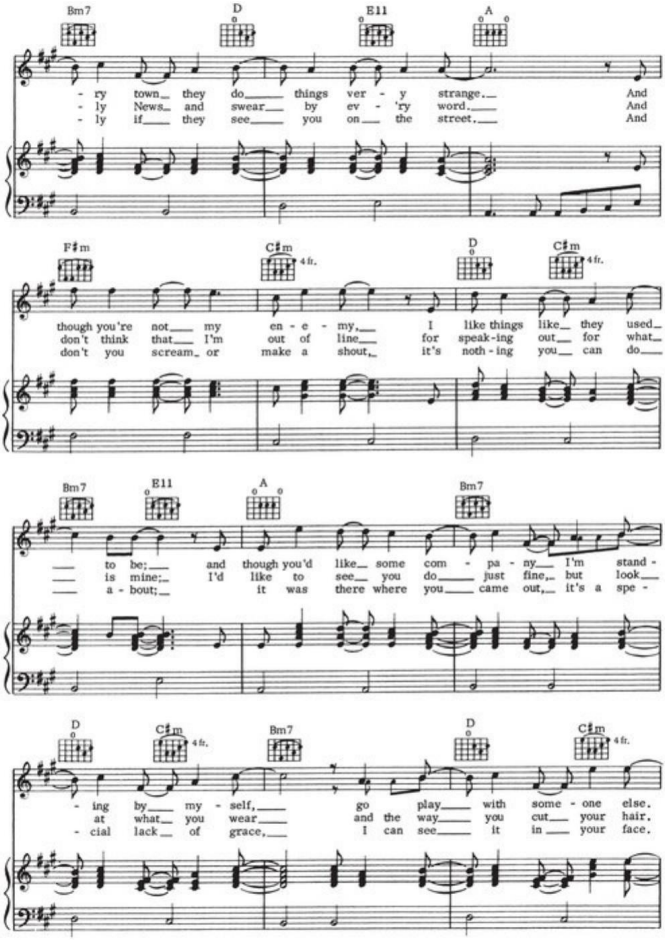
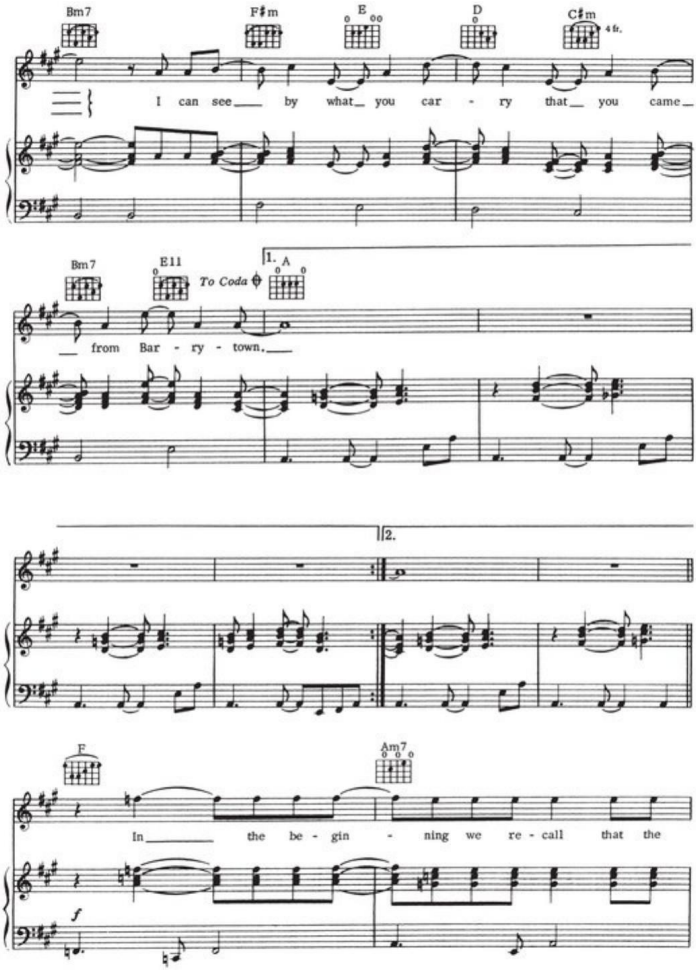
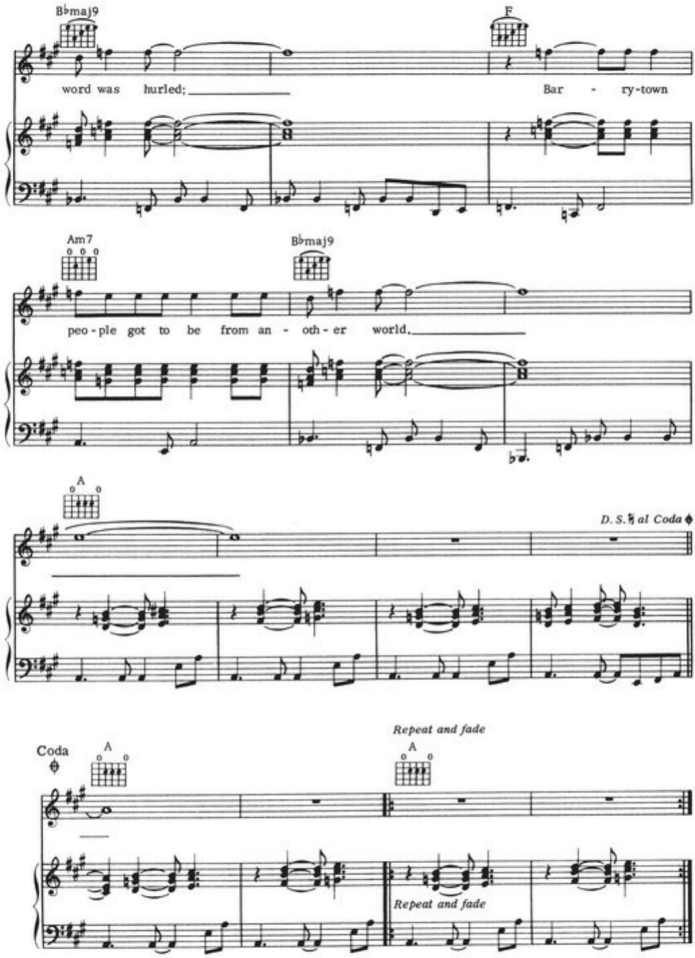
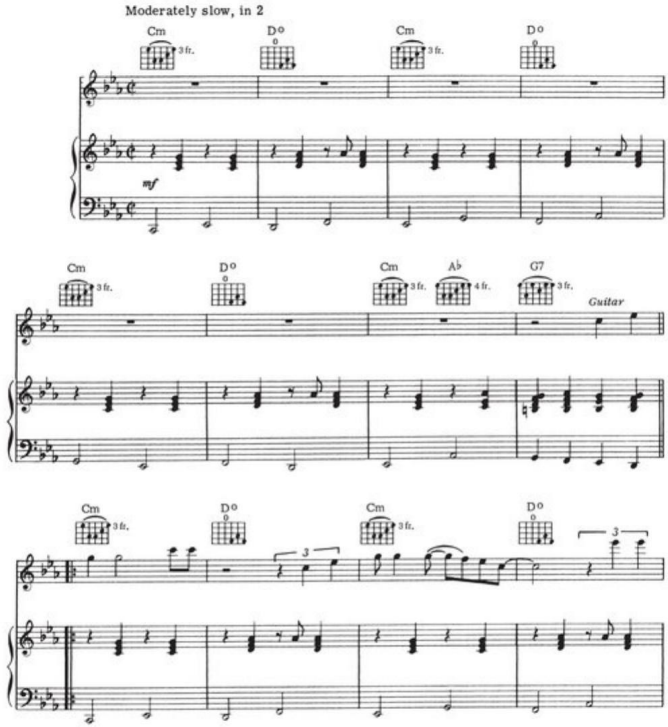

Bm7 D E11 A
- ry town they do things ver - y strange And
- ly News and swear by ev - 'ry word And
- ly if they see you on the street And
F♯m C♯m 4 fr. D C♯m 4 fr.
though you're not my en - e - my, I like things like they used
don't think that I'm out of line for speak-ing out for what
don't you scream or make a shout, it's noth - ing you can do
Bm7 E11 A Bm7
to be; and though you'd like some com - pa - ny I'm stand -
is mine; I'd like to see you do just fine, but look
a - bout; it was there where you came out, it's a spe -
D C♯m 4 fr. Bm7 D C♯m 4 fr.
- ing by my - self, go play with some - one else.
at what you wear and the way you cut your hair.
- cial lack of grace, I can see it in your face.


Bm7
F♯m
E
D
C♯m
4 fr.
I can see by what you car - ry that you came
Bm7
E11
To Coda
1.
A
from Bar - ry - town.
2.
F
Am7
In the be - gin - ning we re - call that the
f


B♭maj9
F
word was hurled:
Bar - ry-town
Am7
B♭maj9
peo - ple got to be from an - oth - er world.
A
D. S. 𝄋 al Coda
Coda
A
Repeat and fade
A
Repeat and fade

EAST ST. LOUIS TOODLE-OO

By DUKE ELLINGTON
and BUB MILEY



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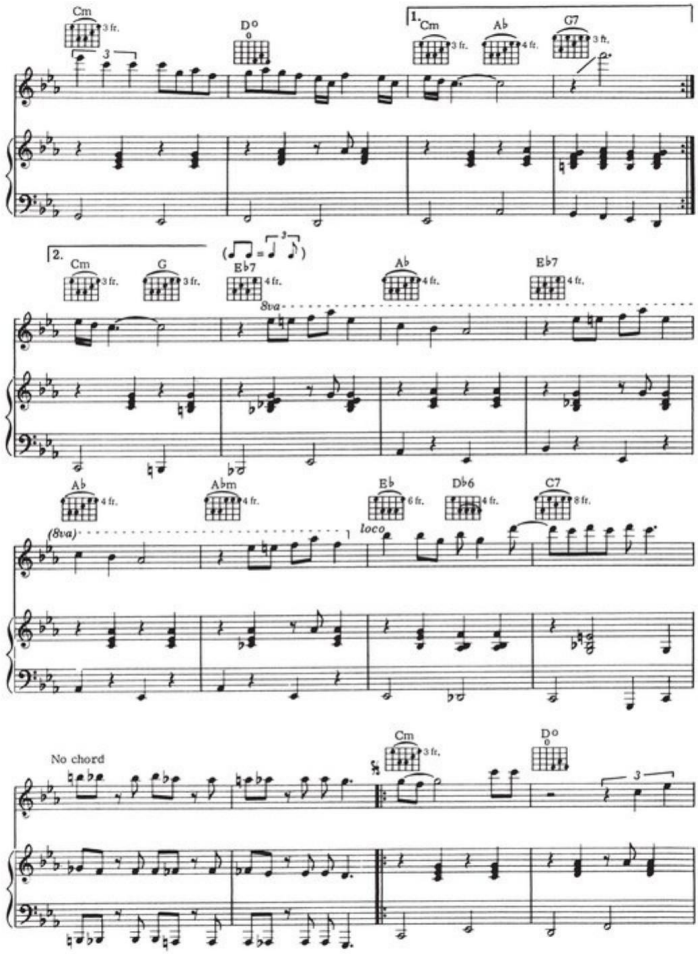
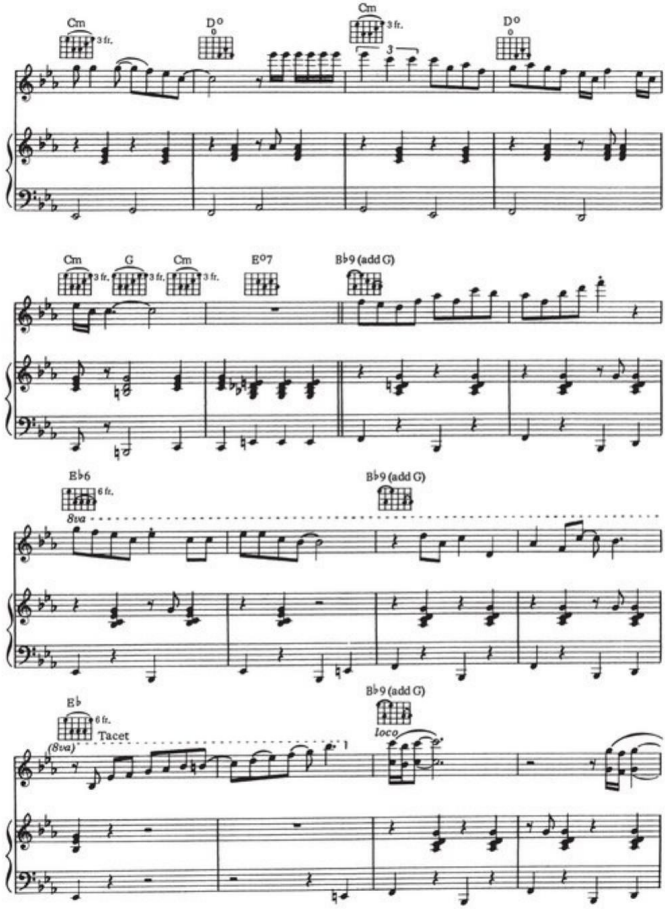
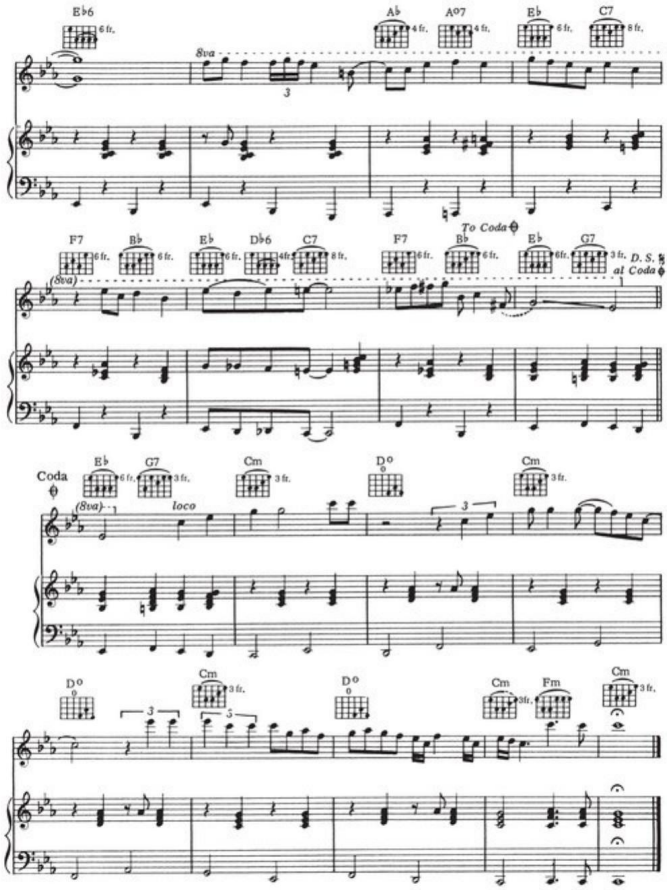
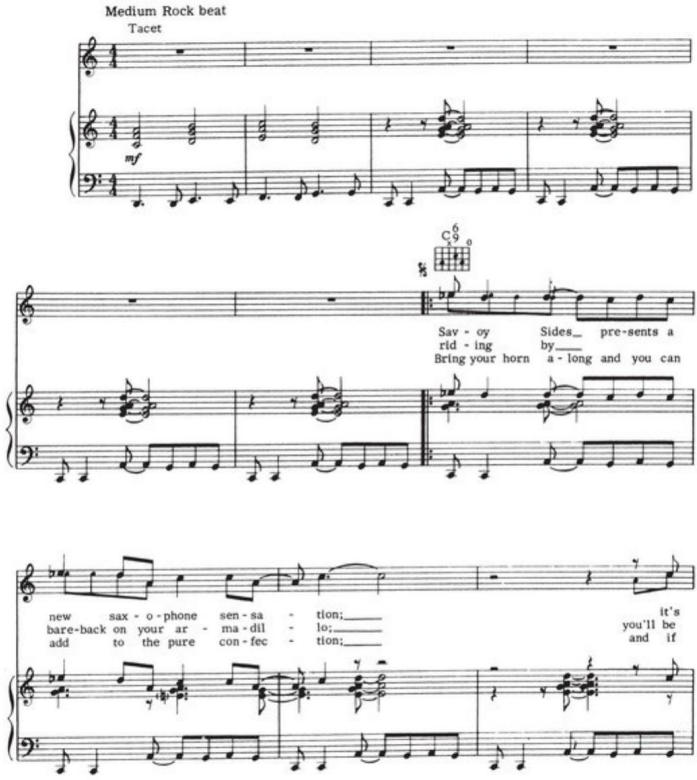

Cm
3 fr.
D°
1.
Cm
3 fr.
A♭
4 fr.
G7
3 fr.
2.
Cm
3 fr.
G
3 fr.
E♭7
4 fr.
A♭
4 fr.
E♭7
4 fr.
8va
A♭
4 fr.
A♭m
4 fr.
E♭
6 fr.
D♭6
4 fr.
C7
8 fr.
(8va)
loco
No chord
Cm
3 fr.
D°


Cm
3 fr.
D°
Cm
3 fr.
D°
Cm
3 fr.
G
3 fr.
Cm
3 fr.
E°7
B♭9 (add G)
E♭6
6 fr.
8va
B♭9 (add G)
E♭
6 fr.
Tacet
(8va)
B♭9 (add G)
loco


E♭6
A♭
A°7
E♭
C7
8va
F7
B♭
E♭
D♭6
C7
F7
To Coda
B♭
E♭
G7
D. S. al Coda
(8va)
Coda
E♭
G7
Cm
D°
Cm
(8va)
loco
D°
Cm
D°
Cm
Fm
Cm

PARKER'S BAND

Words and Music by WALTER BECKER
and DONALD FAGEN


Medium Rock beat
Tacet
mf
C6
Sav - oy Sides pre-sents a
rid - ing by
Bring your horn a - long and you can
new sax - o - phone sen - sa - tion;
bare-back on your ar - ma - dil - lo;
add to the pure con - fec - tion;
it's
you'll be
and if

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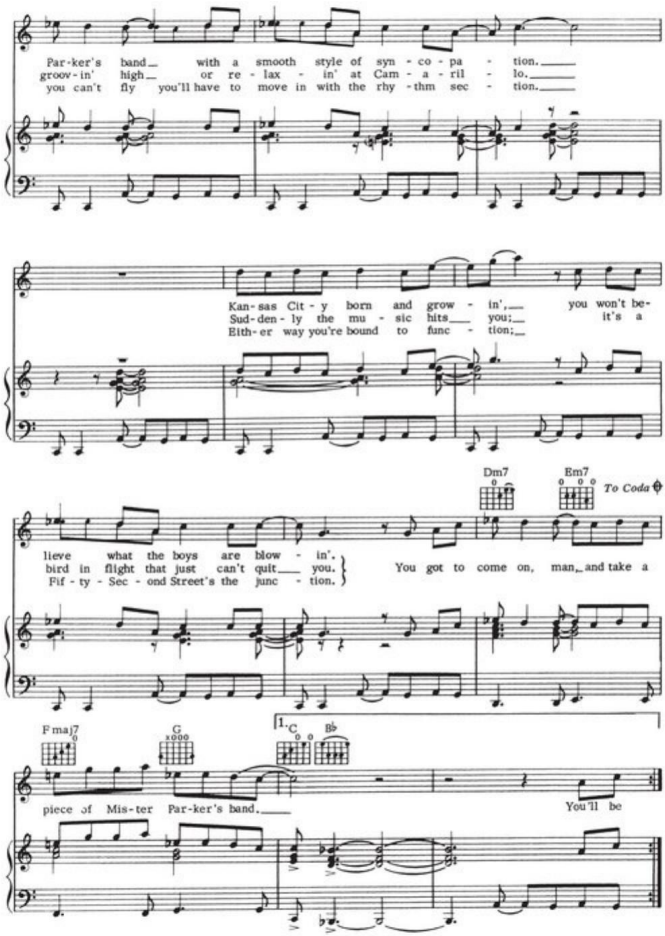
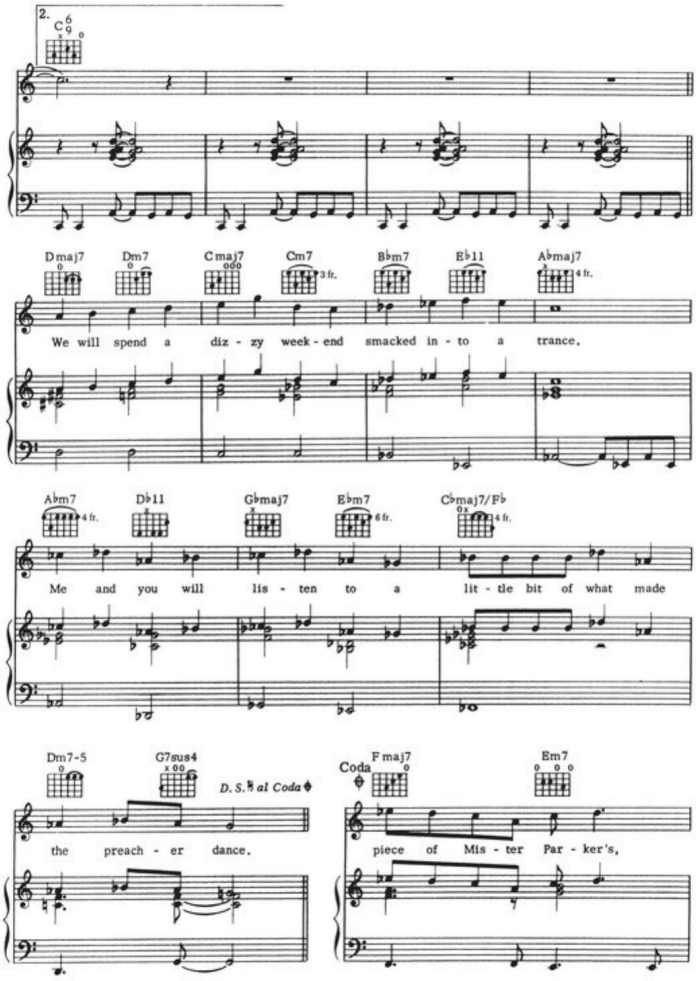
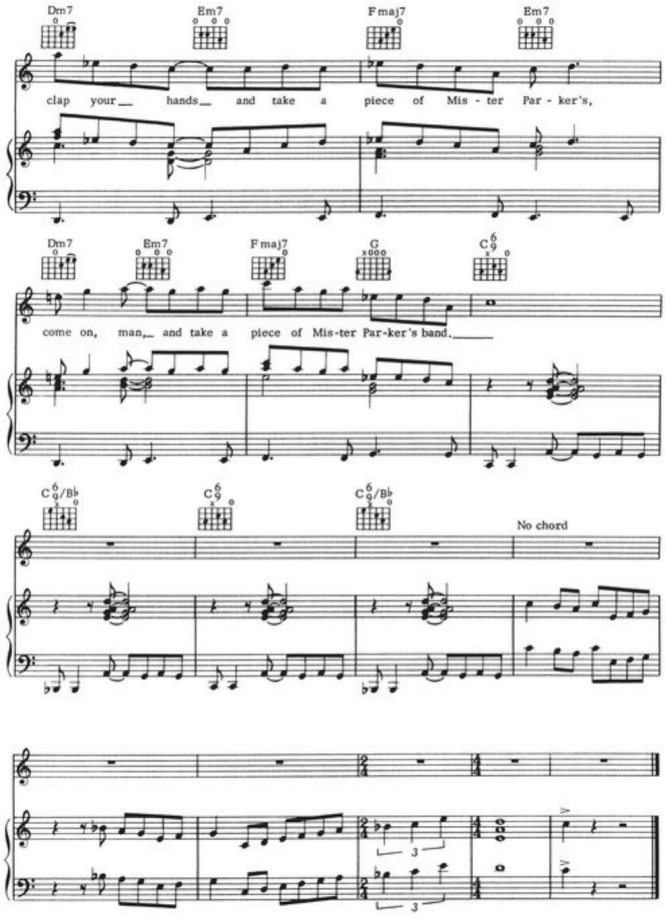
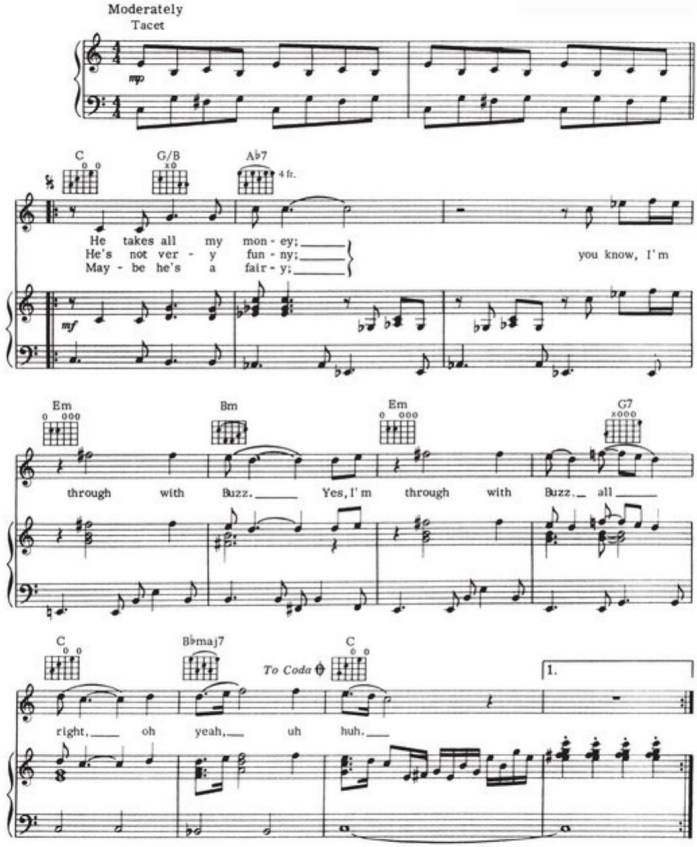

Par-ker's band with a smooth style of syn-co-pa-tion.
groov-in' high or re-lax-in' at Cam-a-ril-lo.
you can't fly you'll have to move in with the rhy-thm sec-tion.
Kan-sas Cit-y born and grow-in', you won't be-
Sud-den-ly the mu-sic hits you; it's a
Eith-er way you're bound to func-tion;
Dm7
Em7
To Coda
lieve what the boys are blow-in'.
bird in flight that just can't quit you.
Pif-ty-Sec-ond Street's the junc-tion.
You got to come on, man, and take a
F maj7
G
1.
C
B♭
piece of Mis-ter Par-ker's band.
You'll be


2.
C6/9
Dmaj7
Dm7
Cmaj7
Cm7
3 fr.
B♭m7
E♭11
A♭maj7
4 fr.
We will spend a diz - zy week - end smacked in - to a trance.
A♭m7
4 fr.
D♭11
G♭maj7
E♭m7
6 fr.
C♭maj7/F♭
4 fr.
Me and you will lis - ten to a lit - tle bit of what made
Dm7-5
G7sus4
D.S. 𝄋 al Coda
Coda
F maj7
Em7
the preach - er dance.
piece of Mis - ter Par - ker's,


Dm7
Em7
Fmaj7
Em7
clap your hands and take a piece of Mis - ter Par - ker's,
Dm7
Em7
Fmaj7
G
C6/9
come on, man, and take a piece of Mis-ter Par-ker's band.
C6/9/Bb
C6/9
C6/9/Bb
No chord
3
3

THROUGH WITH BUZZ

Words and Music by WALTER BECKER
and DONALD FAGEN



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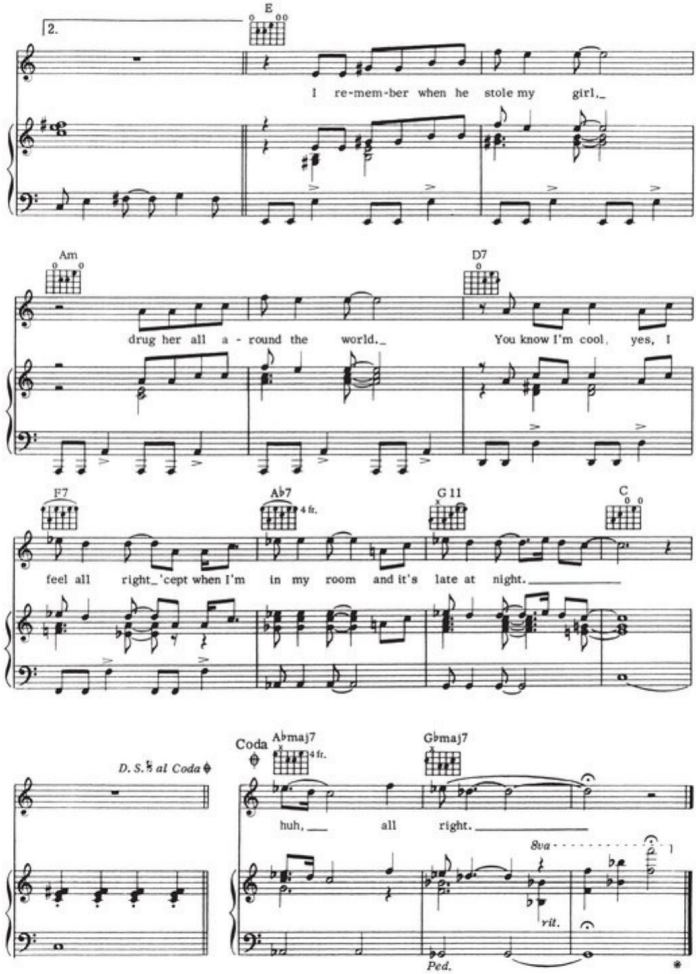
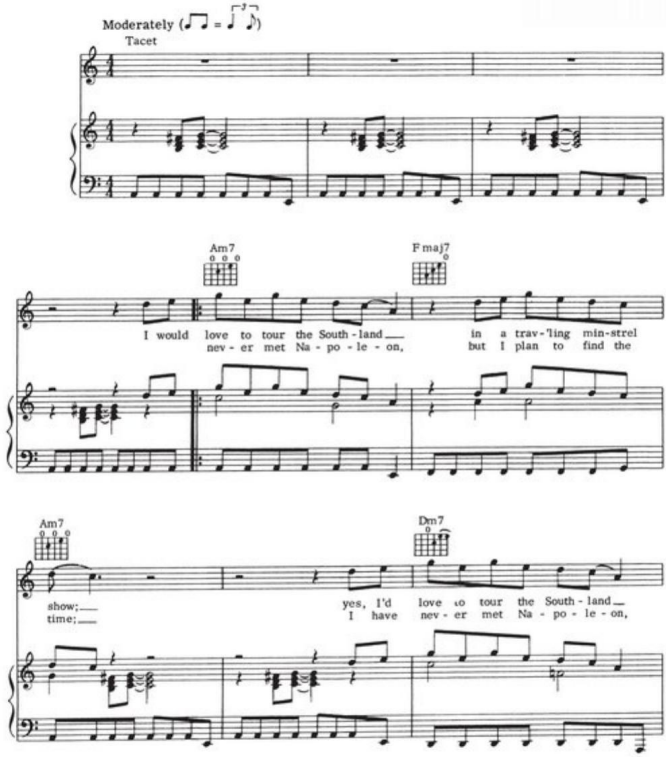

2.
E
I re-mem-ber when he stole my girl.
Am
D7
drug her all a - round the world.
You know I'm cool, yes, I
F7
Ab7
4 fr.
G 11
C
feel all right 'cept when I'm in my room and it's late at night.
D. S. 𝄋 al Coda
Coda
Abmaj7
4 fr.
Gbmaj7
huh, all right.
8va
rit.
Ped.

PRETZEL LOGIC

Words and Music by WALTER BECKER
and DONALD FAGEN


Moderately (♩♩ = ♪♪)
Tacet
Am7
Fmaj7
I would love to tour the South - land
nev - er met Na - po - le - on,
in a trav - 'ling min-strel
but I plan to find the
Am7
Dm7
show;
time;
yes, I'd love to tour the South - land
I have nev - er met Na - po - le - on,

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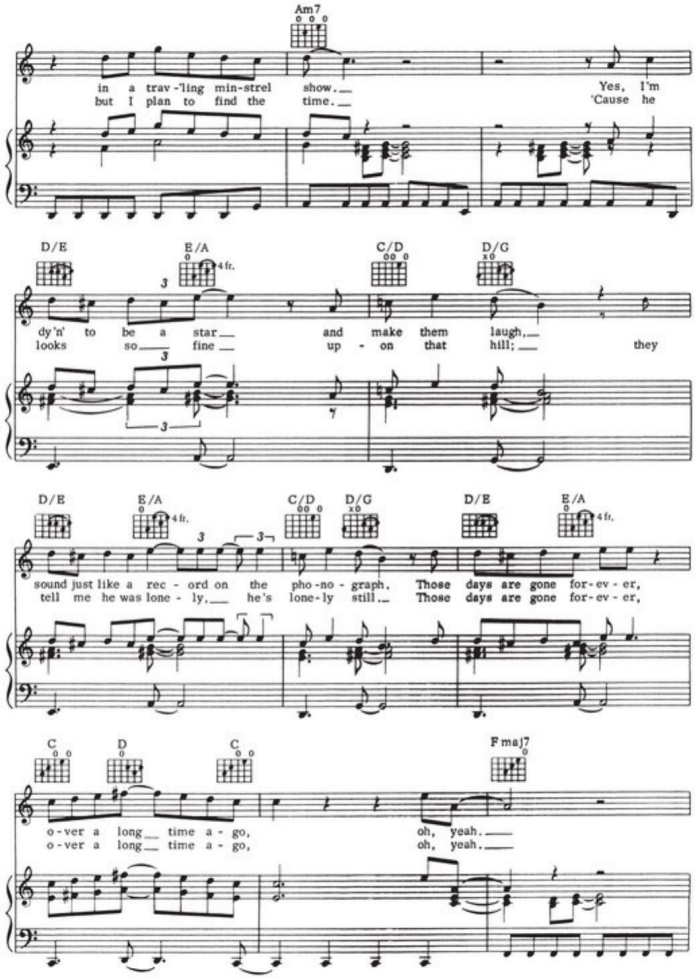
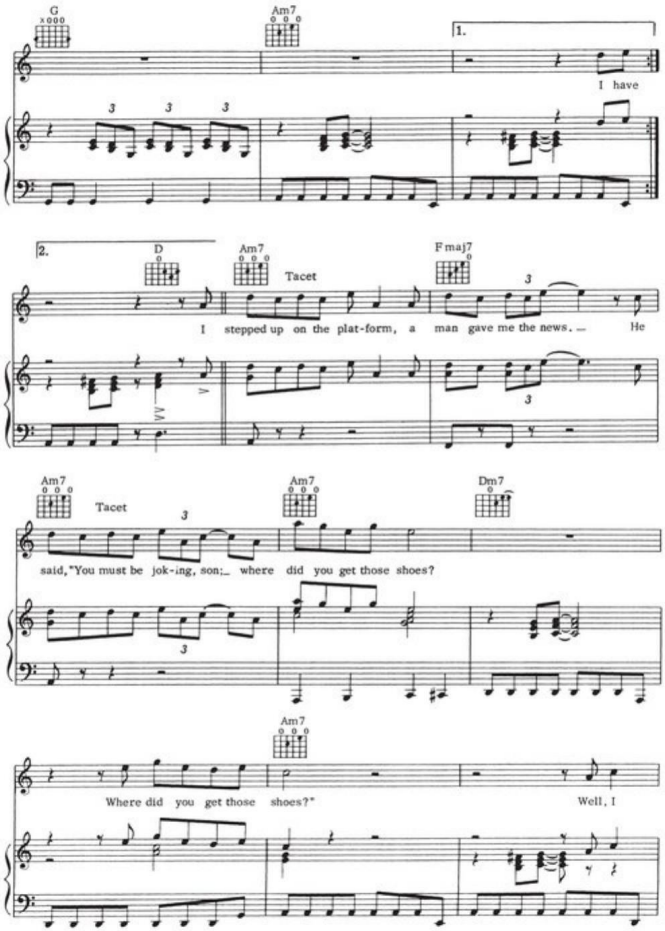
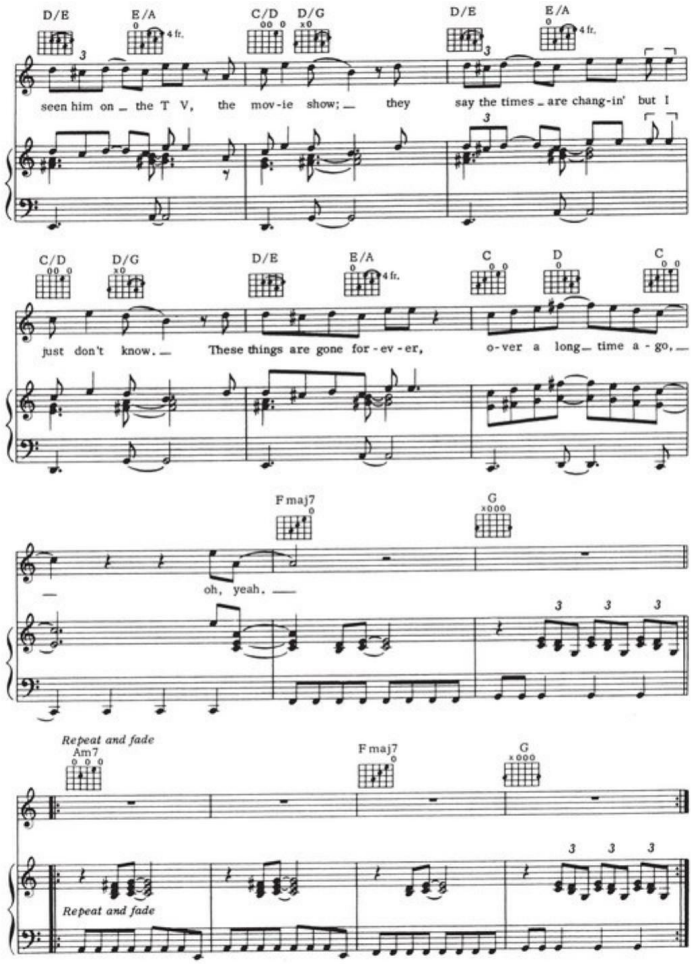
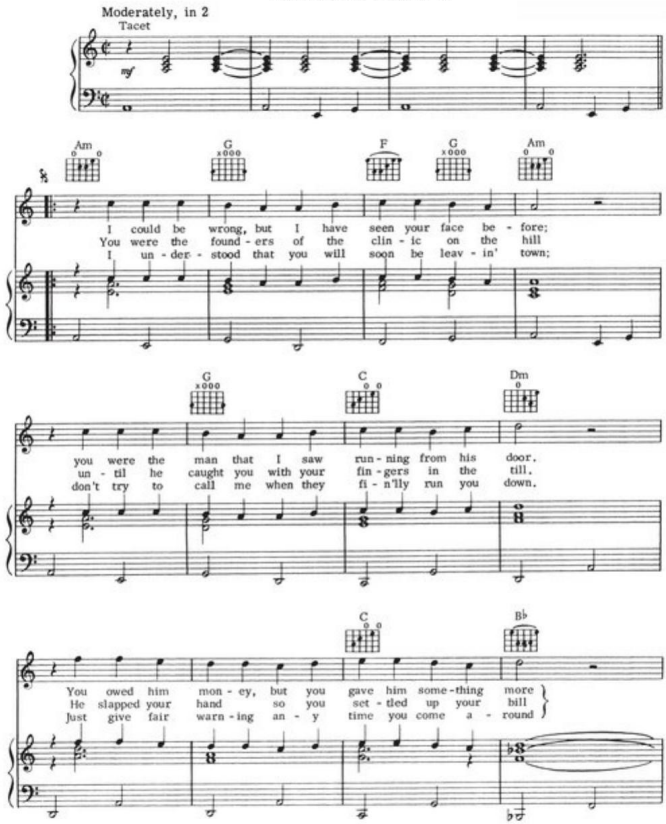

Am7
in a trav-'ling min-strel show.
but I plan to find the time.
Yes, I'm
'Cause he
D/E
E/A
4 fr.
C/D
D/G
dy'n' to be a star and make them laugh,
looks so fine up - on that hill;
they
D/E
E/A
4 fr.
C/D
D/G
D/E
E/A
4 fr.
sound just like a rec - ord on the pho-no-graph.
tell me he was lone - ly, he's lone-ly still
Those days are gone for-ev - er,
Those days are gone for-ev - er,
C
D
C
Fmaj7
o-ver a long time a - go,
o-ver a long time a - go,
oh, yeah.
oh, yeah.


G
Am7
1.
I have
2.
D
Am7
Tacet
F maj7
I stepped up on the plat-form, a man gave me the news. — He
Am7
Tacet
Am7
Dm7
said, "You must be jok-ing, son; — where did you get those shoes?
Am7
Where did you get those shoes?"
Well, I


D/E
E/A
4 fr.
C/D
D/G
D/E
E/A
4 fr.
seen him on the T V, the mov-ie show; they say the times are chang-in' but I
C/D
D/G
D/E
E/A
4 fr.
C
D
C
just don't know. These things are gone for-ev-er, o-ver a long time a-go,
F maj7
G
oh, yeah.
Repeat and fade
Am7
F maj7
G
Repeat and fade

WITH A GUN

Words and Music by WALTER BECKER and DONALD FAGEN


Moderately, in 2
Tacet
mf
Am
G
F
G
Am
I could be wrong, but I have seen your face be - fore;
You were the found - ers of the clin - ic on the hill
I un - der - stood that you will soon be leav - in' town;
G
C
Dm
you were the man that I saw run - ning from his door.
un - til he caught you with your fin - gers in the till.
don't try to call me when they fi - n'lly run you down.
C
B♭
You owed him mon - ey, but you gave him some - thing more
He slapped your hand so you set - tled up your bill
Just give fair warn - ing an - y time you come a - round

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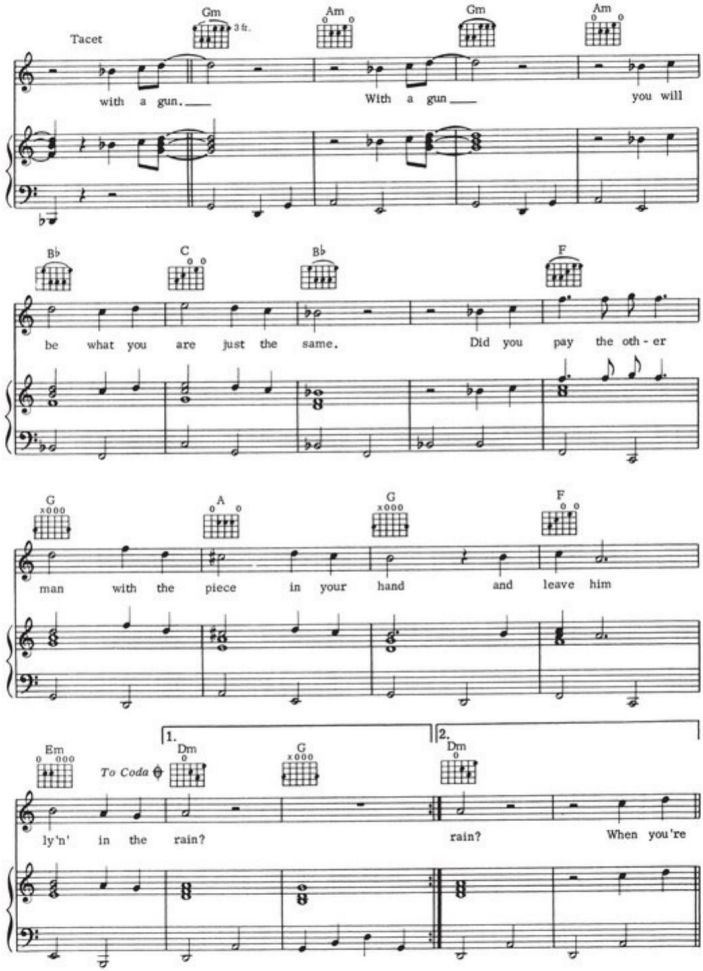
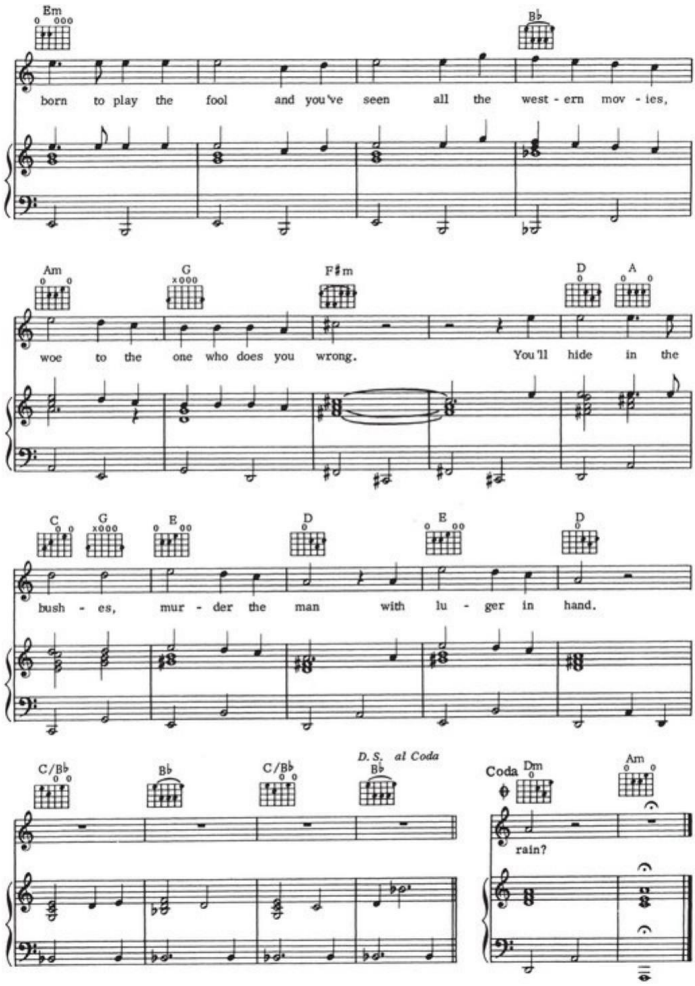
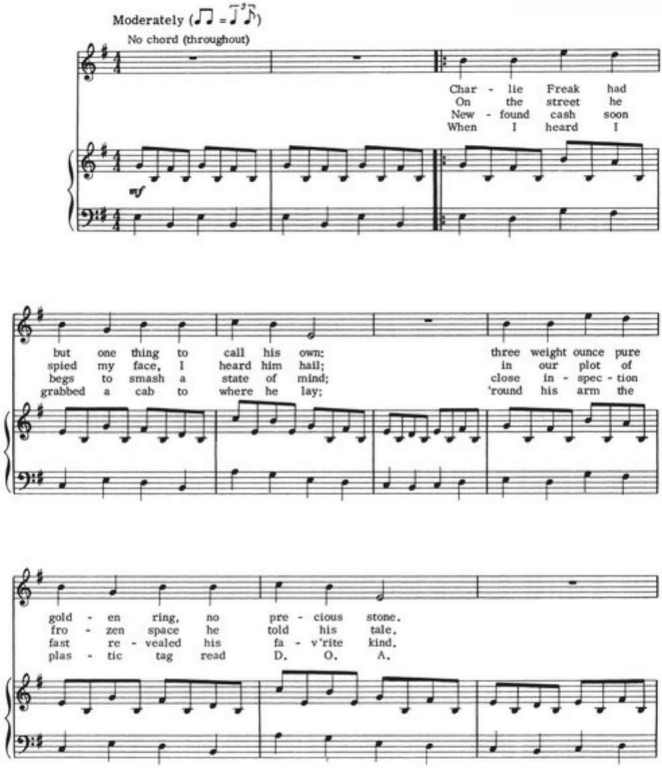

Tacet
Gm
3 fr.
Am
Gm
Am
with a gun.
With a gun
you will
B♭
C
B♭
F
be what you are just the same.
Did you pay the oth - er
G
A
G
F
man with the piece in your hand and leave him
1.
2.
Em
To Coda
Dm
G
Dm
ly'n' in the rain?
rain?
When you're


Em
B♭
born to play the fool and you've seen all the west - ern mov - ies,
Am
G
F♯m
D
A
woe to the one who does you wrong. You'll hide in the
C
G
E
D
E
D
bush - es, mur - der the man with lu - ger in hand.
C/B♭
B♭
C/B♭
D.S. al Coda
B♭
Coda
Dm
Am
rain?

CHARLIE FREAK

Words and Music by WALTER BECKER
and DONALD FAGEN


Moderately
No chord (throughout)
mf
Char - lie Freak had
On the street he
New - found cash soon
When I heard I
but one thing to call his own:
spied my face, I heard him hail;
begs to smash a state of mind;
grabbed a cab to where he lay;
three weight ounce pure
in our plot of
close in - spec - tion
'round his arm the
gold - en ring, no pre - cious stone.
fro - zen space he told his tale.
fast re - vealed his fa - v'rite kind.
plas - tic tag read D. O. A.

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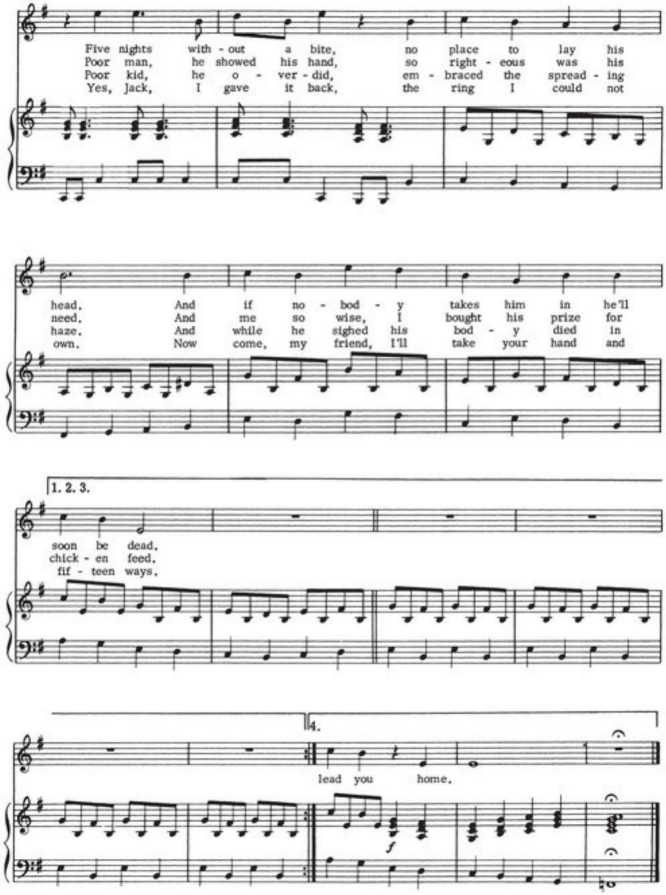
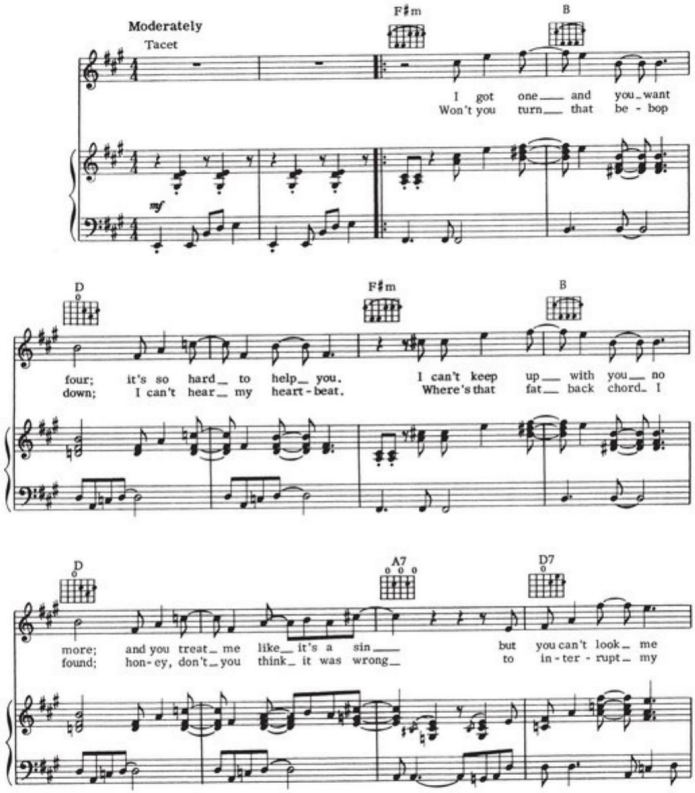

Five nights with - out a bite, no place to lay his
Poor man, he showed his hand, so right - eous was his
Poor kid, he o - ver - did, em - braced the spread - ing
Yes, Jack, I gave it back, the ring I could not
head. And if no - bod - y takes him in he'll
need. And me so wise, I bought his prize for
haze. And while he sighed his bod - y died in
own. Now come, my friend, I'll take your hand and
1. 2. 3.
soon be dead.
chick - en feed.
fif - teen ways.
4.
lead you home.
f

MONKEY IN YOUR SOUL

Words and Music by WALTER BECKER
and DONALD FAGEN


Moderately
Tacet
F♯m
B
I got one and you want
Won't you turn that be - bop
mf
D
F♯m
B
four; it's so hard to help you. I can't keep up with you no
down; I can't hear my heart - beat. Where's that fat back chord I
D
A7
D7
more; and you treat me like it's a sin but you can't look me
found; hon - ey, don't you think it was wrong to in - ter - rupt my

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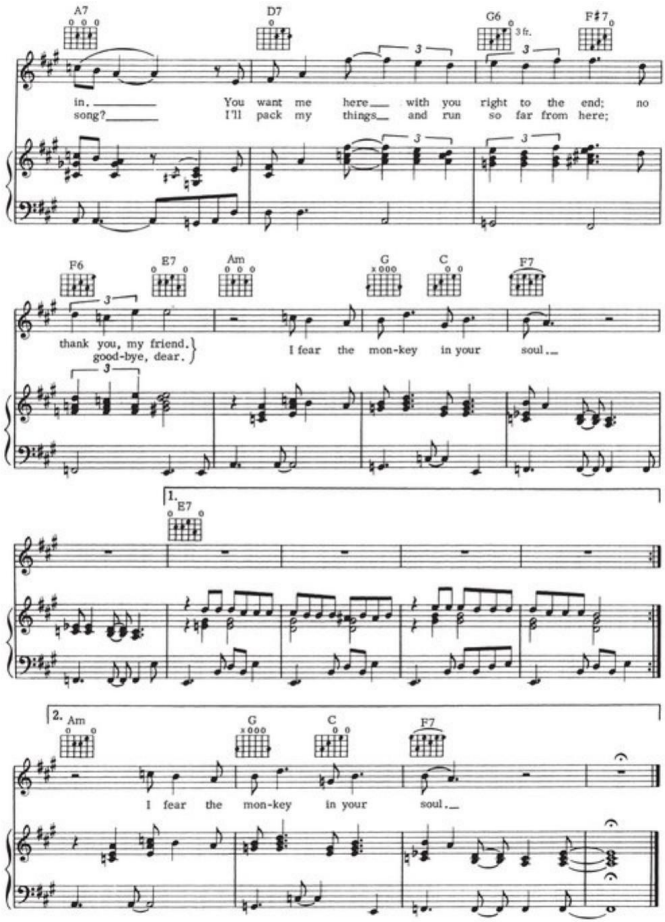
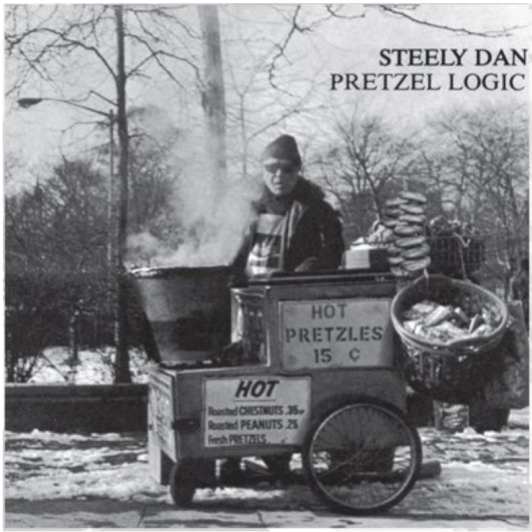
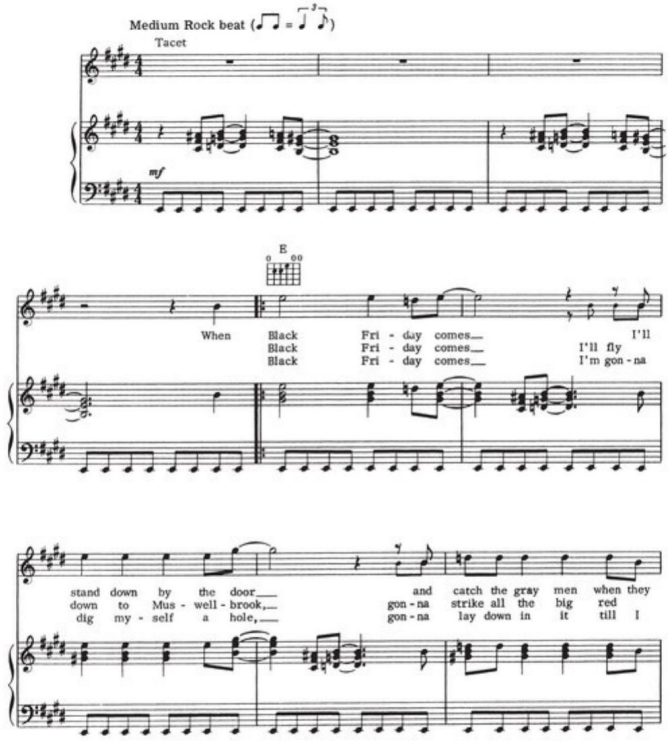

A7
D7
G6
3 fr.
F♯7
in. You want me here with you right to the end; no
song? I'll pack my things and run so far from here;
F6
E7
Am
G
C
F7
thank you, my friend.
good-bye, dear.
I fear the mon-key in your soul.
1.
E7
2.
Am
G
C
F7
I fear the mon-key in your soul.


STEELY DAN
PRETZEL LOGIC
HOT
PRETZLES
15 ¢
HOT
Roasted CHESTNUTS .30¢
Roasted PEANUTS .25

Katy Lied

BLACK FRIDAY

Words and Music by WALTER BECKER
and DONALD FAGEN



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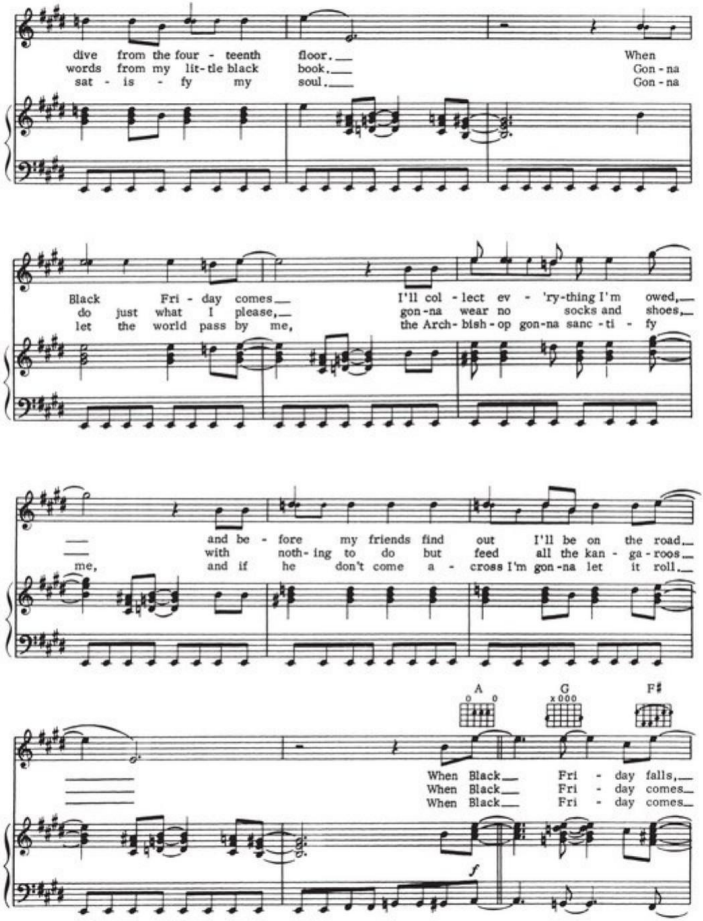
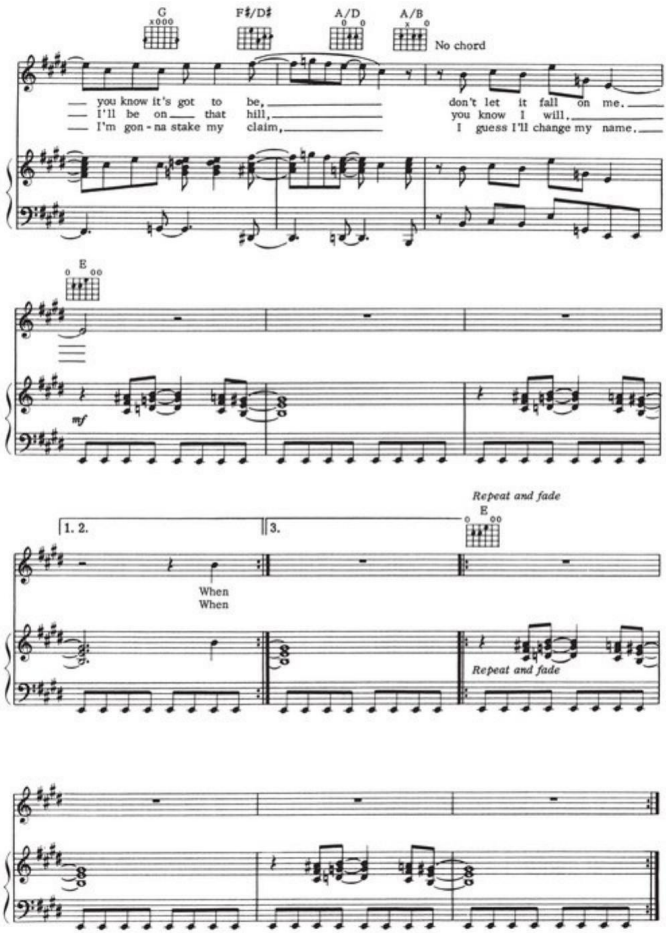
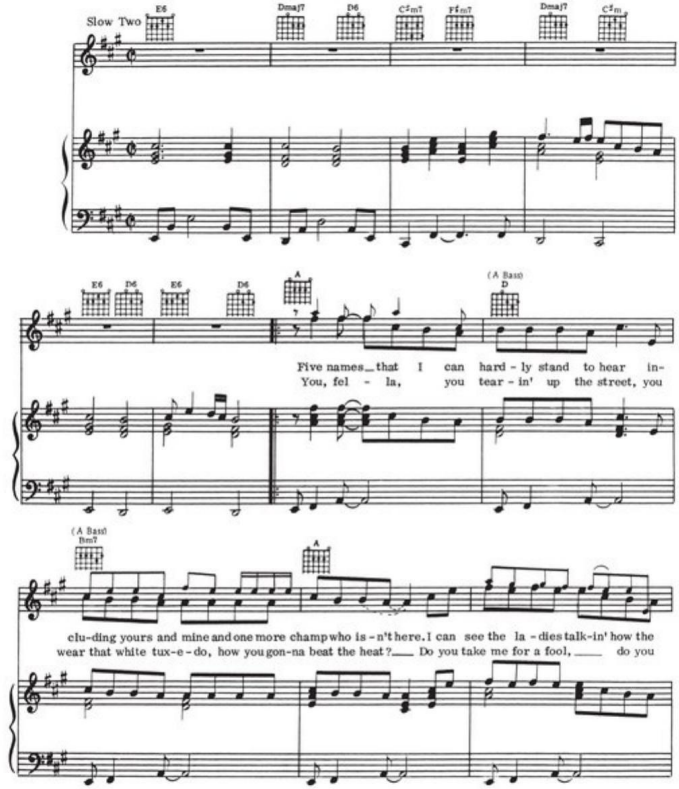

dive from the four - teenth floor.
words from my lit - tle black book.
sat - is - fy my soul.
When
Gon - na
Gon - na
Black Fri - day comes
do just what I please,
let the world pass by me,
I'll col - lect ev - 'ry-thing I'm owed,
gon-na wear no socks and shoes,
the Arch- bish - op gon-na sanc - ti - fy
and be - fore my friends find out I'll be on the road,
with noth - ing to do but feed all the kan - ga - roos,
me, and if he don't come a - cross I'm gon-na let it roll,
A
G
F♯
When Black Fri - day falls,
When Black Fri - day comes
When Black Fri - day comes
f


G
F♯/D♯
A/D
A/B
No chord
— you know it's got to be,
— I'll be on — that hill,
— I'm gon - na stake my claim,
don't let it fall on me.
you know I will,
I guess I'll change my name.
E
mf
1. 2.
3.
Repeat and fade
E
When
When
Repeat and fade

BAD SNEAKERS

Words and Music by WALTER BECKER
and DONALD FAGEN


Slow Two
E6
Dmaj7
D6
C♯m7
F♯m7
Dmaj7
C♯m
E6
D6
E6
D6
A
(A Bass)
D
Five names that I can hard - ly stand to hear in-
You, fel - la, you tear - in' up the street, you
(A Bass)
Bm7
A
clu-ding yours and mine and one more champ who is - n't here. I can see the la - dies talk-in' how the
wear that white tux-e-do, how you gon-na beat the heat? Do you take me for a fool, do you

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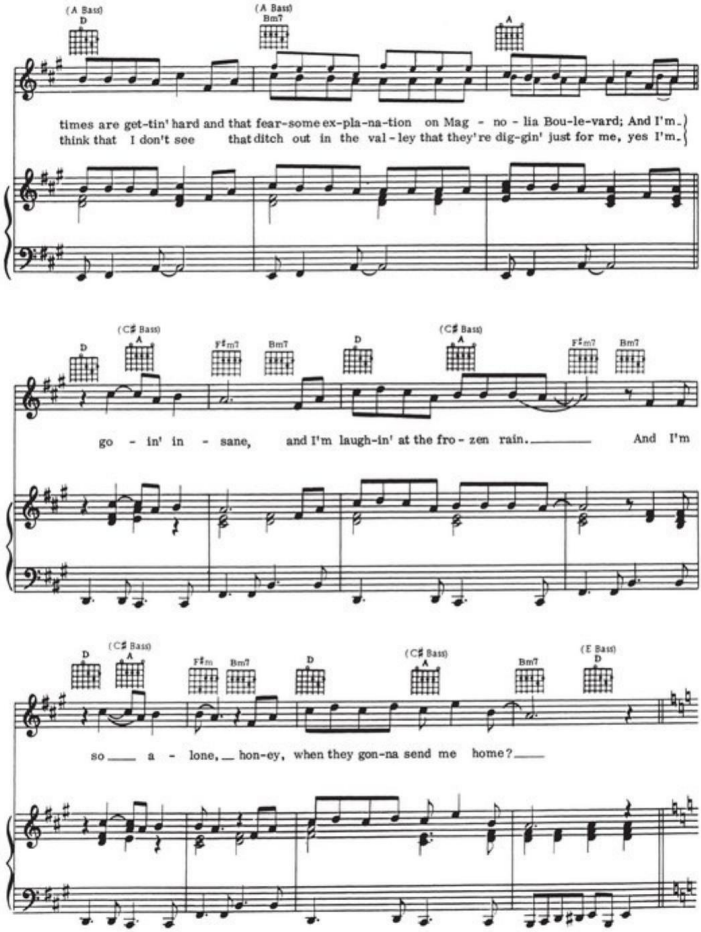
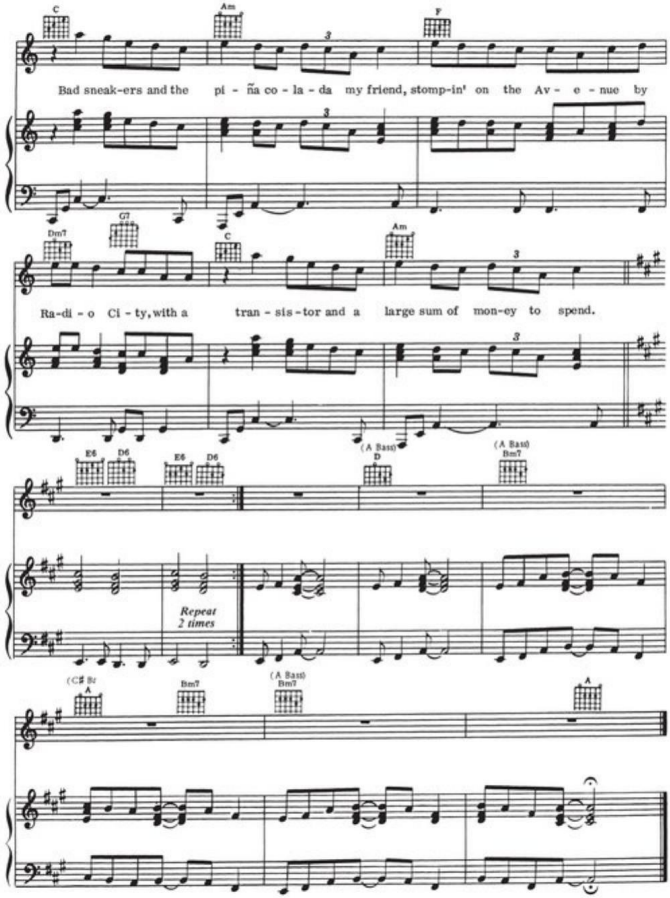
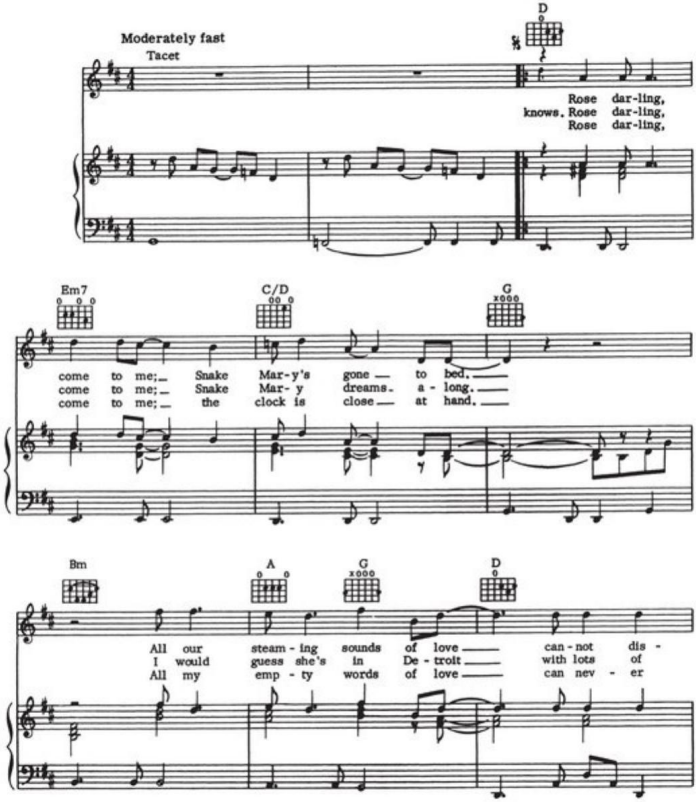

(A Bass)
D
(A Bass)
Bm7
A
times are get-tin' hard and that fear-some ex-pla-na-tion on Mag - no - lia Bou-le-vard; And I'm
think that I don't see that ditch out in the val - ley that they're dig-gin' just for me, yes I'm
(C♯ Bass)
A
F♯m7
Bm7
D
(C♯ Bass)
A
F♯m7
Bm7
go - in' in - sane, and I'm laugh-in' at the fro - zen rain. And I'm
D
(C♯ Bass)
A
F♯m
Bm7
D
(C♯ Bass)
A
Bm7
(E Bass)
D
so a - lone, hon-ey, when they gon-na send me home?


C
Am
F
Bad sneak-ers and the pi - ña co - la - da my friend, stomp-in' on the Av - e - nue by
Dm7
G7
C
Am
Ra-di - o Ci - ty, with a tran - sis - tor and a large sum of mon-ey to spend.
E6
D6
E6
D6
(A Bast)
D
(A Bast)
Bm7
Repeat
2 times
(C♯ Bs
A
Bm7
(A Bast)
Bm7
A

ROSE DARLING

Words and Music by WALTER BECKER and DONALD FAGEN


Moderately fast
Tacet
D
Rose dar-ling,
knows. Rose dar-ling,
Rose dar-ling,
Em7
C/D
G
come to me;_ Snake Mar-y's gone _ to bed._
come to me;_ Snake Mar- y dreams_ a - long._
come to me;_ the clock is close _ at hand._
Bm
A
G
D
All our steam - ing sounds of love _ can - not dis -
I would guess she's in De - troit _ with lots of
All my emp - ty words of love _ can nev - er

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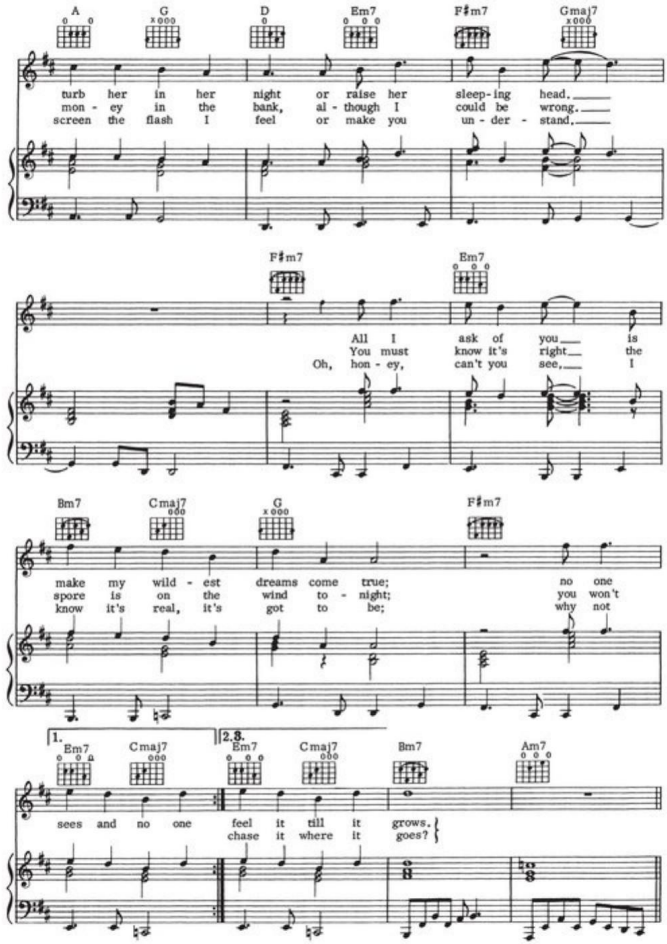
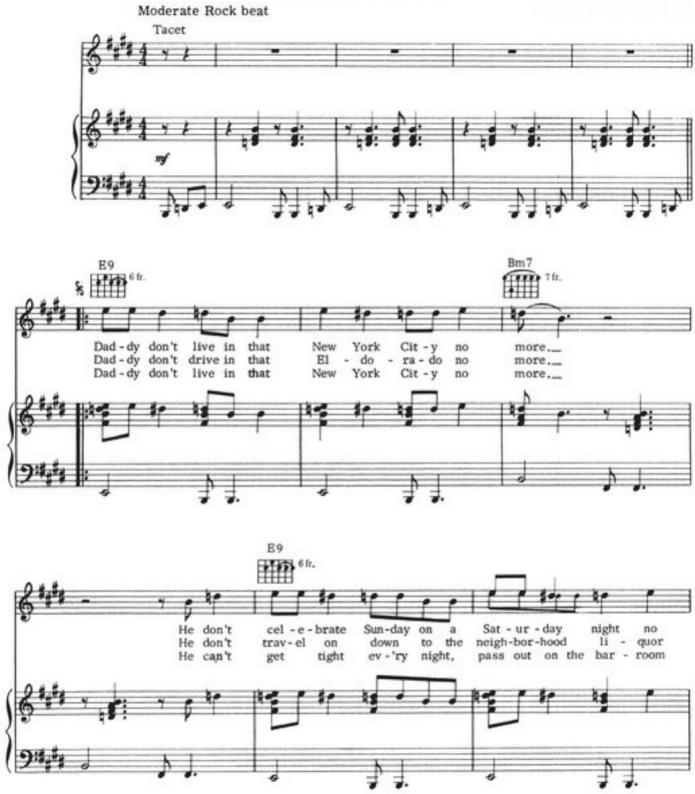

A
G
D
Em7
F♯m7
Gmaj7
turb her in her night or raise her sleep-ing head.
mon - ey in the bank, al - though I could be wrong.
screen the flash I feel or make you un - der - stand.
F♯m7
Em7
All I ask of you is
You must know it's right the
Oh, hon - ey, can't you see, I
Bm7
Cmaj7
G
F♯m7
make my wild - est dreams come true; no one
spore is on the wind to - night; you won't
know it's real, it's got to be; why not
1.
2.3.
Em7
Cmaj7
Em7
Cmaj7
Bm7
Am7
sees and no one feel it till it grows.
chase it where it goes?

DADDY DON'T LIVE IN THAT NEW YORK CITY NO MORE

Words and Music by WALTER BECKER and DONALD FAGEN


Moderate Rock beat
Tacet
mf
E9
6 fr.
Bm7
7 fr.
Dad - dy don't live in that New York Cit - y no more.
Dad - dy don't drive in that El - do - ra - do no more.
Dad - dy don't live in that New York Cit - y no more.
E9
6 fr.
He don't cel - e - brate Sun - day on a Sat - ur - day night no
He don't trav - el on down to the neigh - bor - hood li - quor
He can't get tight ev - 'ry night, pass out on the bar - room

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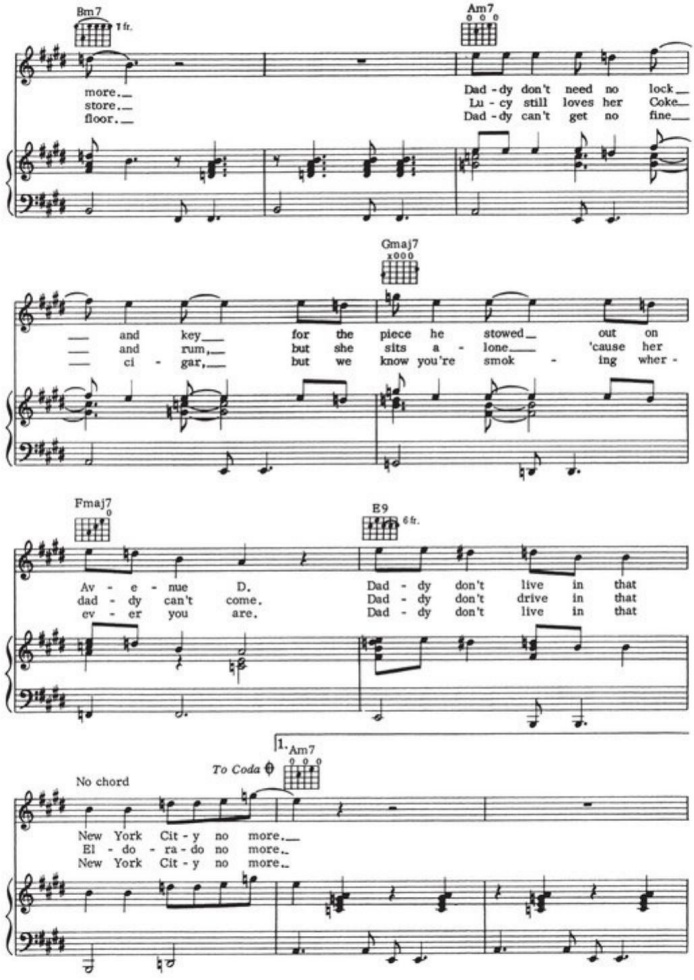
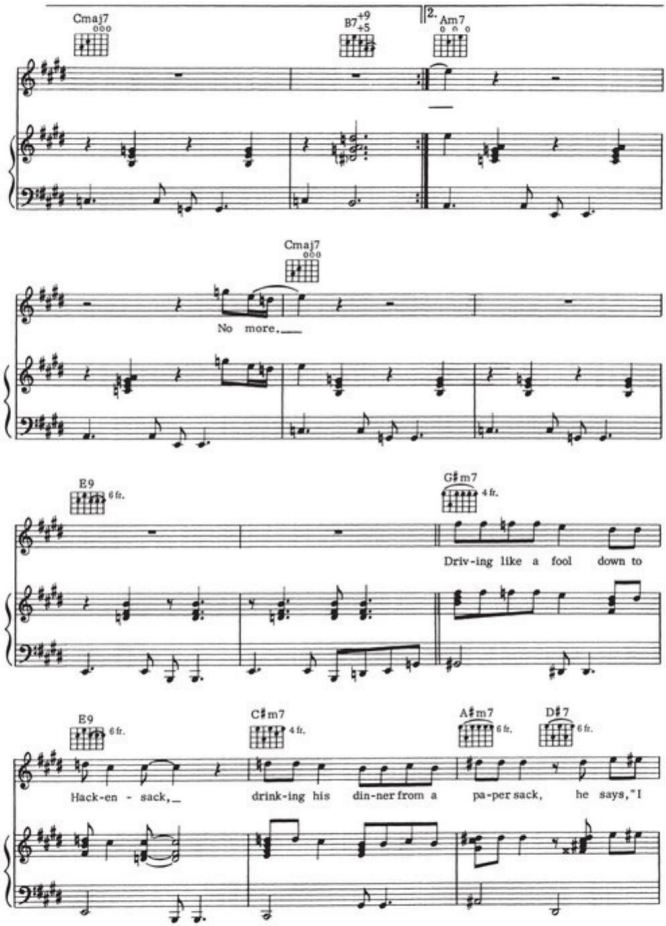
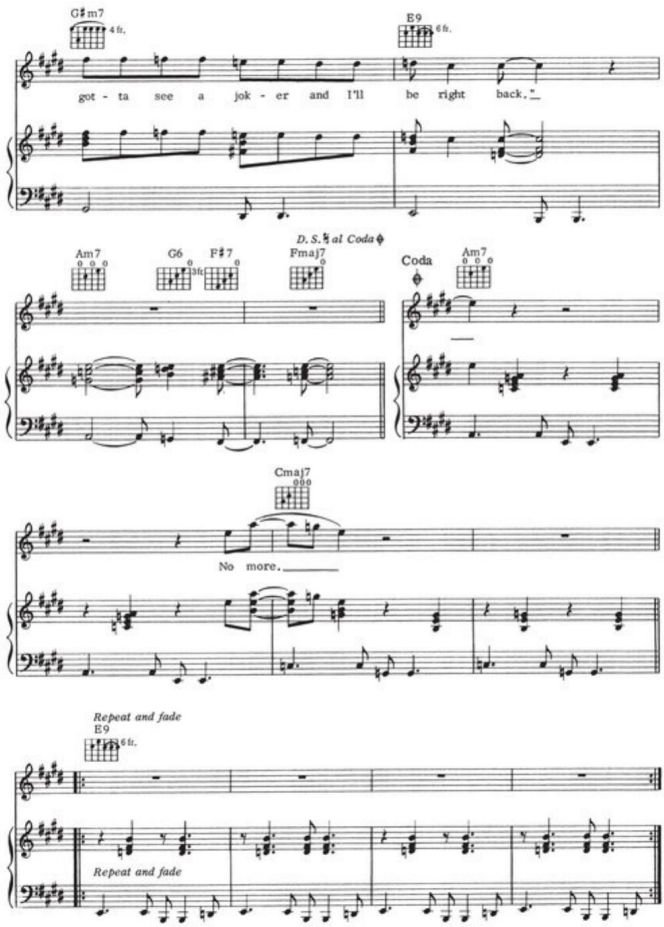
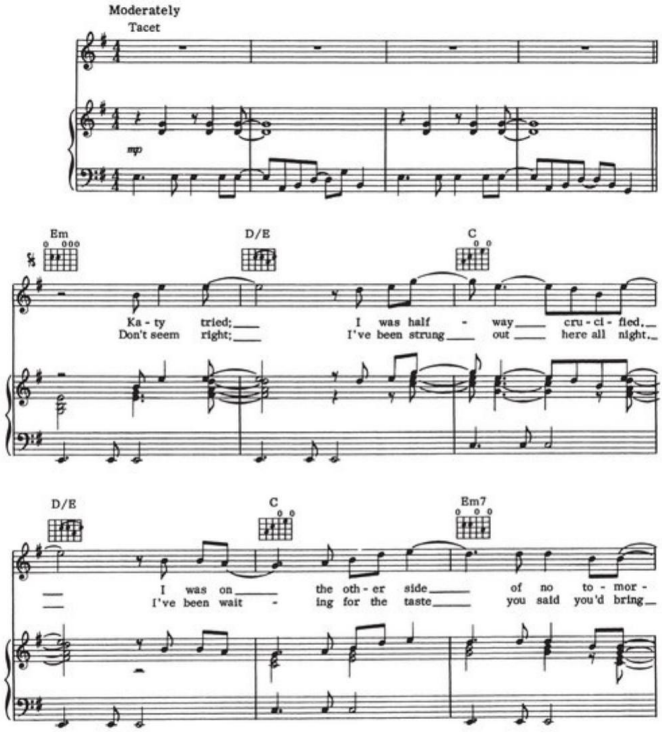

Bm7
1 fr.
Am7
more.
store.
floor.
Dad - dy don't need no lock
Lu - cy still loves her Coke
Dad - dy can't get no fine
Gmaj7
x000
and key for the piece he stowed out on
and rum, but she sits a - lone 'cause her
ci - gar, but we know you're smok - ing wher -
Fmaj7
E9
6 fr.
Av - e - nue D.
dad - dy can't come.
ev - er you are.
Dad - dy don't live in that
Dad - dy don't drive in that
Dad - dy don't live in that
1. Am7
To Coda
No chord
New York Cit - y no more.
El - do - ra - do no more.
New York Cit - y no more.


Cmaj7
B7+9 +5
2. Am7
Cmaj7
No more,
E9 6 fr.
G♯m7 4 fr.
Driv-ing like a fool down to
E9 6 fr.
C♯m7 4 fr.
A♯m7 6 fr.
D♯7 6 fr.
Hack-en - sack, drink-ing his din-ner from a pa-per sack, he says, "I


G♯m7
4 fr.
E9
6 fr.
got - ta see a jok - er and I'll be right back,"
D.S.𝄋 al Coda 𝄌
Am7
G6
3fr.
F♯7
Fmaj7
Coda
Am7
Cmaj7
No more.
Repeat and fade
E9
6 fr.
Repeat and fade

DOCTOR WU

Words and Music by WALTER BECKER and DONALD FAGEN



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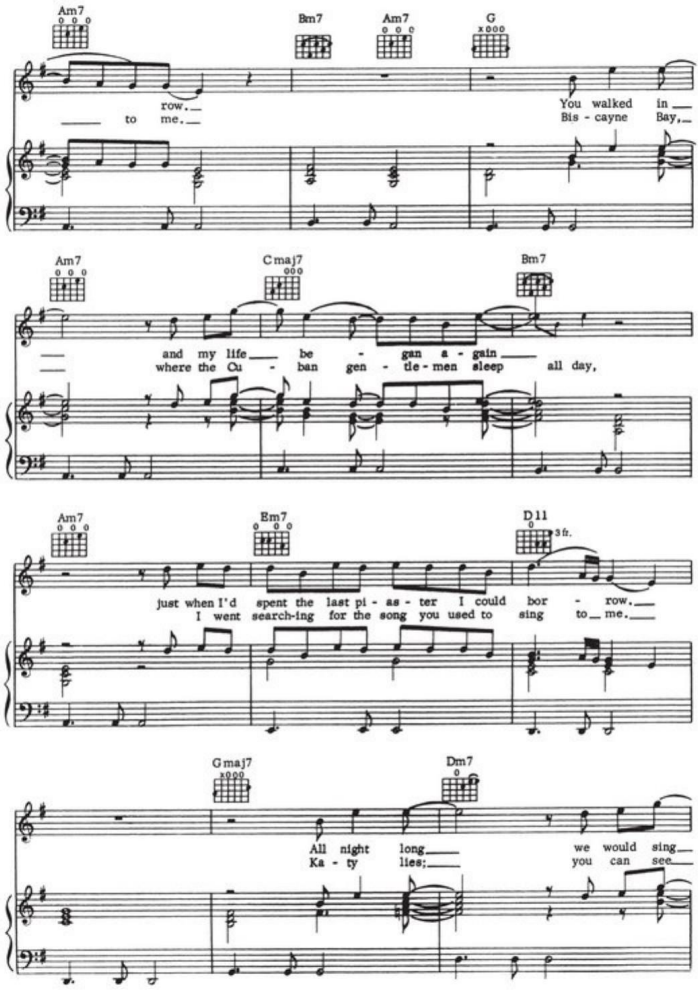
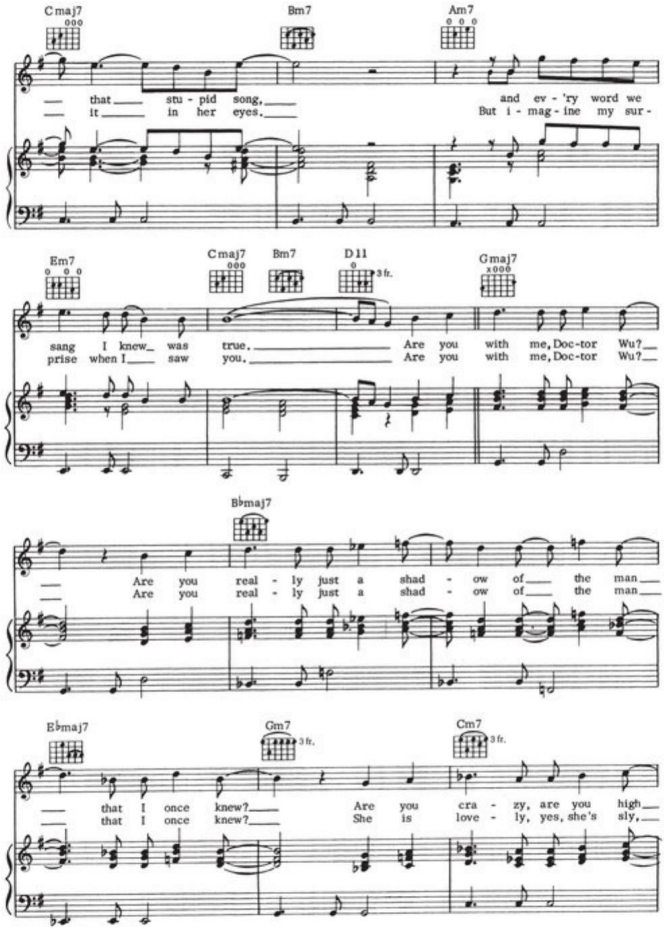
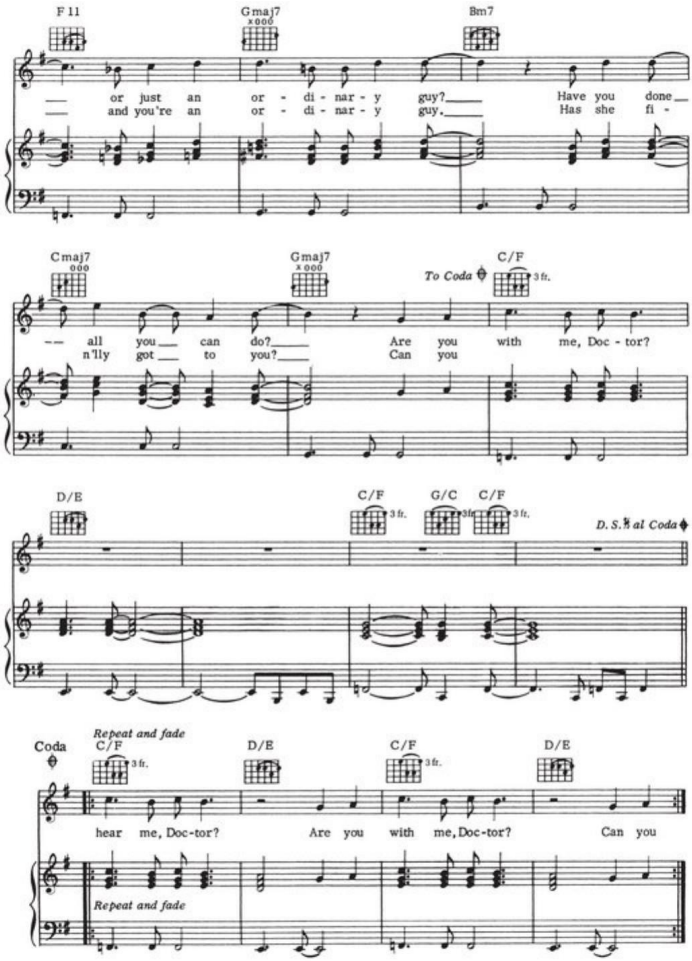
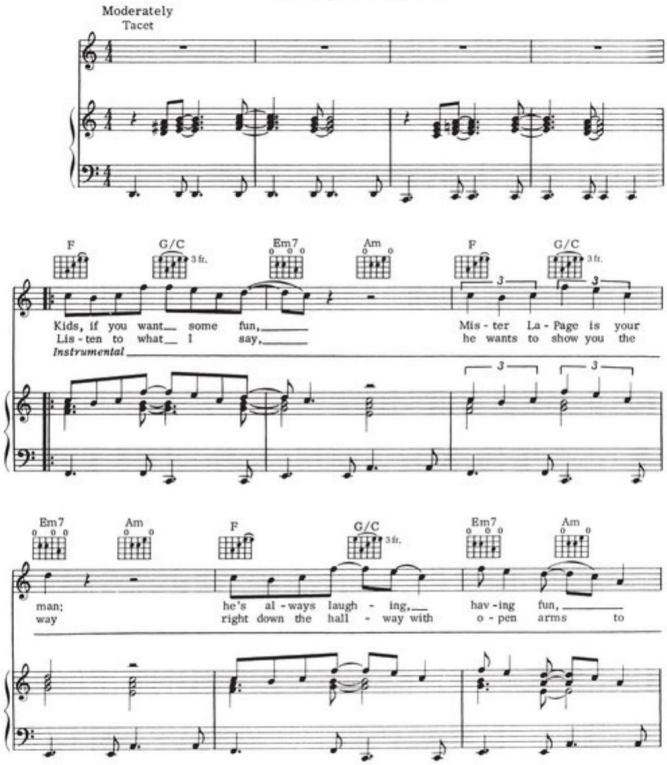

Am7
Bm7
Am7
G
row.
to me.
You walked in
Bis - cayne Bay,
Am7
Cmaj7
Bm7
and my life be - gan a - gain
where the Cu - ban gen - tle - men sleep all day,
Am7
Em7
D11
3 fr.
just when I'd spent the last pi - as - ter I could bor - row.
I went search-ing for the song you used to sing to me.
Gmaj7
Dm7
All night long we would sing
Ka - ty lies; you can see


Cmaj7
Bm7
Am7
— that stu - pid song,
— it in her eyes.
and ev - 'ry word we
But i - mag - ine my sur -
Em7
Cmaj7
Bm7
D11
3 fr.
Gmaj7
sang I knew was true. Are you with me, Doc-tor Wu?
prise when I saw you. Are you with me, Doc-tor Wu?
B♭maj7
— Are you real - ly just a shad - ow of the man
— Are you real - ly just a shad - ow of the man
E♭maj7
Gm7
3 fr.
Cm7
3 fr.
— that I once knew? Are you cra - zy, are you high
— that I once knew? She is love - ly, yes, she's sly,


F11
Gmaj7
Bm7
or just an or - di - nar - y guy? Have you done
and you're an or - di - nar - y guy. Has she fi -
Cmaj7
Gmaj7
To Coda
C/F
3 fr.
all you can do? Are you with me, Doc - tor?
n'lly got to you? Can you
D/E
C/F
3 fr.
G/C
3 fr.
C/F
3 fr.
D.S.% al Coda
Coda
Repeat and fade
C/F
3 fr.
D/E
C/F
3 fr.
D/E
hear me, Doc-tor? Are you with me, Doc-tor? Can you
Repeat and fade

EVERYONE'S GONE TO THE MOVIES

Words and Music by WALTER BECKER
and DONALD FAGEN



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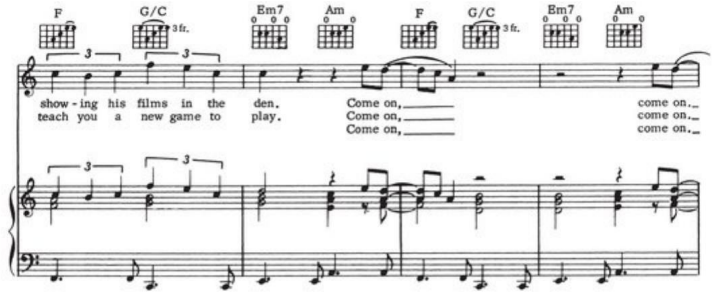
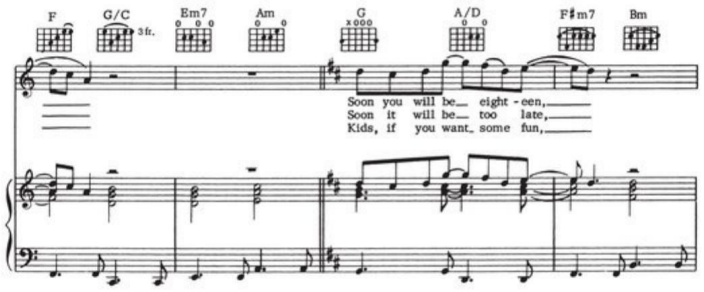
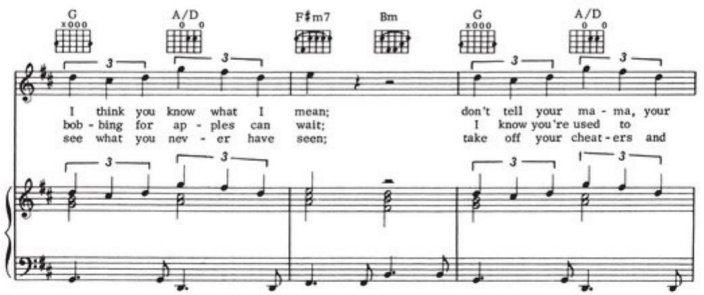
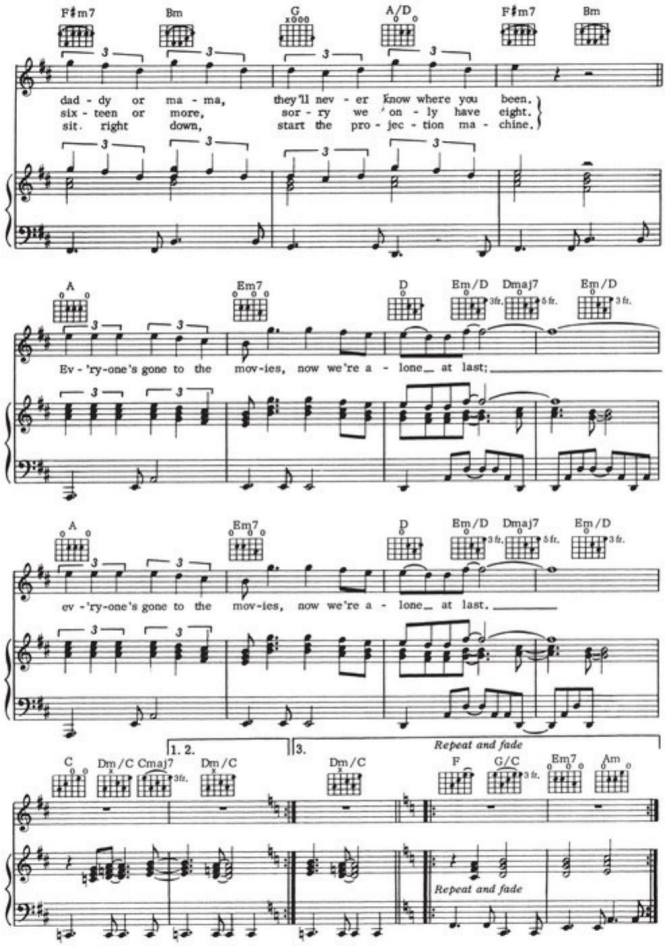

F
G/C
3 fr.
Em7
Am
F
G/C
3 fr.
Em7
Am
show - ing his films in the den. Come on, come on.
teach you a new game to play. Come on, come on.
Come on, come on.

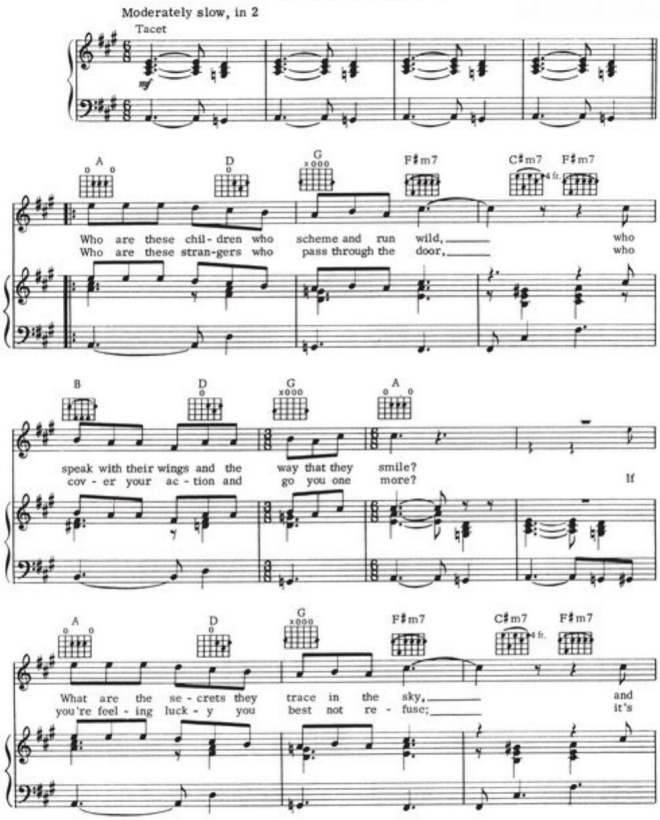

F
G/C
3 fr.
Em7
Am
G
A/D
F♯m7
Bm
Soon you will be eight - een,
Soon it will be too late,
Kids, if you want some fun,


G
A/D
F♯m7
Bm
G
A/D
I think you know what I mean; don't tell your ma - ma, your
bob - bing for ap - ples can wait; I know you're used to
see what you nev - er have seen; take off your cheat - ers and


F♯m7 Bm G A/D F♯m7 Bm
dad - dy or ma - ma, they'll nev - er know where you been.
six - teen or more, sor - ry we 've on - ly have eight.
sit right down, start the pro - jec - tion ma - chine.
A Em7 D Em/D Dmaj7 Em/D
Ev - 'ry-one's gone to the mov-ies, now we're a - lone at last;
A Em7 D Em/D Dmaj7 Em/D
ev - 'ry-one's gone to the mov-ies, now we're a - lone at last.
1. 2. 3. Repeat and fade
C Dm/C Cmaj7 Dm/C Dm/C F G/C Em7 Am
Repeat and fade

YOUR GOLD TEETH II

Words and Music by WALTER BECKER
and DONALD FAGEN


Moderately slow, in 2
Tacet
mf
A D G F♯m7 C♯m7 F♯m7
Who are these chil - dren who scheme and run wild, who
Who are these stran-gers who pass through the door, who
B D G A
speak with their wings and the way that they smile?
cov - er your ac - tion and go you one more? If
A D G F♯m7 C♯m7 F♯m7
What are the se - crets they trace in the sky, and
you're feel - ing luck - y you best not re - fuse; it's

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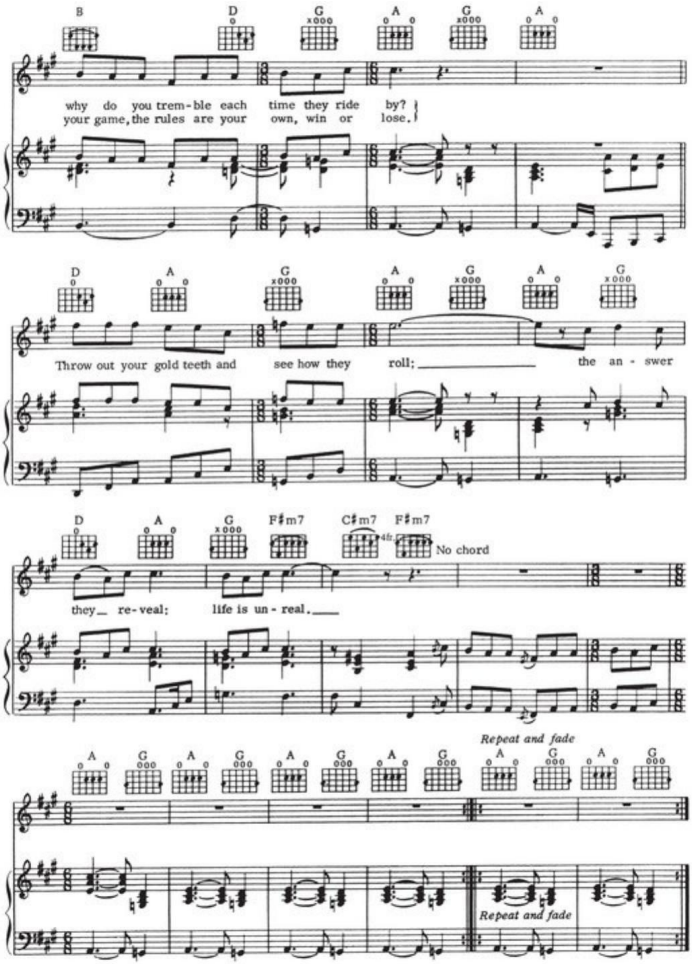
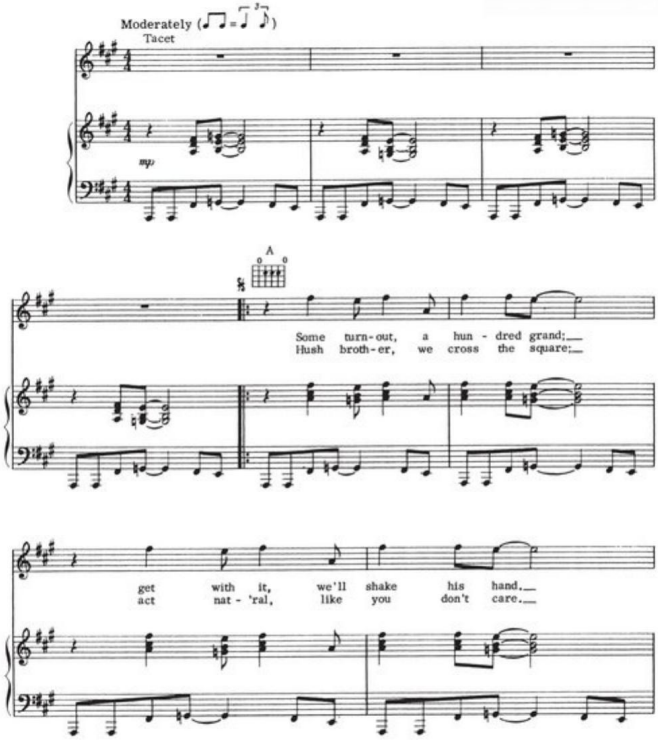

B D G A G A
why do you trem-ble each time they ride by?
your game, the rules are your own, win or lose.
D A G A G A G
Throw out your gold teeth and see how they roll; the an - swer
D A G F♯m7 C♯m7 F♯m7
No chord
they re-veal: life is un - real.
Repeat and fade
A G A G A G A G A G A G
Repeat and fade

CHAIN LIGHTNING

Words and Music by WALTER BECKER
and DONALD FAGEN


Moderately
Tacet
mp
A
Some turn-out, a hun - dred grand;
Hush broth-er, we cross the square;
get with it, we'll shake his hand.
act nat - 'ral, like you don't care.

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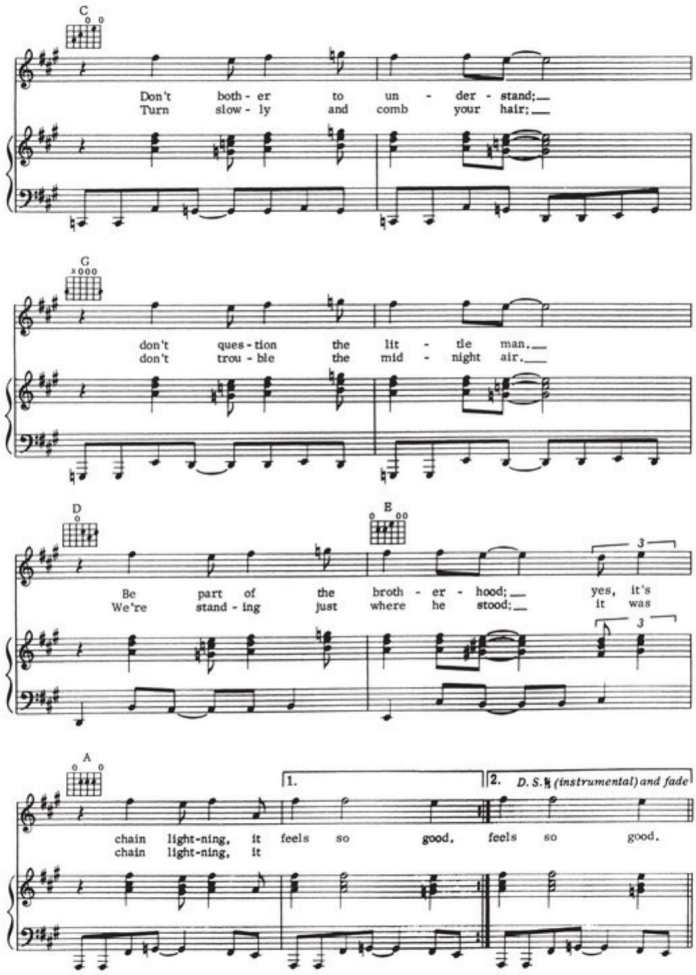
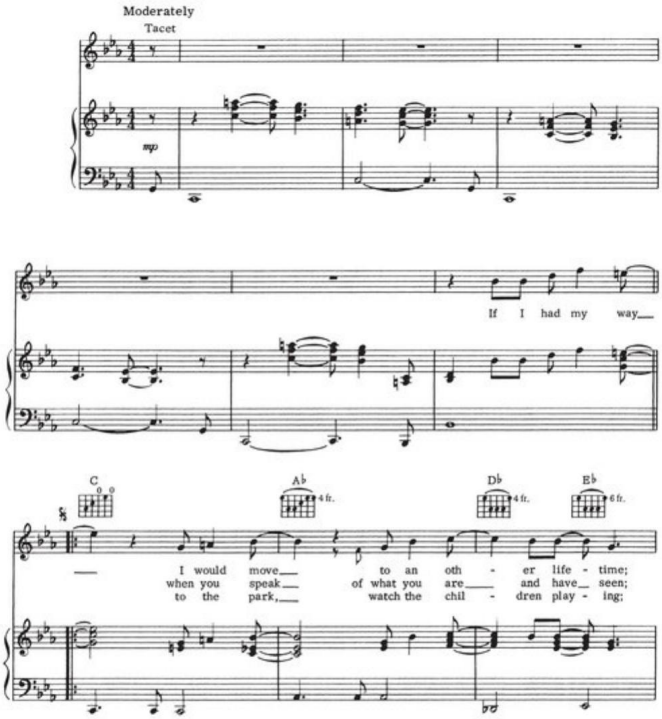

C
Don't both - er to un - der - stand;
Turn slow - ly and comb your hair;
G
don't ques - tion the lit - tle man,
don't trou - ble the mid - night air.
D
E
Be part of the broth - er - hood; yes, it's
We're stand - ing just where he stood; it was
A
1.
2. D. S. 𝄋 (instrumental) and fade
chain light-ning, it feels so good, feels so good,
chain light-ning, it

ANY WORLD

(THAT I'M WELCOME TO)

Words and Music by WALTER BECKER and DONALD FAGEN



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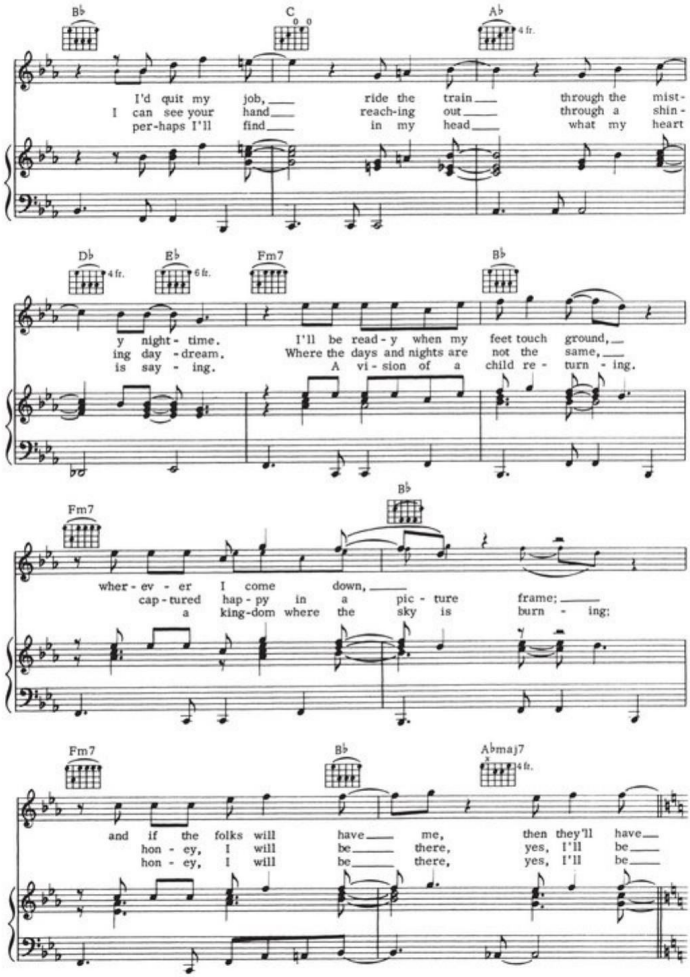
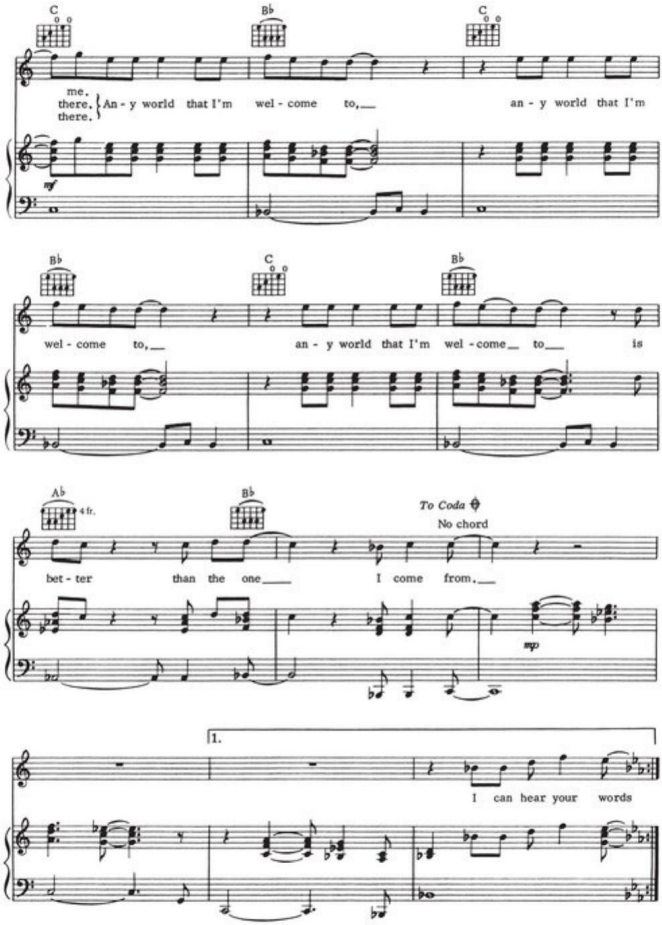
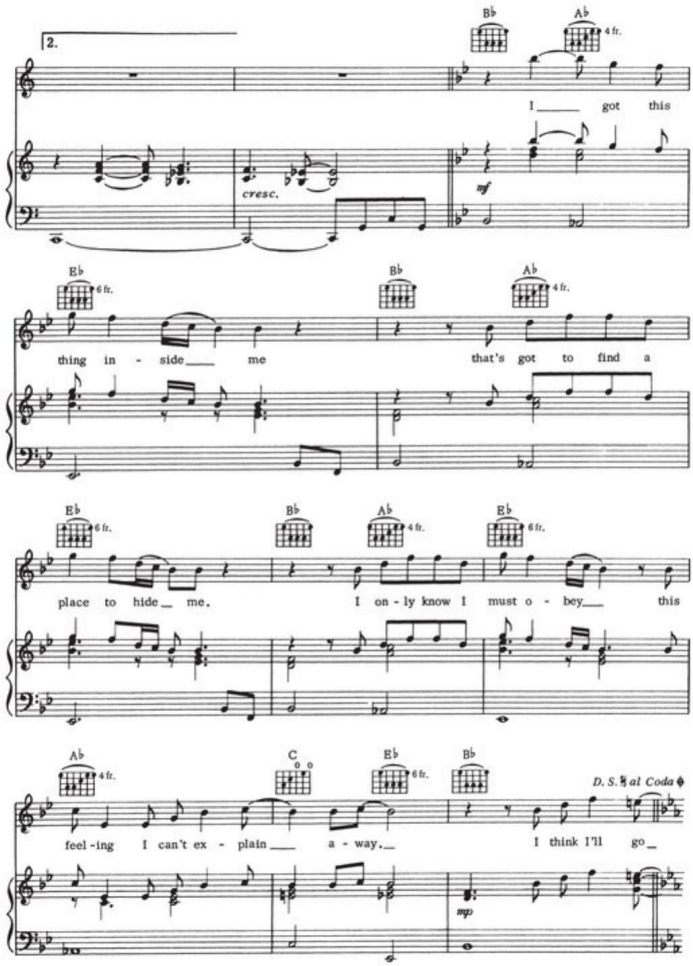
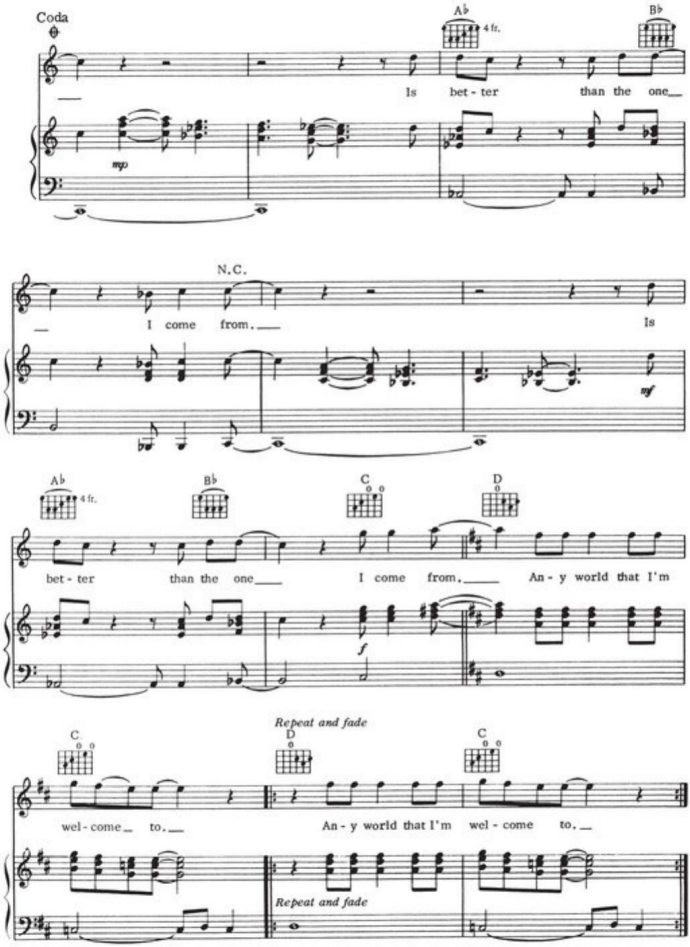

B♭
C
A♭
4 fr.
I'd quit my job, ride the train through the mist-
I can see your hand reach-ing out through a shin-
per-haps I'll find in my head what my heart
D♭
4 fr.
E♭
6 fr.
Fm7
B♭
y night-time. I'll be read-y when my feet touch ground,
ing day-dream. Where the days and nights are not the same,
is say-ing. A vi-sion of a child re-turn-ing.
Fm7
B♭
wher-ev-er I come down,
cap-tured hap-py in a pic-ture frame;
a king-dom where the sky is burn-ing;
Fm7
B♭
A♭maj7
4 fr.
and if the folks will have me, then they'll have
hon-ey, I will be there, yes, I'll be
hon-ey, I will be there, yes, I'll be

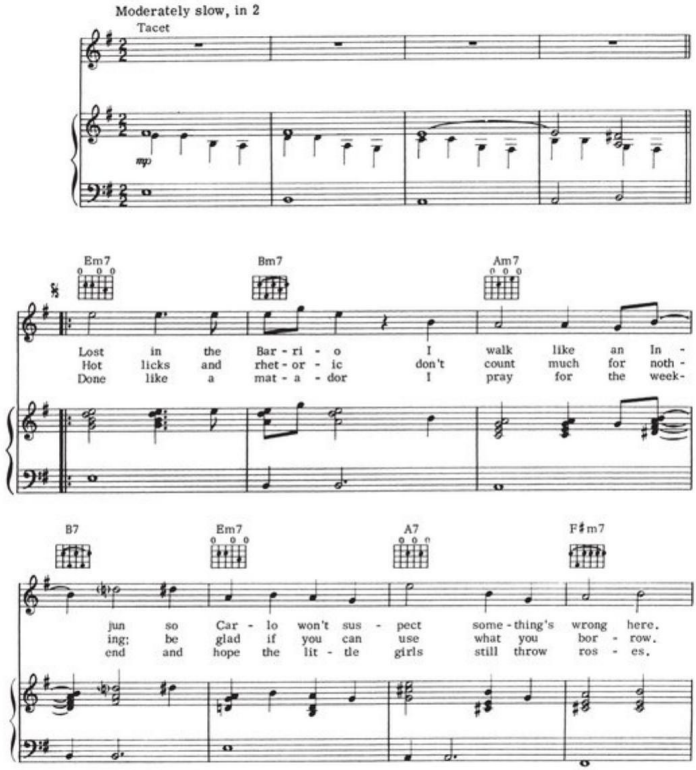

C
B♭
C
me.
there.
there.
An - y world that I'm wel - come to,
an - y world that I'm
mf
B♭
C
B♭
wel - come to,
an - y world that I'm wel - come to
is
A♭
4 fr.
B♭
To Coda
No chord
bet - ter than the one
I come from.
mp
1.
I can hear your words


2.
B♭
A♭ 4 fr.
I ___ got this
cresc.
mf
E♭ 6 fr.
B♭
A♭ 4 fr.
thing in - side ___ me
that's got to find a
E♭ 6 fr.
B♭
A♭ 4 fr.
E♭ 6 fr.
place to hide ___ me.
I on - ly know I must o - bey ___ this
A♭ 4 fr.
C
E♭ 6 fr.
B♭
D. S. 𝄋 al Coda
feel - ing I can't ex - plain ___ a - way. ___
I think I'll go ___
mp


Coda
A♭ 4 fr.
B♭
Is bet - ter than the one
mp
N.C.
I come from.
Is
mf
A♭ 4 fr.
B♭
C
D
bet - ter than the one
I come from.
An - y world that I'm
f
C
D
C
Repeat and fade
wel - come to.
An - y world that I'm wel - come to.
Repeat and fade

THROW BACK THE LITTLE ONES

Words and Music by WALTER BECKER
and DONALD FAGEN


Moderately slow, in 2
Tacet
mp
Em7
Bm7
Am7
Lost in the Bar - ri - o I walk like an In -
Hot licks and rhet - or - ic don't count much for noth -
Done like a mat - a - dor I pray for the week-
B7
Em7
A7
F♯m7
jun so Car - lo won't sus - pect some - thing's wrong here.
ing; be glad if you can use what you bor - row.
end and hope the lit - tle girls still throw ros - es.

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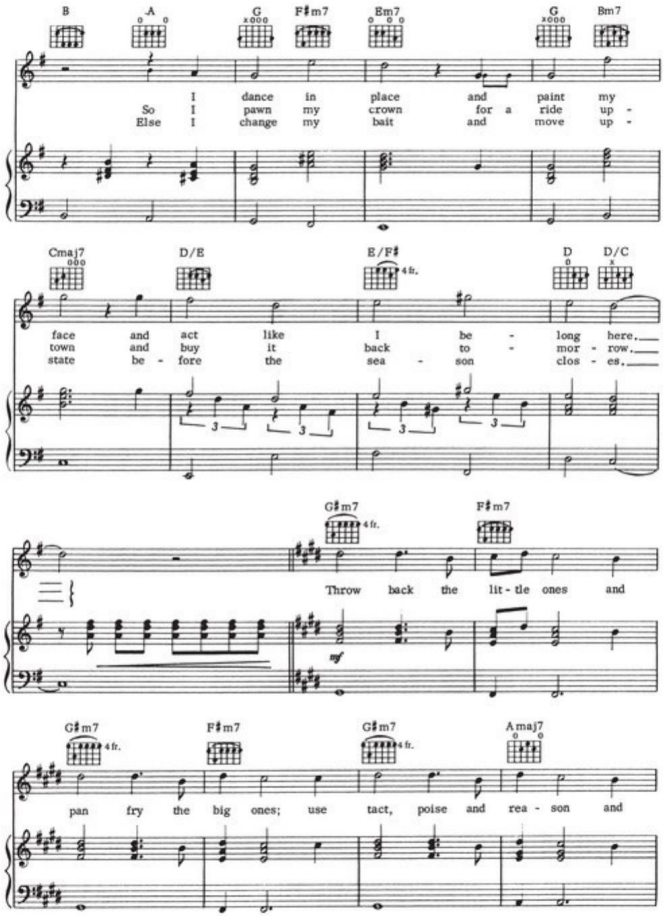
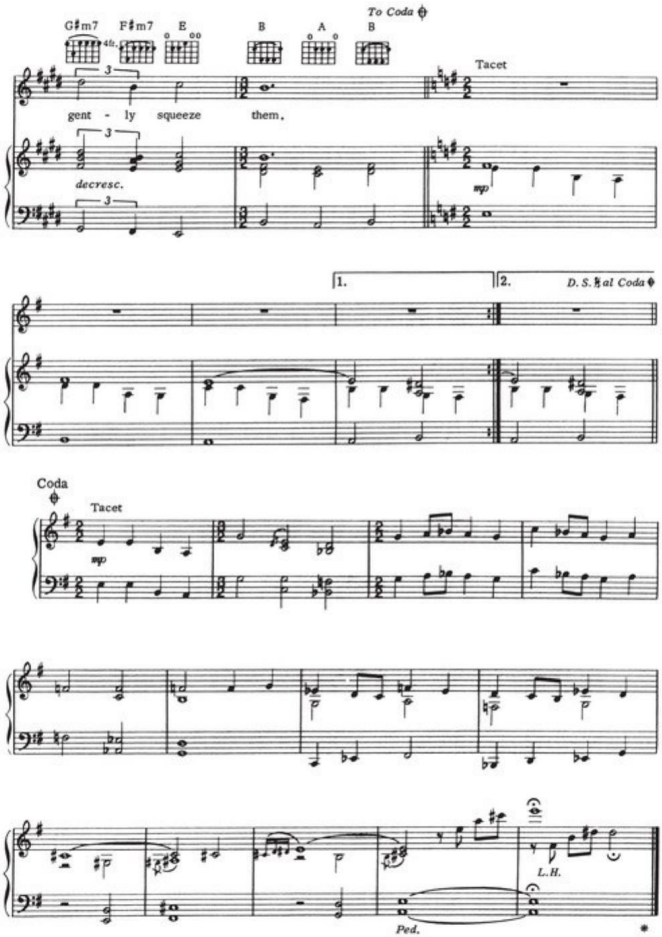

B A G F♯m7 Em7 G Bm7
I dance in place and paint my
So I pawn my crown for a ride up -
Else I change my bait and move up -
Cmaj7 D/E E/F♯ 4 fr. D D/C
face and act like I be - long here.
town and buy it back to - mor - row.
state be - fore the sea - son clos - es.
3 3 3 3
G♯m7 4 fr. F♯m7
Throw back the lit - tle ones and
mf
G♯m7 4 fr. F♯m7 G♯m7 4 fr. A maj7
pan fry the big ones; use tact, poise and rea - son and

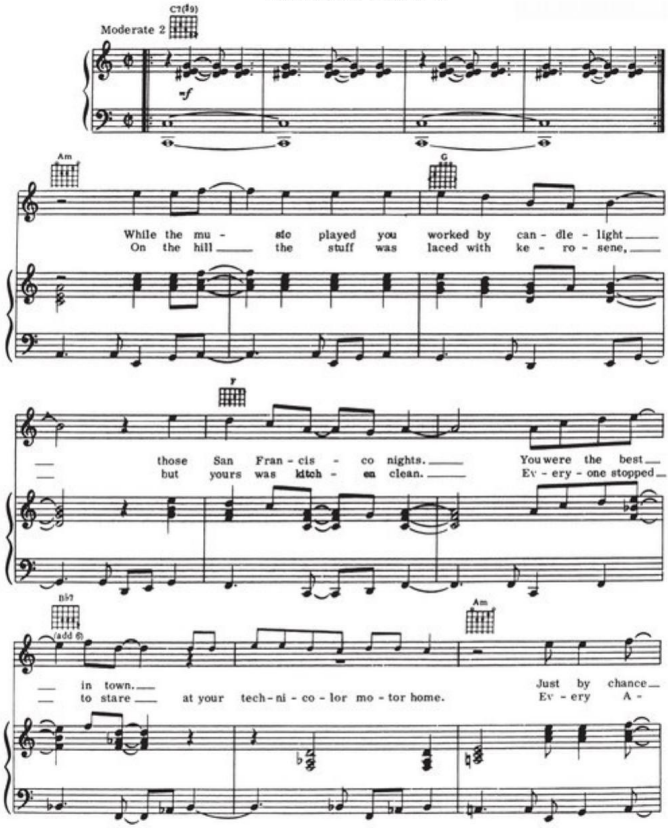

G♯m7
F♯m7
E
B
A
B
To Coda
Tacet
gent - ly squeeze them,
decresc.
mp
1.
2.
D. S. ½ al Coda
Coda
Tacet
mp
L.H.
Ped.
*

Steely Dan
Katy Lied

The Royal Scam

KID CHARLEMAGNE

Words and Music by WALTER BECKER and DONALD FAGEN


Moderate 2
-f
While the mu - sic played you worked by can - dle - light
On the hill the stuff was laced with ke - ro - sene,
those San Fran - cis - co nights. You were the best
but yours was kitch - en clean. Ev - ery - one stopped
in town. Just by chance
to stare at your tech - ni - co - lor mo - tor home. Ev - ery A -

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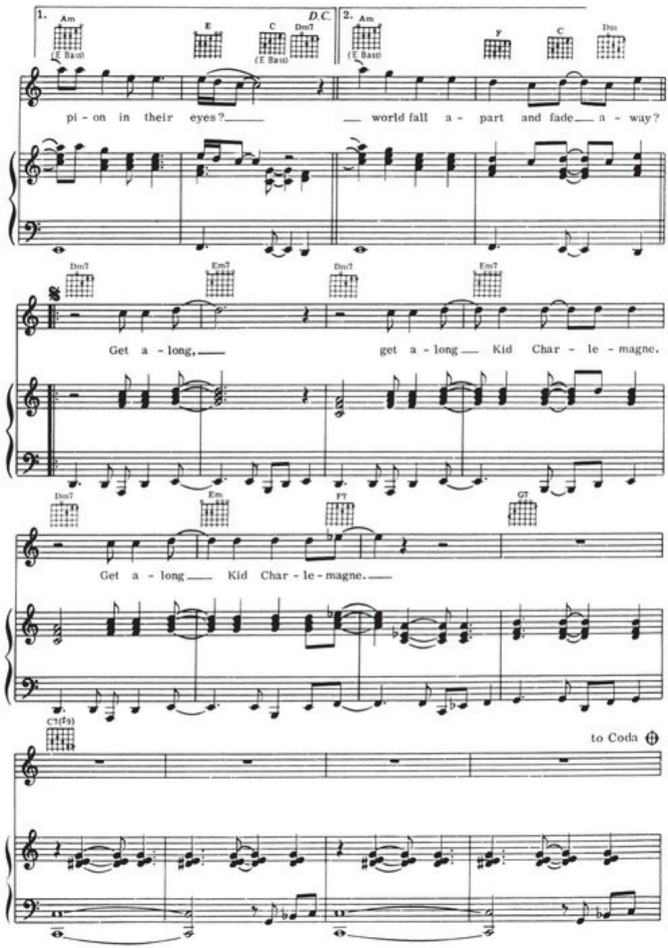
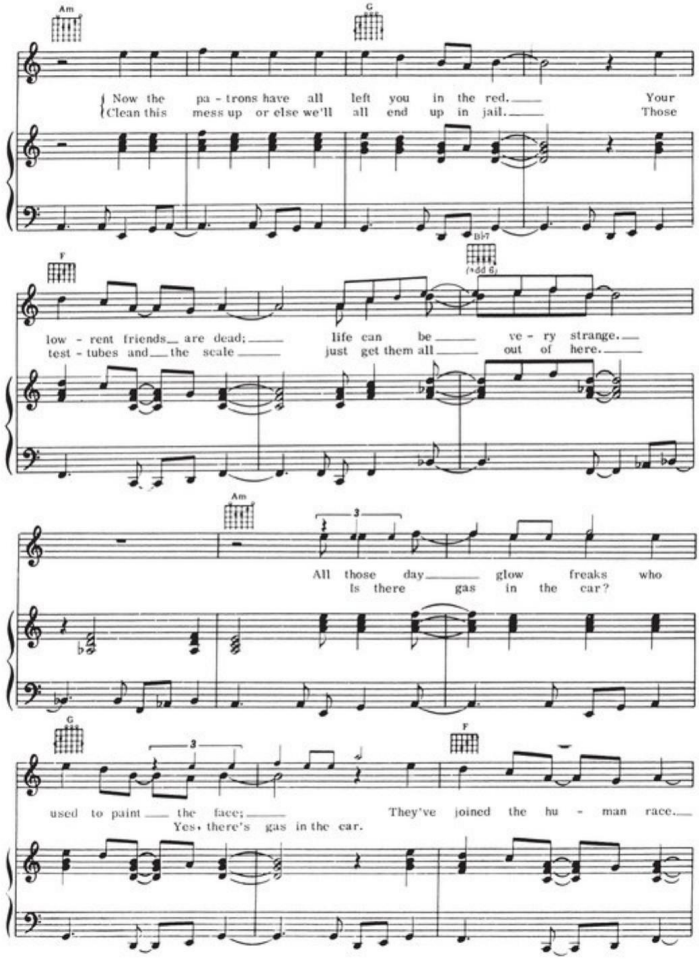
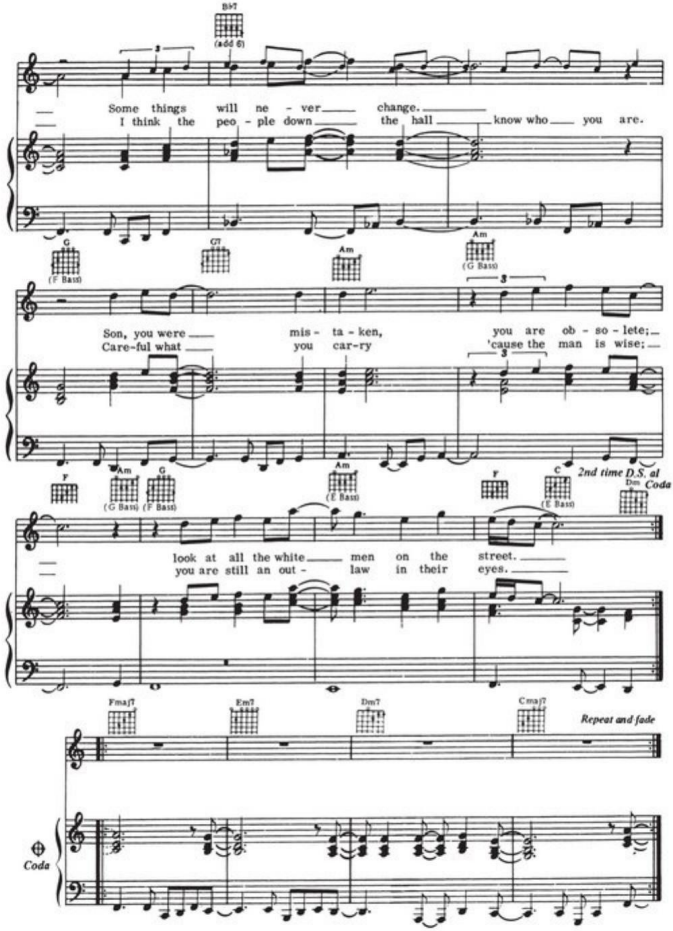
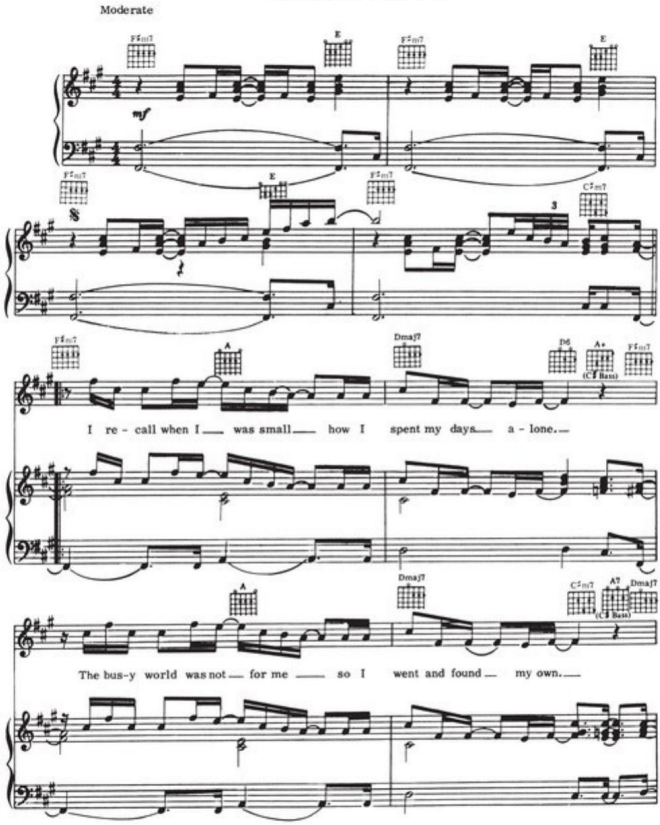

1.
Am
(E Bass)
E
C
(E Bass)
Dm7
D.C.
2. Am
(E Bass)
F
C
Dm7
pi - on in their eyes?
world fall a - part and fade a - way?
Dm7
Em7
Dm7
Em7
Get a - long,
get a - long
Kid Char - le - magne.
Dm7
Em
F7
G7
Get a - long
Kid Char - le - magne.
C7(13)
to Coda


Am
G
Now the pa - trons have all left you in the red. Your
Clean this mess up or else we'll all end up in jail. Those
F
B♭7
(+dd 6)
low - rent friends are dead; life can be ve - ry strange.
test - tubes and the scale just get them all out of here.
Am
3
All those day glow freaks who
Is there gas in the car?
C
3
F
used to paint the face; They've joined the hu - man race.
Yes, there's gas in the car.


B♭7
(add 6)
Some things will ne - ver change.
I think the peo - ple down the hall know who you are.
G
(F Bass)
G7
Am
Am
(G Bass)
Son, you were mis - ta - ken, you are ob - so - lete;
Care-ful what you car-ry 'cause the man is wise;
F
Am
(G Bass)
G
(F Bass)
Am
(E Bass)
F
C
(E Bass)
2nd time D.S. al Coda
Dm
look at all the white men on the street.
you are still an out - law in their eyes.
FmajT
Em7
Dm7
CmajT
Repeat and fade
Coda

THE CAVES OF ALTAMIRA

Words and Music by WALTER BECKER
and DONALD FAGEN



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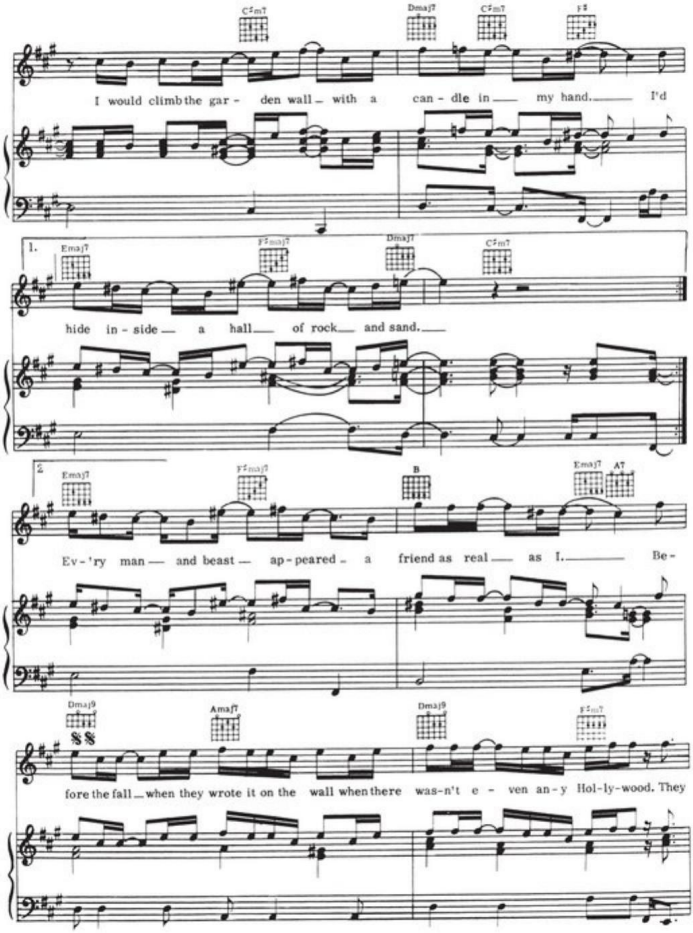
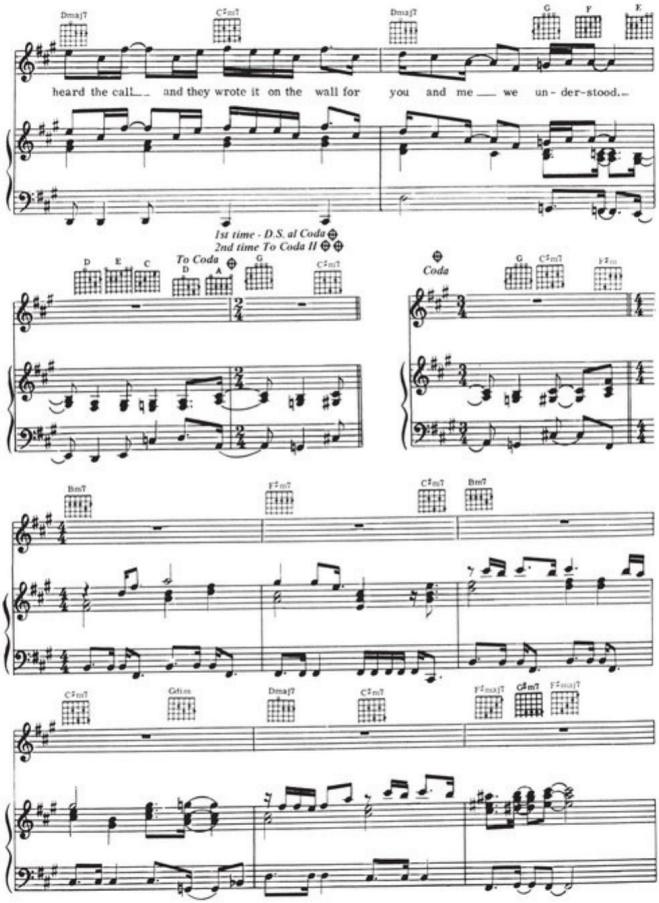
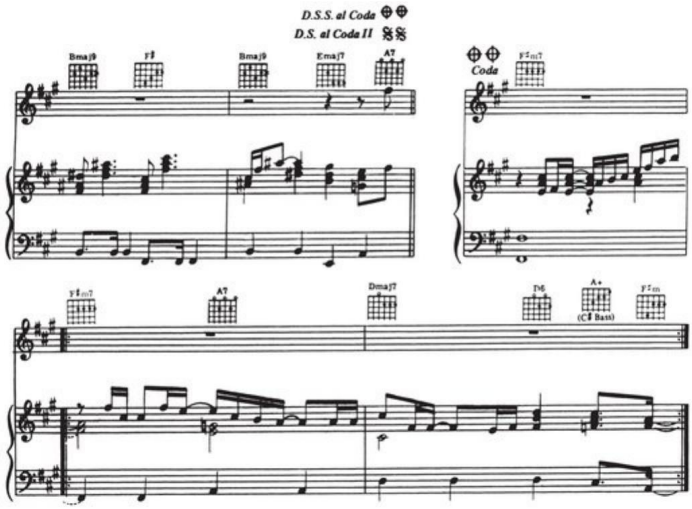

C♯m7
Dmaj7
C♯m7
F♯
I would climb the gar - den wall with a can - dle in my hand. I'd
1.
Emaj7
F♯maj7
Dmaj7
C♯m7
hide in - side a hall of rock and sand.
2.
Emaj7
F♯maj7
B
Emaj7
A7
Ev - 'ry man and beast ap - peared a friend as real as I. Be -
Dmaj9
Amaj7
Dmaj9
F♯m7
fore the fall when they wrote it on the wall when there was-n't e - ven an - y Hol - ly - wood. They


Dmaj7
C♯m7
Dmaj7
G
F
E
heard the call and they wrote it on the wall for you and me we un - der-stood.
1st time - D.S. al Coda
2nd time To Coda II
D
E
C
To Coda
D
A
G
C♯m7
Coda
G
C♯m7
F♯m
Bm7
F♯m7
C♯m7
Bm7
C♯m7
G♯m
Dmaj7
C♯m7
F♯maj7
G♯m7
F♯maj7

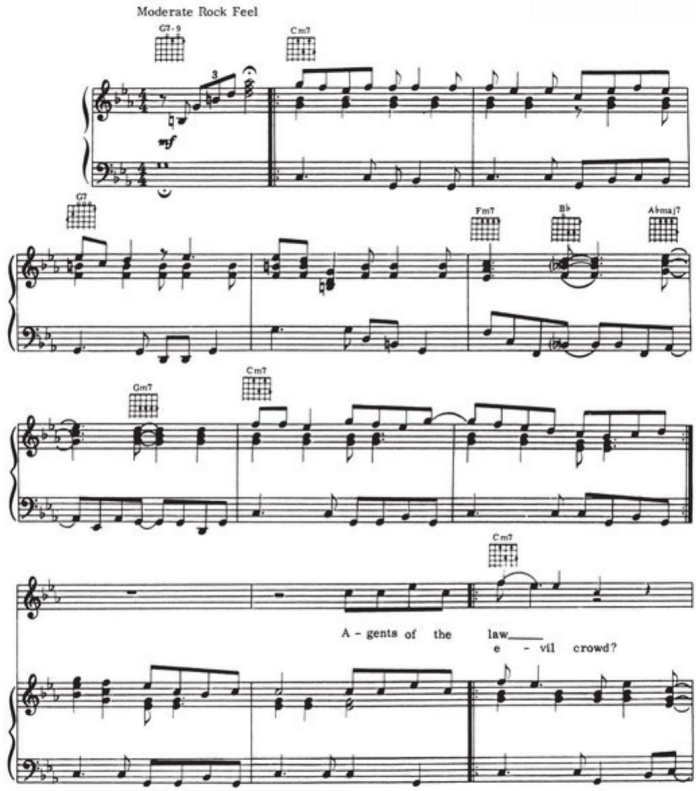


2. On a stone an ancient hand,
In a faded yellow green,
Made alive a worldly wonder
Often told but never seen.
Now and ever bound to labor
On the sea and in the sky.
Every man and beast appeared,
A friend as real as I.

3. Can it be this sad design
Could be the very same ?
A wooly man without a face
And a beast without a name.
Nothing here but history
Can you see what has been done ?
Memory rush over me
Now I step into the sun.

DON'T TAKE ME ALIVE

Words and Music by WALTER BECKER and DONALD FAGEN



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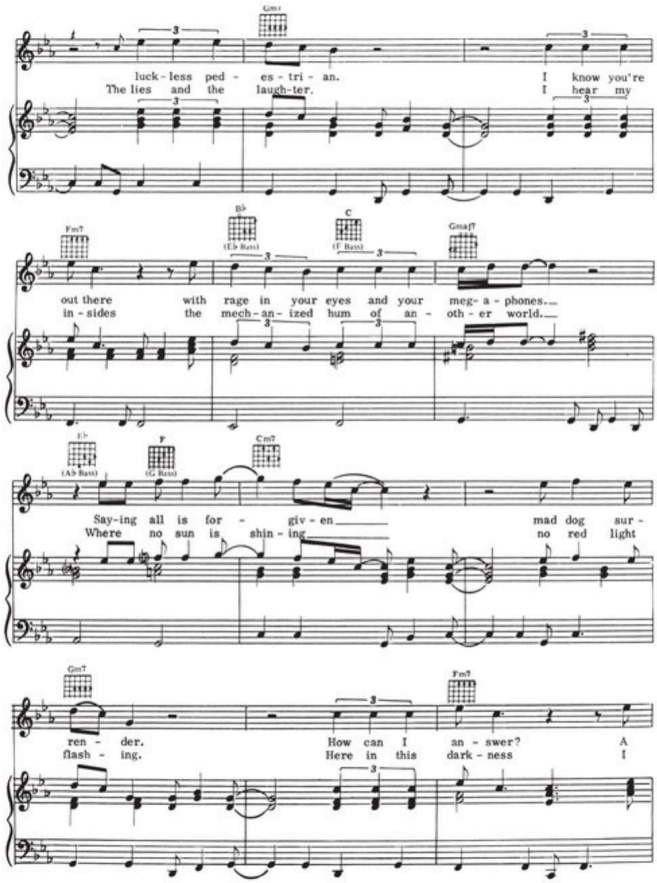
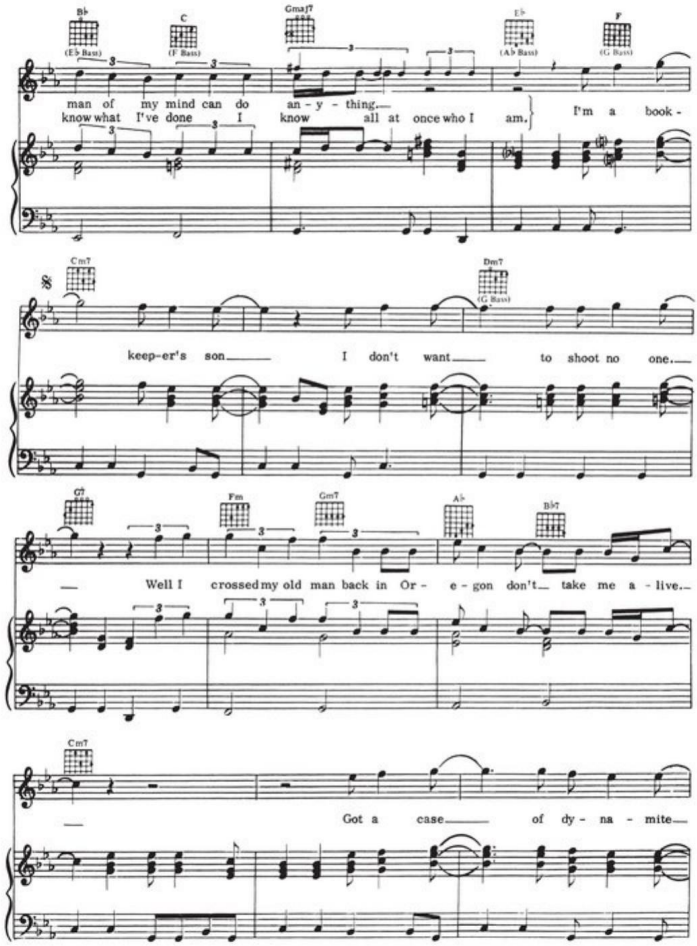
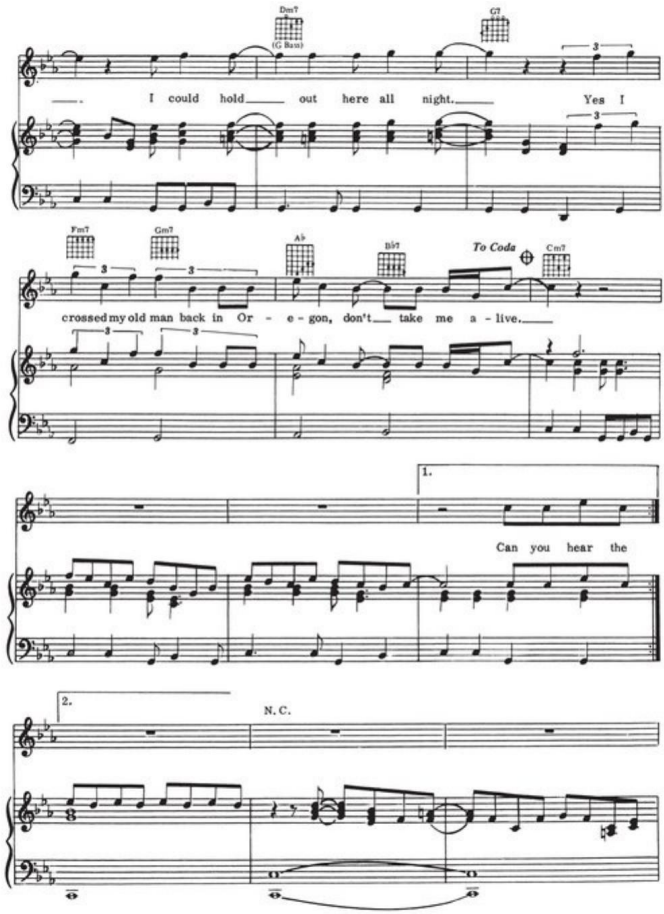
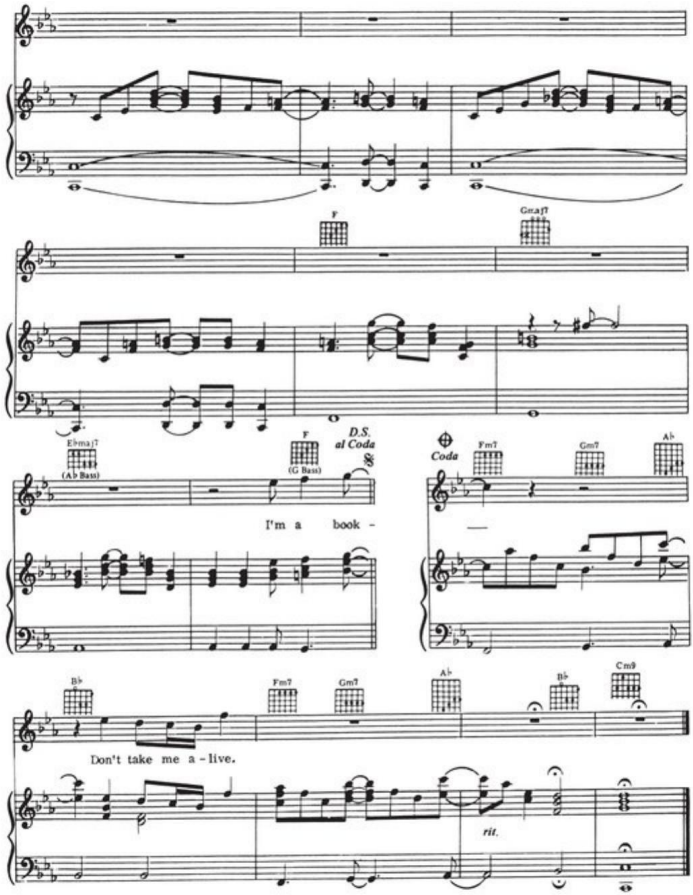

Gm7
luck - less ped - es - tri - an. I know you're
The lies and the laugh-ter. I hear my
Fm7
B♭
(E♭ Bass)
C
(F Bass)
Gmaj7
out there with rage in your eyes and your meg- a - phones.
in - sides the mech - an - ized hum of an - oth - er world.
E♭
(A♭ Bass)
F
(G Bass)
Cm7
Say-ing all is for - giv - en mad dog sur -
Where no sun is shin - ing no red light
Gm7
Fm7
ren - der. How can I an - swer? A
flash - ing. Here in this dark - ness I

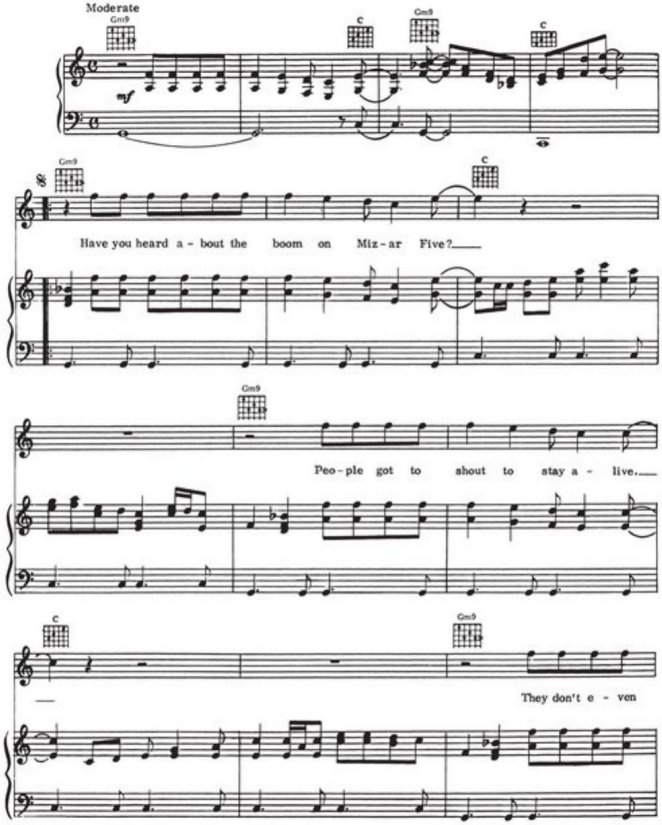

B♭
(E♭ Bass)
C
(F Bass)
Gmaj7
E♭
(A♭ Bass)
F
(G Bass)
man of my mind can do an - y - thing.
know what I've done I know all at once who I am.
I'm a book -
Cm7
Dm7
(G Bass)
keep-er's son I don't want to shoot no one.
G7
Fm
Gm7
A♭
B♭7
Well I crossed my old man back in Or - e - gon don't take me a - live.
Cm7
Got a case of dy - na - mite


Dm7
(G Bass)
G7
I could hold out here all night. Yes I
Fm7
Gm7
A♭
B♭7
To Coda
Cm7
crossed my old man back in Or - e - gon, don't take me a - live.
1.
Can you hear the
2.
N. C.


F
Gmaj7
E♭maj7
(A♭ Bass)
F
(G Bass)
D.S.
al Coda
Coda
Fm7
Gm7
A♭
I'm a book -
B♭
Fm7
Gm7
A♭
B♭
Cm9
Don't take me a - live.
rit.

SIGN IN STRANGER

Words and Music by WALTER BECKER and DONALD FAGEN



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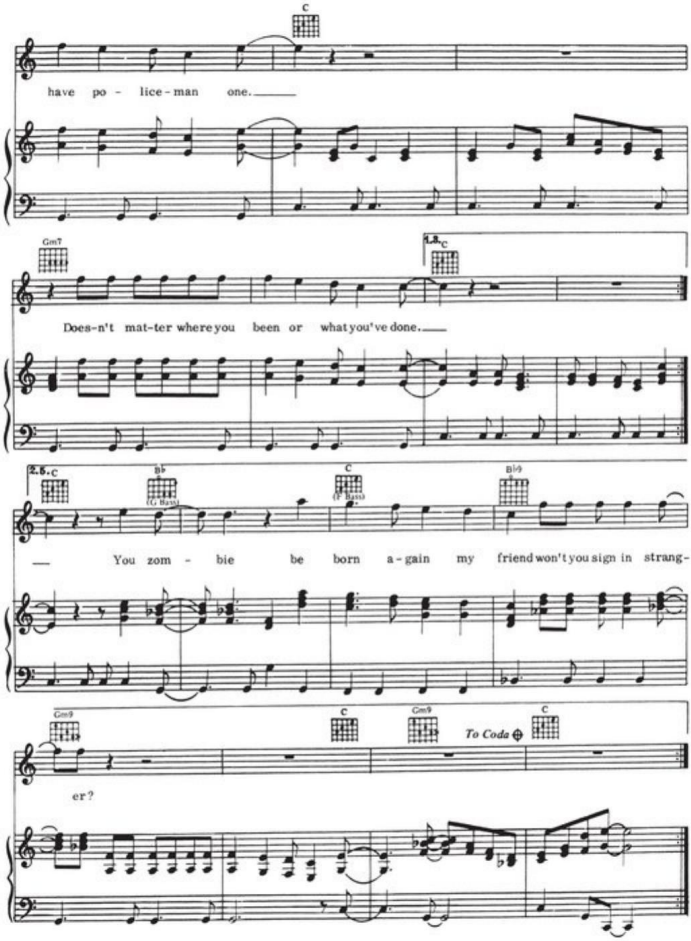
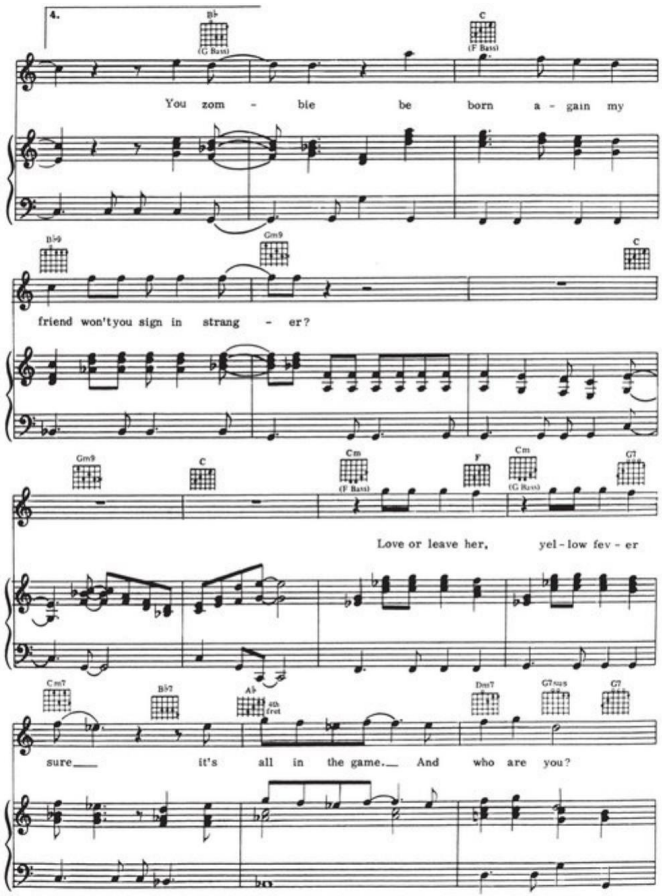
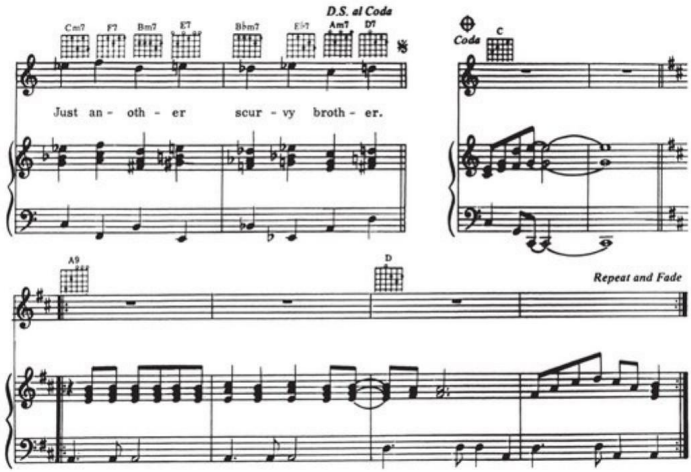

C
have po - lice - man one.
Gm7
1.
C
Does-n't mat-ter where you been or what you've done.
2.
C
Bb
(G Bass)
C
(F Bass)
Bb9
You zom - bie be born a - gain my friend won't you sign in strang-
Gm9
C
Gm9
To Coda
C
er?


4.
B♭
(G Bass)
C
(F Bass)
You zom - bie be born a - gain my
B♭9
Gm9
C
friend won't you sign in strang - er?
Gm9
C
Cm
(F Bass)
F
Cm
(G Bass)
G7
Love or leave her, yel - low fev - er
Cm7
B♭7
A♭
4th fret
Dm7
G7sus
G7
sure it's all in the game. And who are you?



2. Do you have a dark spot on your past ?
Leave it to my man he'll fix it fast.
Pepe has a scar from ear to ear.
He will make your mug shots disappear.

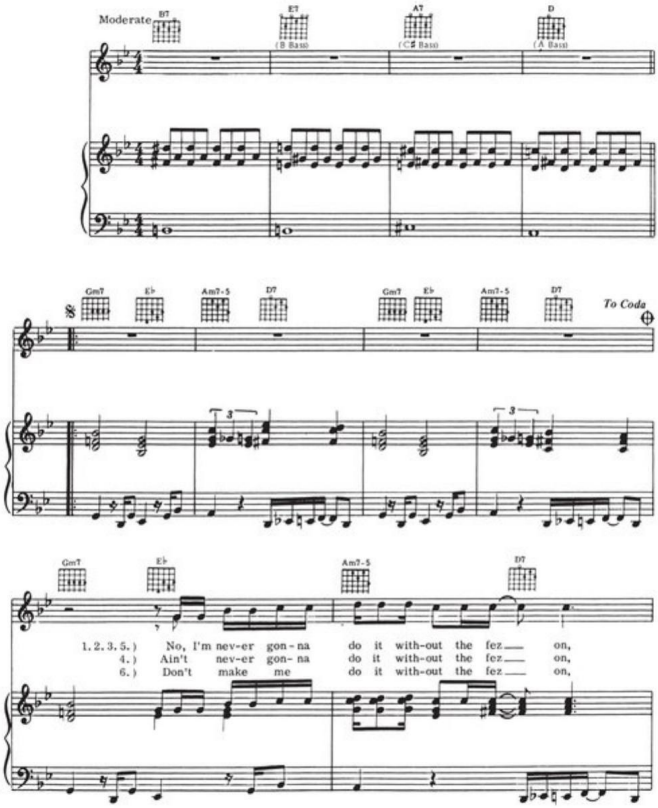
3. Do you like to take a yo-yo for a ride?
Zombie I can see you're qualified.
Walk around collecting Turkish Union Dues.
They will call you sir and shine your shoes.

4. Or maybe you would like to see the show.
You'll enjoy the Cafe D'Escargot.
Folks are in a line around the block.
Just to see her do the conch-con-Jacques.

5. Instrumental

THE FEZ

Words and Music by WALTER BECKER,
DONALD FAGEN and PAUL GRIFFIN



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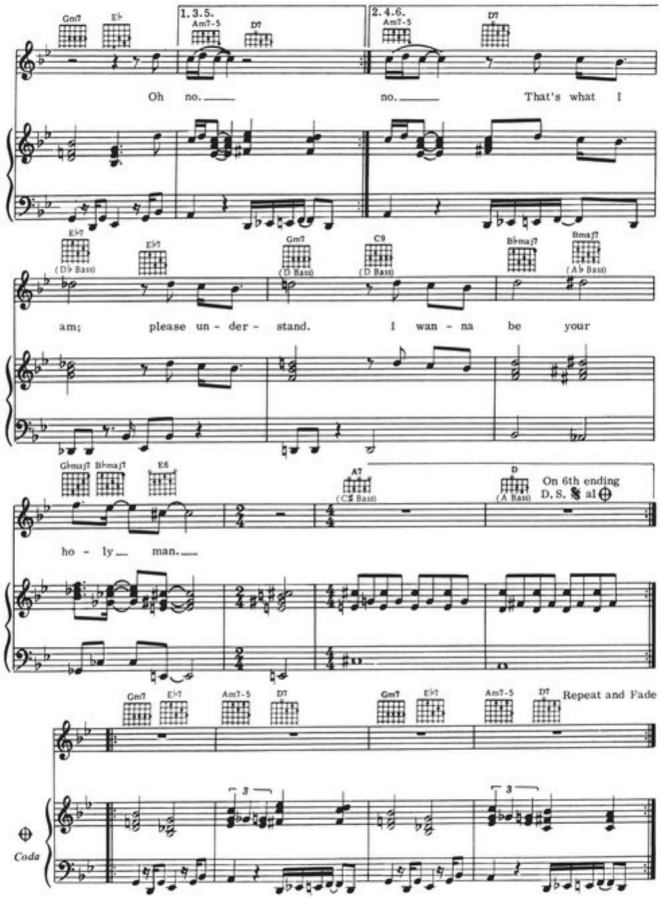
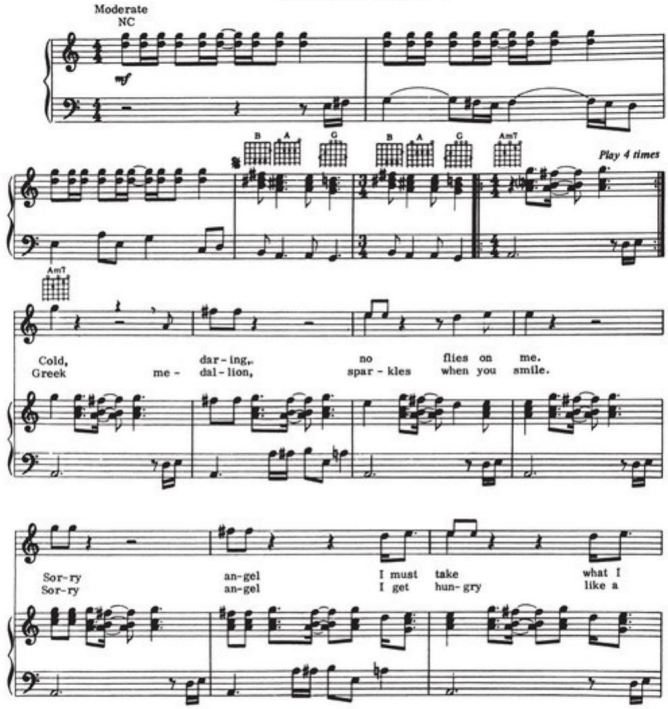

Gm7
E♭
1. 3. 5.
Am7-5
D7
2. 4. 6.
Am7-5
D7
Oh no. no. That's what I
E♭7
(D♭ Bass)
E♭7
Gm7
(D Bass)
C9
(D Bass)
B♭maj7
Bmaj7
(A♭ Bass)
am; please un - der - stand. I wan - na be your
G♭maj7
B♭maj7
E6
A7
(C♯ Bass)
D
(A Bass)
On 6th ending
D. S. 𝄋 al ⊕
ho - ly man.
Gm7
E♭7
Am7-5
D7
Gm7
E♭7
Am7-5
D7
Repeat and Fade
3
3
⊕
Coda

GREEN EARRINGS

Words and Music by WALTER BECKER and DONALD FAGEN


Moderate
NC
mf
B A G B A G Am7
Play 4 times
Am7
Cold, dar-ing, no flies on me.
Greek me- dal-lion, spar-kles when you smile.
Sor-ry an-gel I must take what I
Sor-ry an-gel I get hun-gry like a

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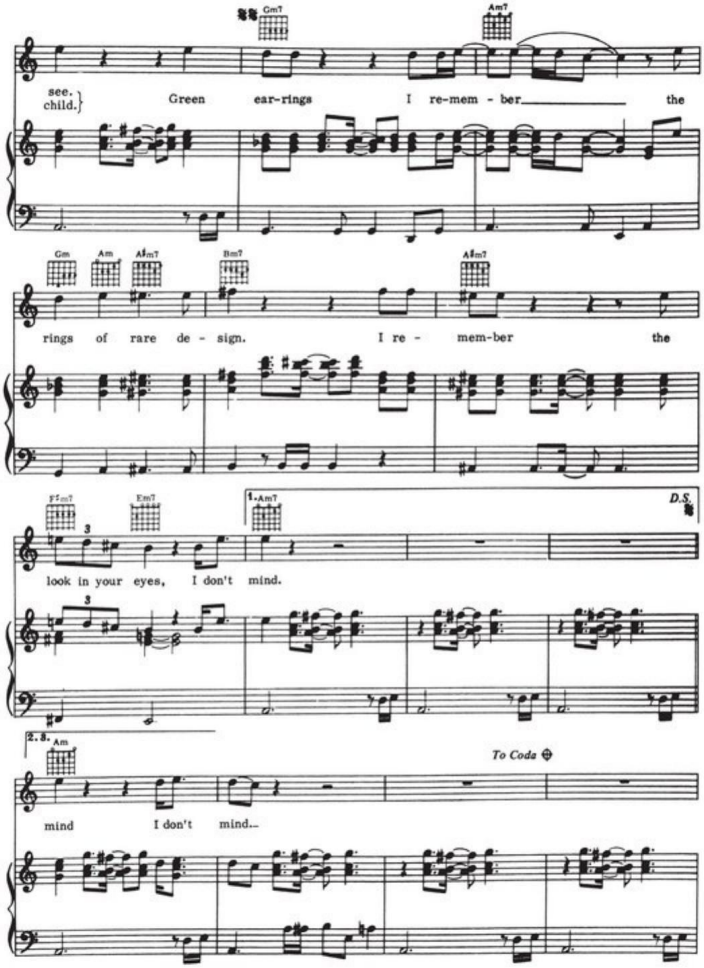
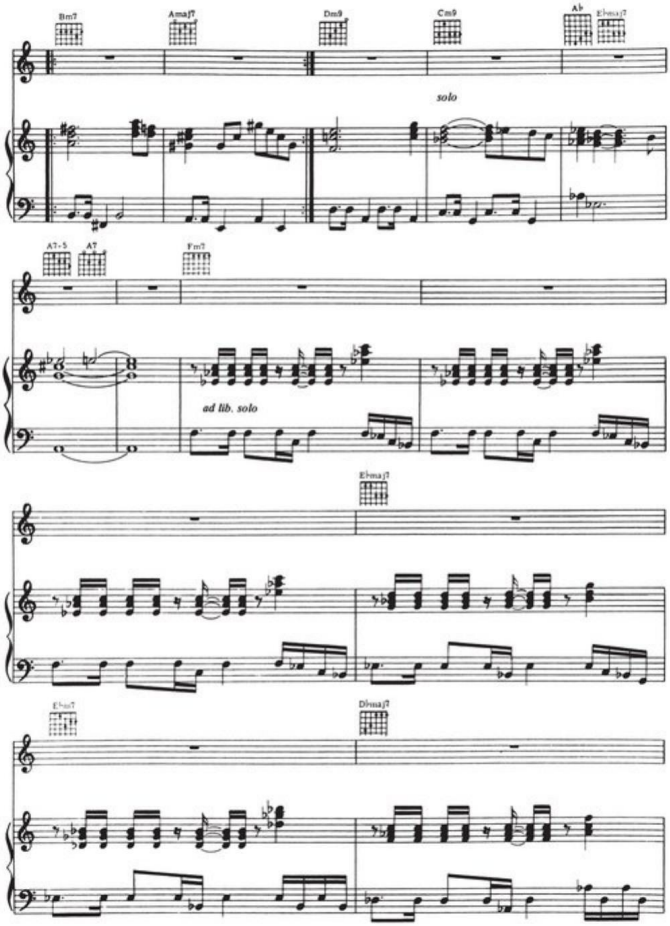
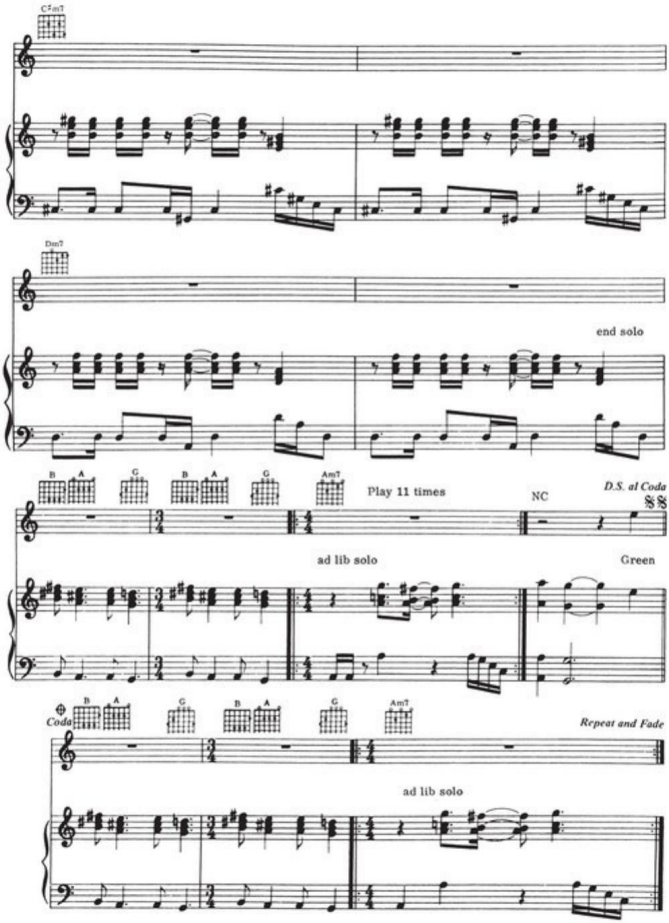
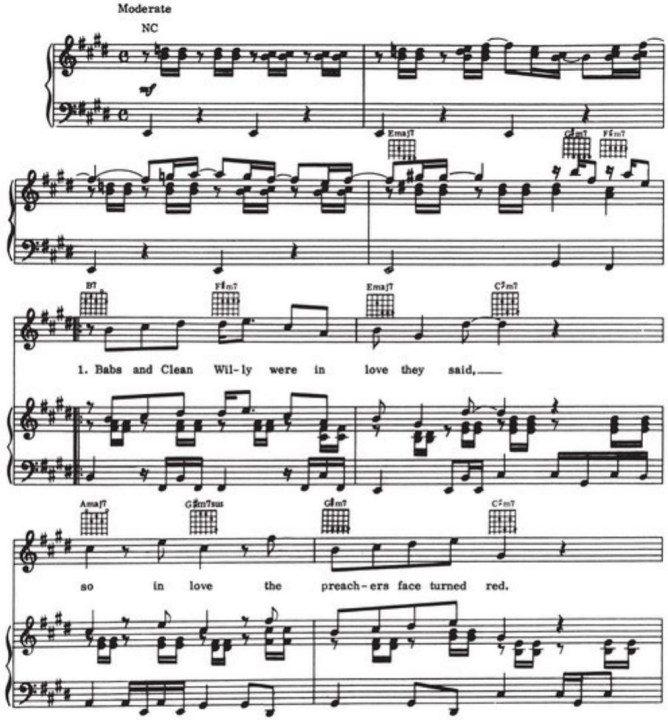

Gm7
Am7
see.
child.
Green ear-rings I re-mem - ber the
Gm
Am
A♯m7
Bm7
A♯m7
rings of rare de - sign. I re - mem-ber the
F♯m7
Em7
1. Am7
D.S.
look in your eyes, I don't mind.
2. 3. Am
To Coda
mind I don't mind...


Bm7
Amaj7
Dm9
Cm9
Ab
Ebmaj7
solo
A7-5
A7
Fm7
ad lib. solo
Ebmaj7
Eb7
Dbmaj7


C#m7
D♭m7
end solo
B
A
G
B
A
G
Am7
Play 11 times
NC
D.S. al Coda
𝄋 𝄋
ad lib solo
Green
Coda
B
A
G
B
A
G
Am7
Repeat and Fade
ad lib solo

HAITIAN DIVORCE

Words and Music by WALTER BECKER
and DONALD FAGEN



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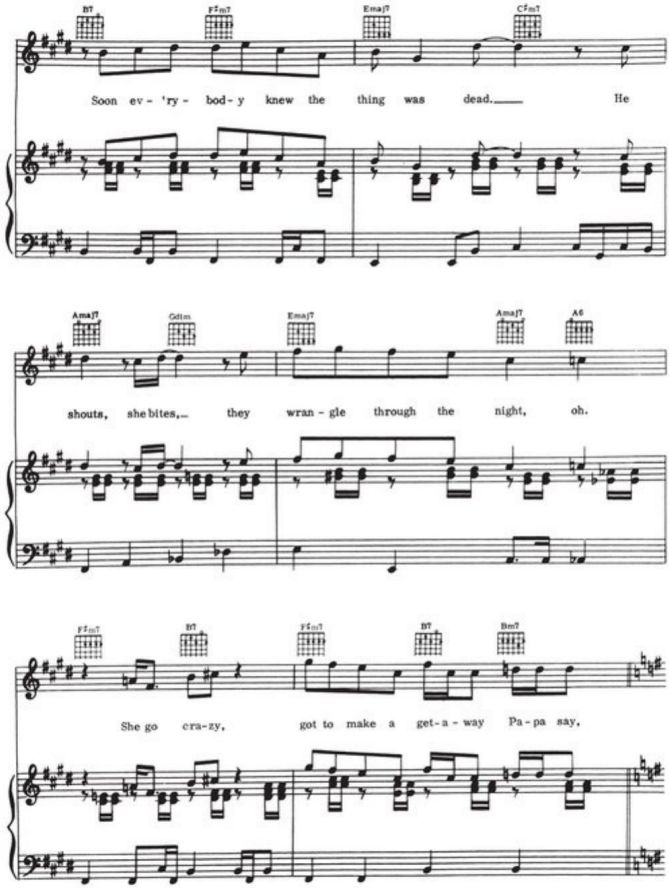
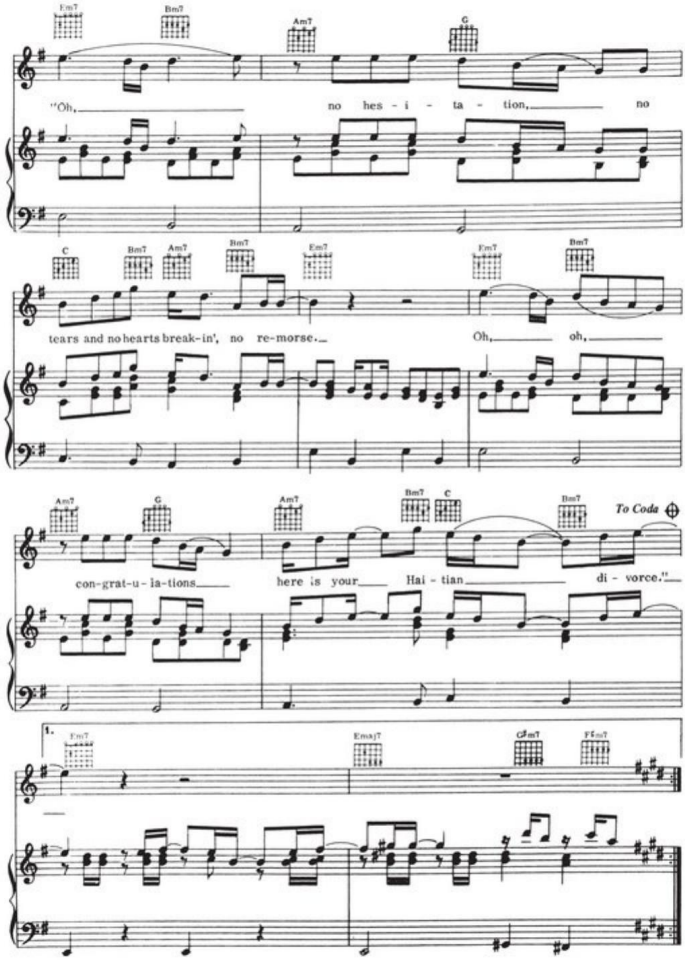
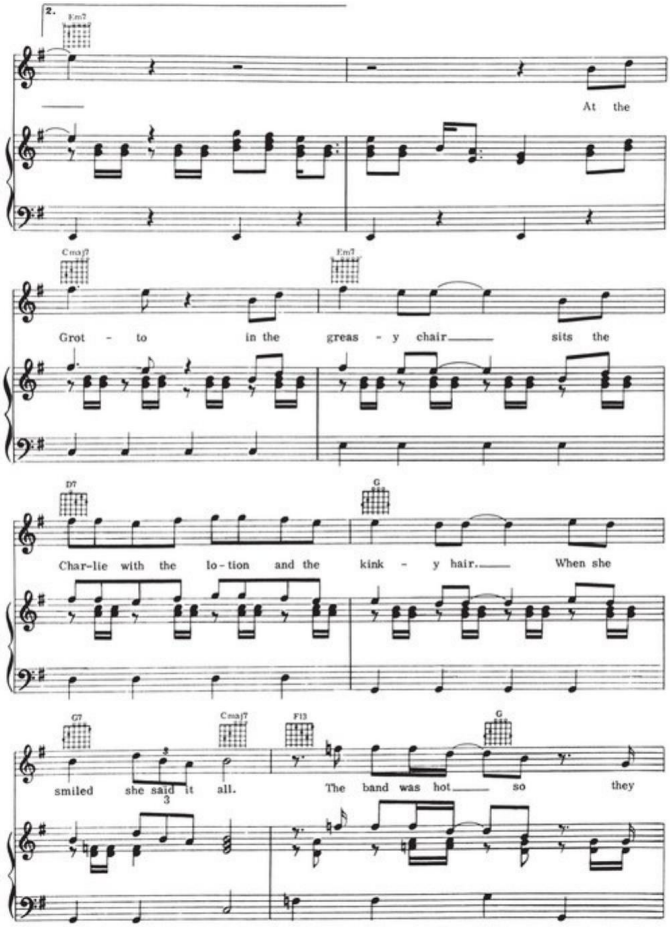
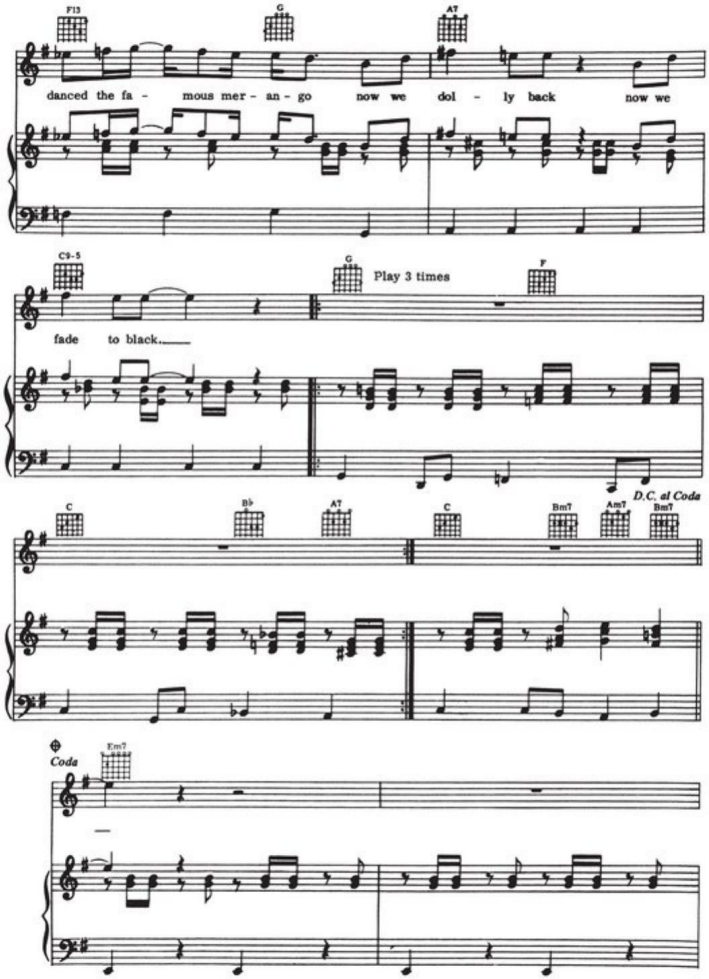
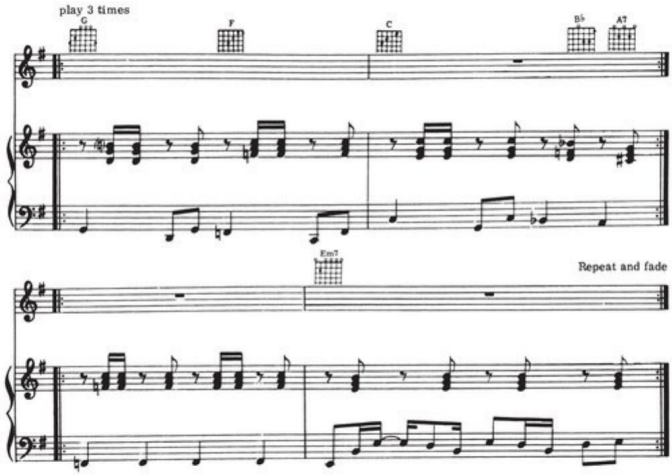

B7
F♯m7
Emaj7
C♯m7
Soon ev - 'ry - bod - y knew the thing was dead. He
Amaj7
Gdim
Emaj7
Amaj7
A6
shouts, she bites, they wran - gle through the night, oh.
F♯m7
B7
F♯m7
B7
Bm7
She go cra - zy, got to make a get - a - way Pa - pa say,


Em7
Bm7
Am7
G
"Oh, no hes - i - ta - tion, no
C
Bm7
Am7
Bm7
Em7
Em7
Bm7
tears and no hearts break-in', no re-morse. Oh, oh,
Am7
G
Am7
Bm7
C
Bm7
To Coda
con-grat-u-la-tions here is your Hai - tian di - vorce."
1.
Em7
Emaj7
G♯m7
F♯m7


2.
Em7
At the
Cmaj7
Em7
Grot - to in the greas - y chair sits the
D7
G
Char-lie with the lo-tion and the kink - y hair. When she
G7
Cmaj7
F13
G
smiled she said it all. The band was hot so they


F13
G
A7
danced the fa - mous mer - an - go now we dol - ly back now we
C9-5
G
Play 3 times
F
fade to black.
C
B♭
A7
C
Bm7
Am7
Bm7
D.C. al Coda
Coda
Em7

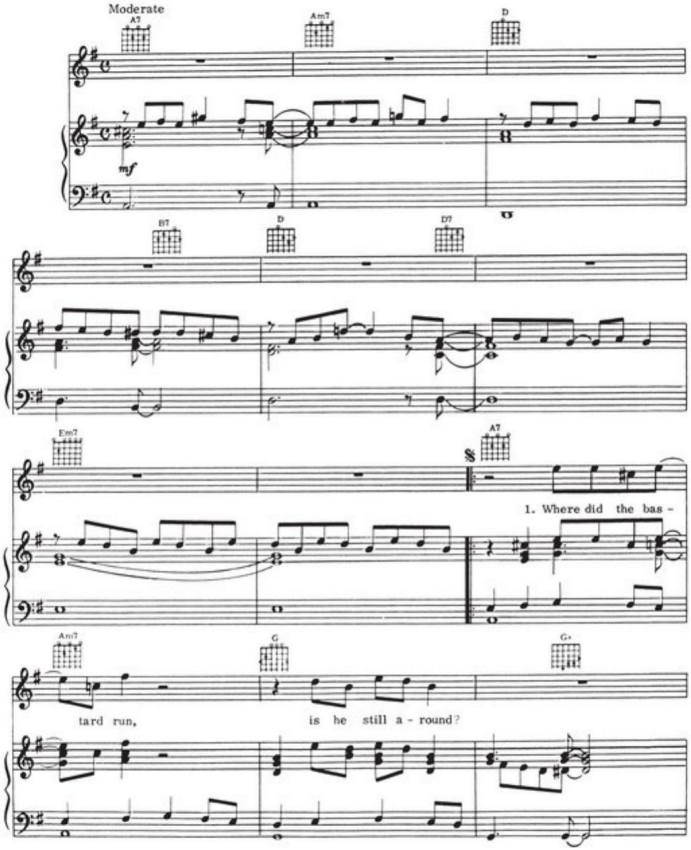


2. She takes the taxi to the good hotel,
Bon marche as far as she can tell.
She drinks the zombie from the coco shell,
She feels alright, she get it on tonight.
Mister driver, take me where the music play,
Papa say.

3. Tearful reunion in the U.S.A.
Day by day those memories fade away,
Some babies grow in a peculiar way,
It changed, it grew, and everybody knew,
Semi-mojo, who's this kinky so and so.
Papa go.

EVERYTHING YOU DID

Words and Music by WALTER BECKER
and DONALD FAGEN



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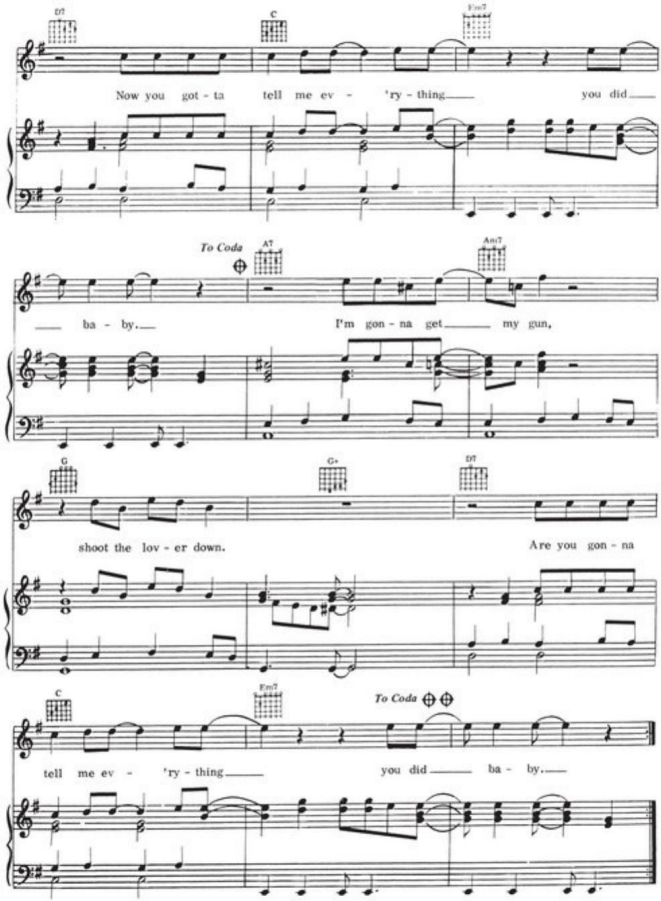
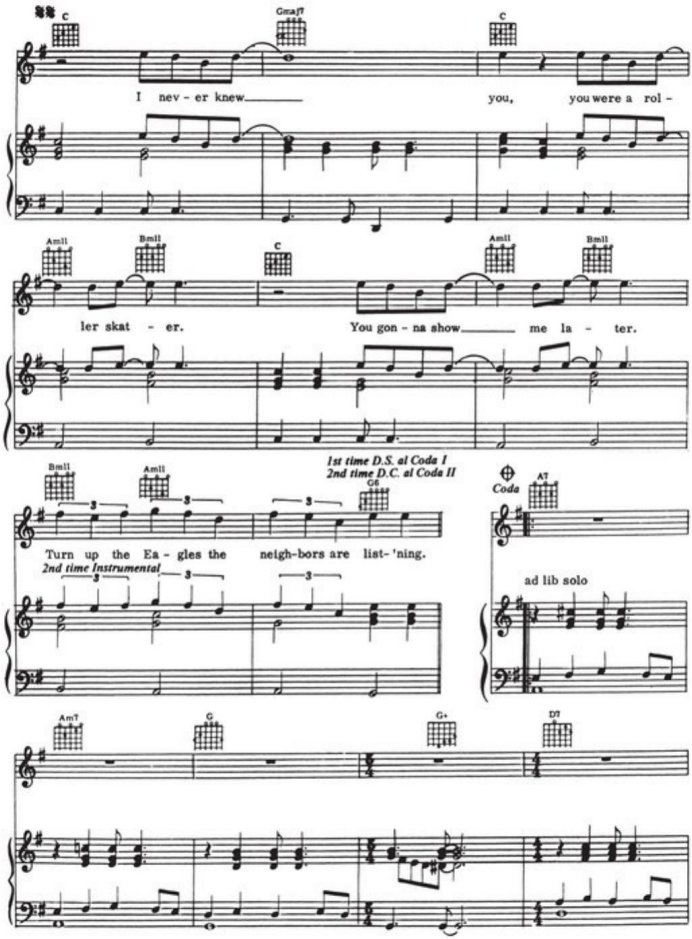
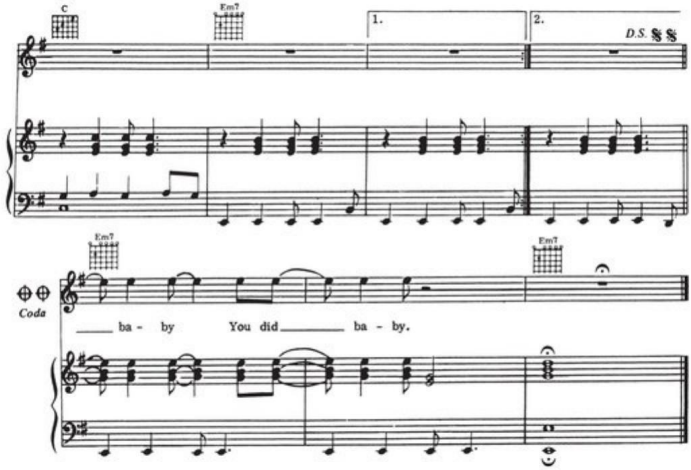

D7
C
Fm7
Now you got - ta tell me ev - 'ry - thing you did
To Coda
A7
Am7
ba - by. I'm gon - na get my gun,
G
G+
D7
shoot the lov - er down. Are you gon - na
C
Fm7
To Coda
tell me ev - 'ry - thing you did ba - by.


C
Gmaj7
C
I nev - er knew you, you were a rol -
Amll
Bmll
C
Amll
Bmll
ler skat - er. You gon - na show me la - ter.
Bmll
Amll
1st time D.S. al Coda I
2nd time D.C. al Coda II
G6
Coda
A7
Turn up the Ea - gles the neigh-bors are list- 'ning.
2nd time Instrumental
ad lib solo
Am7
G
G+
D7



2. Traces are everywhere
In our happy home.
Now you better tell me everything
You did baby.
I jump out of my easy chair
It was not my own.
Now I wanna hear about everything
You did baby.

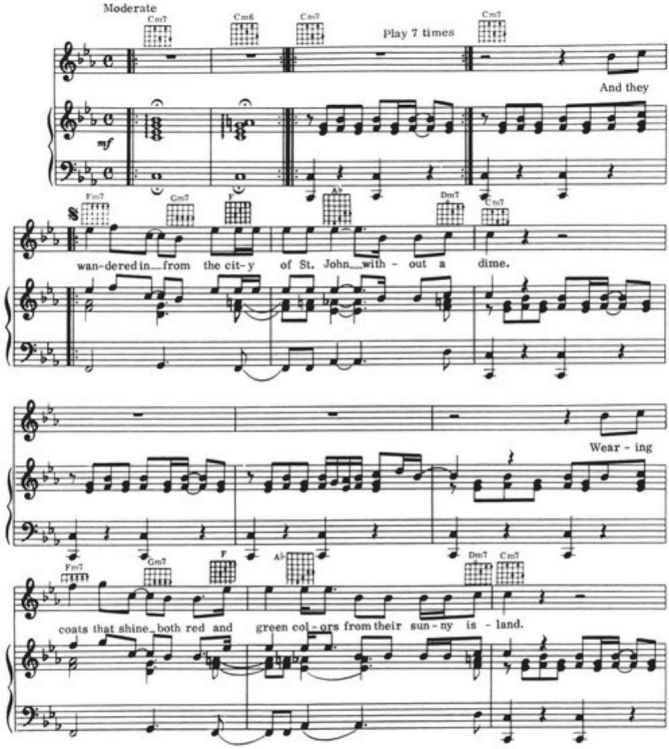
3. You know how people talk,
I wonder what they say.
I think you better tell me everything
You did baby.

4. You never came to me
When you were so inclined.
Yes, you could have told me everything
You did baby.
I know where baby's at
I know your filthy mind
Now you're gonna do me everything

You did baby.

THE ROYAL SCAM

Words and Music by WALTER BECKER
and DONALD FAGEN


Moderate
Play 7 times
And they
wan-dered in... from the cit-y of St. John... with - out a dime.
Wear - ing
coats that shine... both red and green col - ors from their sun - ny is - land.

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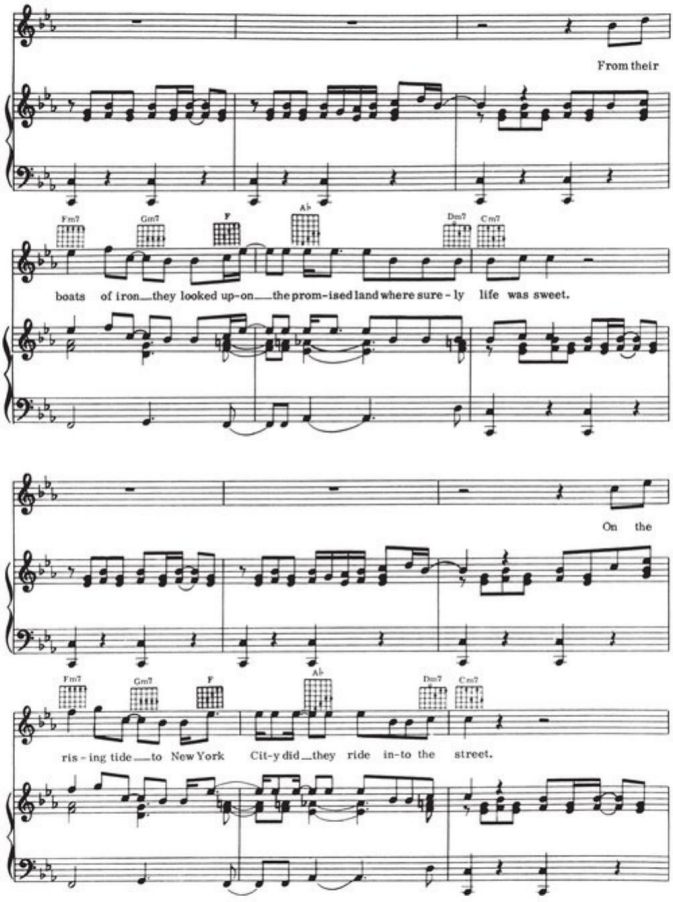
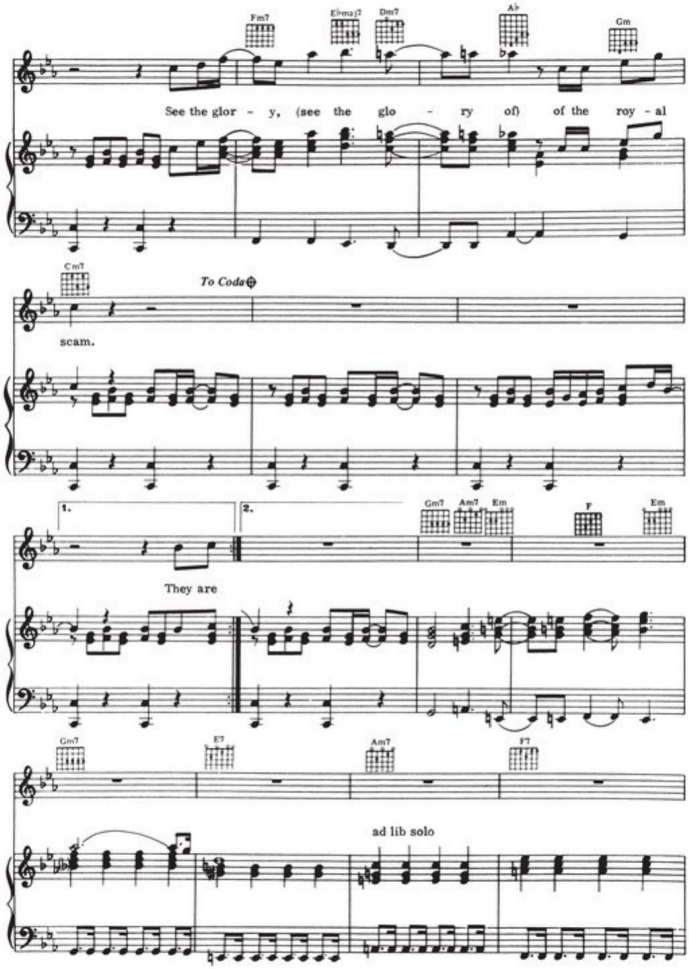
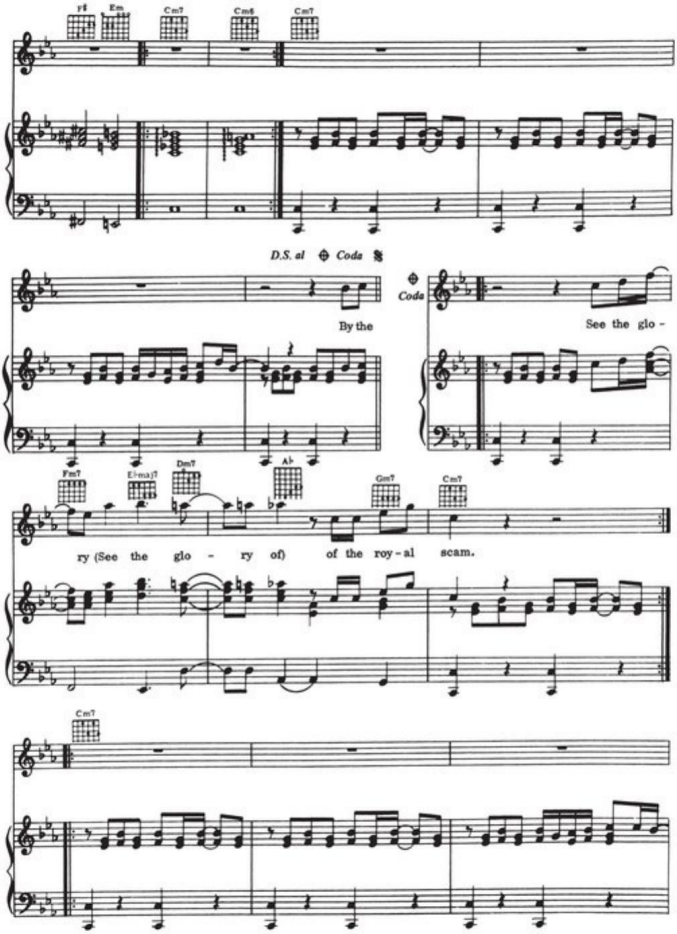
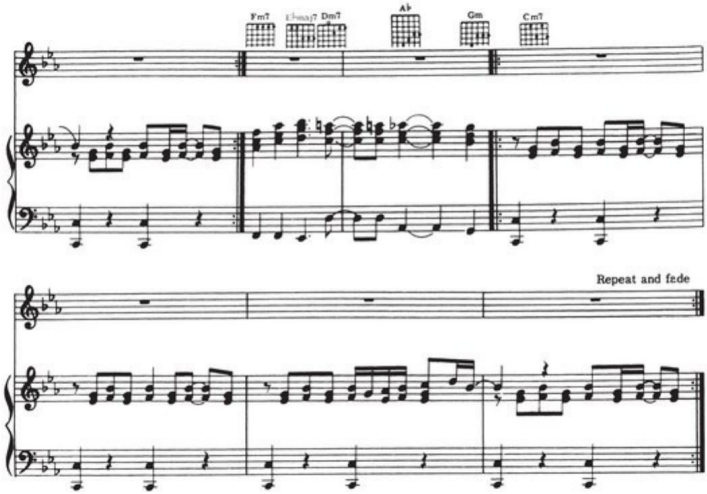

From their
Fm7
Gm7
F
Ab
Dm7
Cm7
boats of iron they looked up-on the prom-ised land where sure-ly life was sweet.
On the
Fm7
Gm7
F
Ab
Dm7
Cm7
ris-ing tide to New York City-y did they ride in-to the street.


Fm7
E♭maj7
Dm7
A♭
Gm
See the glor - y, (see the glo - ry of) of the roy - al
Cm7
To Coda
scam.
1.
2.
Gm7
Am7
Em
F
Em
They are
Gm7
E7
Am7
F7
ad lib solo


F♯
Em
Cm7
Cm6
Cm7
D.S. al ⊕ Coda
By the
⊕ Coda
See the glo -
Fm7
E♭ma7
Dm7
A♭
Gm7
Cm7
ry (See the glo - ry of) of the roy - al scam.
Cm7



2. They are hounded down to the bottom
Of a bad town amid the ruins.
Where they learn to fear an angry race
Of fallen kings their dark companions
While the memory of their southern sky
Was clouded by a savage winter.
Every patron saint hung on the wall
Shared the room with twenty sinners.

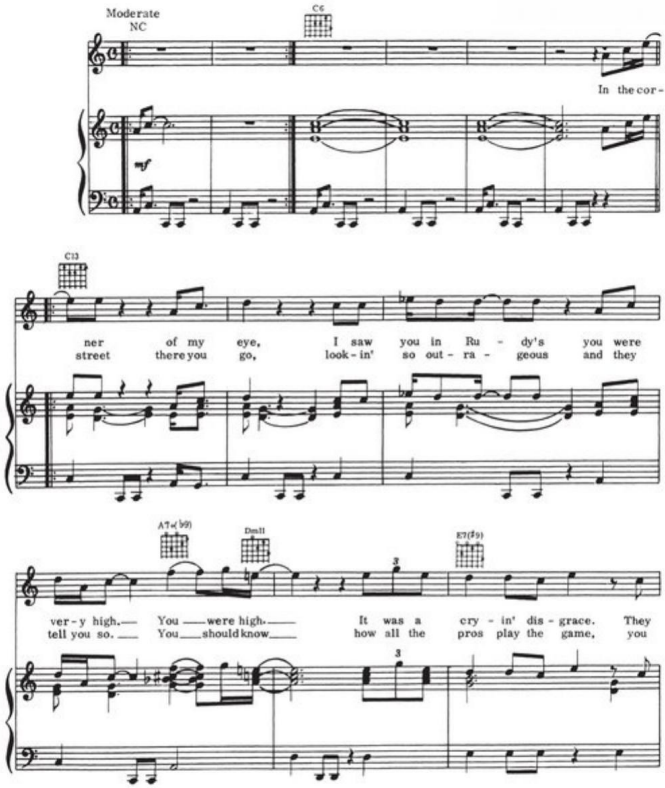
3. By the blackened wall he does it all.
He thinks he's died and gone to heaven.
Now the tale is told by the old man
Back home he reads the letter.
How they are paid in gold just to babble
In the back room all night and waste the time.
And they wandered in from the city
Of St. John without a dime.

STEELY DAN
THE ROYAL SCAM

Ája

BLACK COW

Words and Music by WALTER BECKER
and DONALD FAGEN


Moderate
NC
C6
In the cor -
mf
C13
ner of my eye, I saw you in Ru - dy's you were
street there you go, look - in' so out - ra - geous and they
A7(♭9)
Dm11
E7(♯9)
ver - y high. You were high. It was a cry - in' dis - grace. They
tell you so. You should know how all the pros play the game, you

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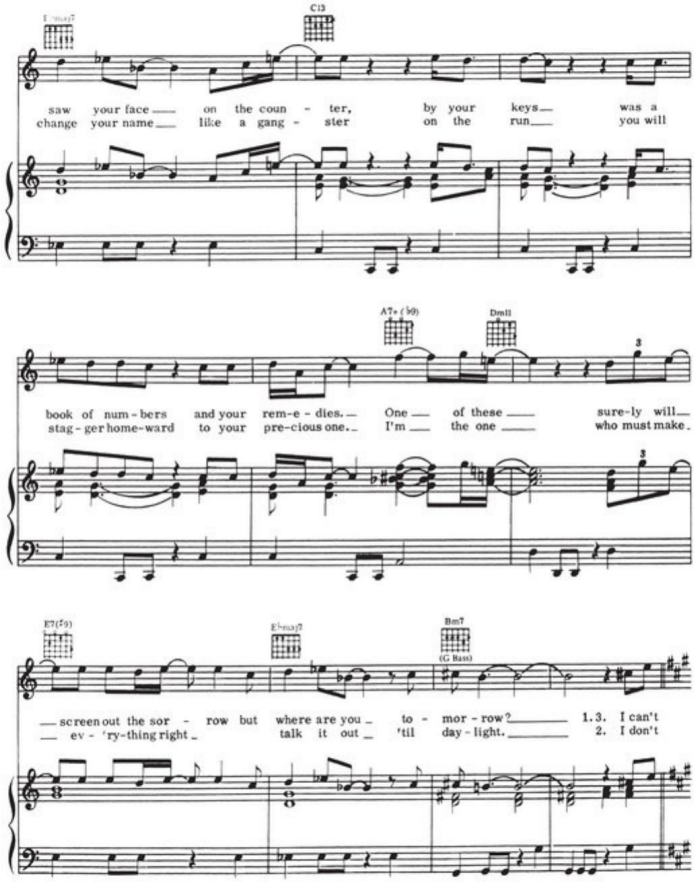
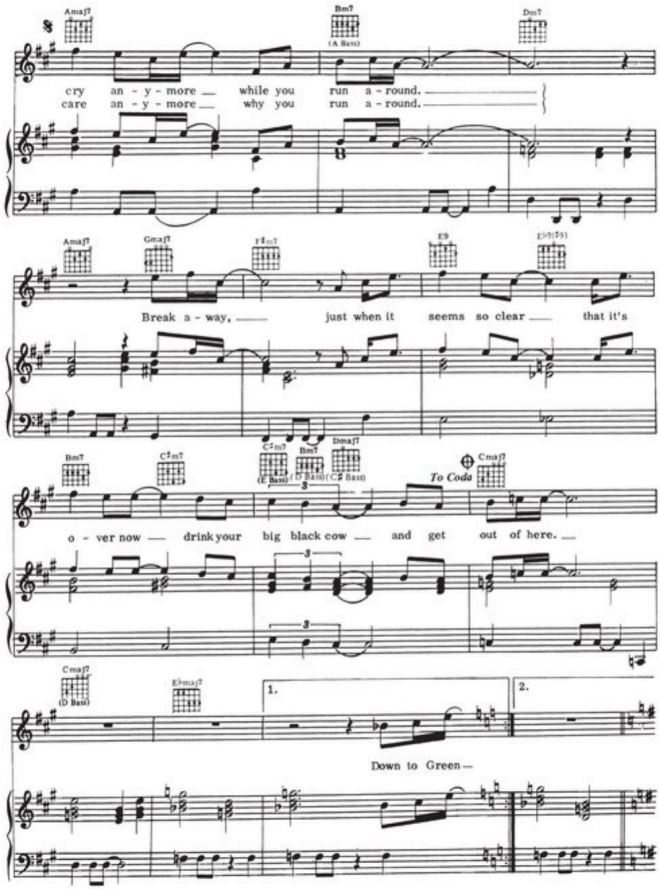
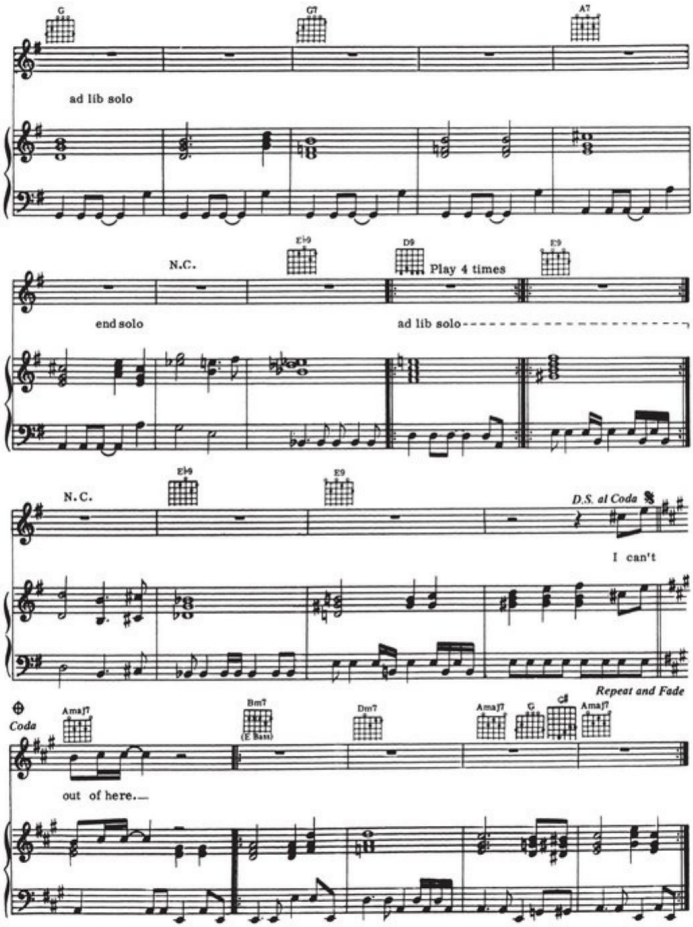

C13
saw your face on the coun - ter, by your keys was a
change your name like a gang - ster on the run you will
A7+(59)
Dm11
book of num - bers and your rem - e - dies. One of these sure - ly will
stag - ger home - ward to your pre - cious one. I'm the one who must make.
E7(59)
Bm7
(G Bass)
screen out the sor - row but where are you to - mor - row? 1.3. I can't
ev - 'ry - thing right talk it out 'til day - light. 2. I don't


Amaj7
Bm7
(A Bass)
Dm7
cry an - y - more while you run a - round.
care an - y - more why you run a - round.
Amaj7
Gmaj7
F♯m7
E9
Break a - way, just when it seems so clear that it's
Bm7
C♯m7
C♯m7
(E Bass)
Bm7
(D Bass)
(C♯ Bass)
Dmaj7
To Coda
Cmaj7
o - ver now drink your big black cow and get out of here.
Cmaj7
(D Bass)
E♭maj7
1.
2.
Down to Green—


G
G7
A7
ad lib solo
N.C.
E♭9
D9
Play 4 times
E9
end solo
ad lib solo
N.C.
E♭9
E9
D.S. al Coda
I can't
Repeat and Fade
Coda
Amaj7
Bm7
(E Bass)
Dm7
Amaj7
G
C♯
Amaj7
out of here.

AJA

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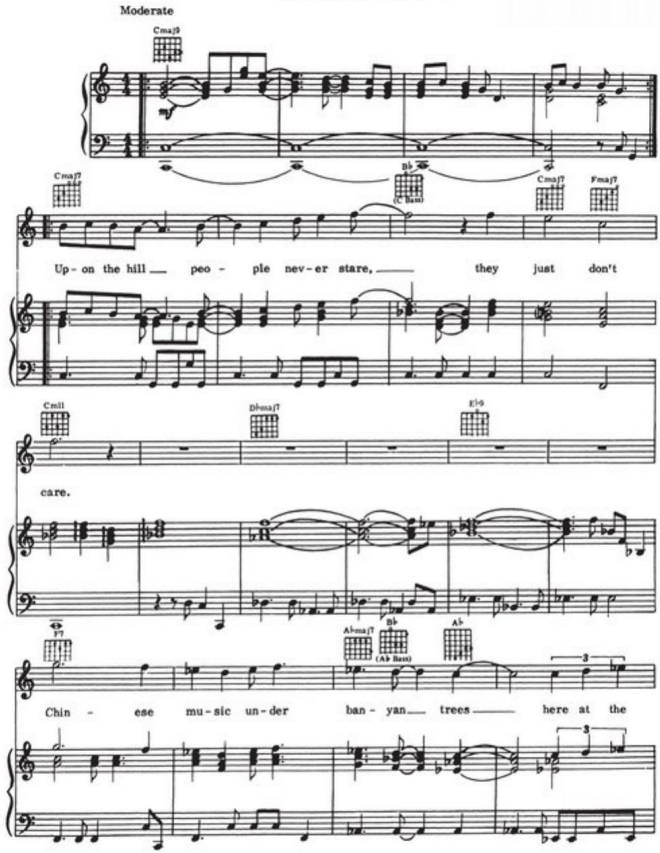
and DONALD FAGEN



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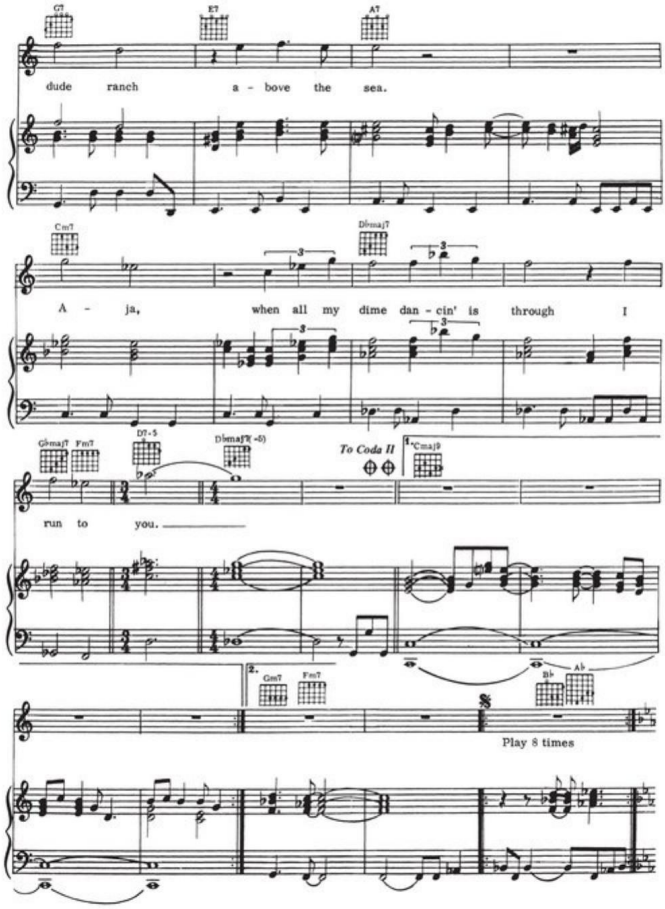
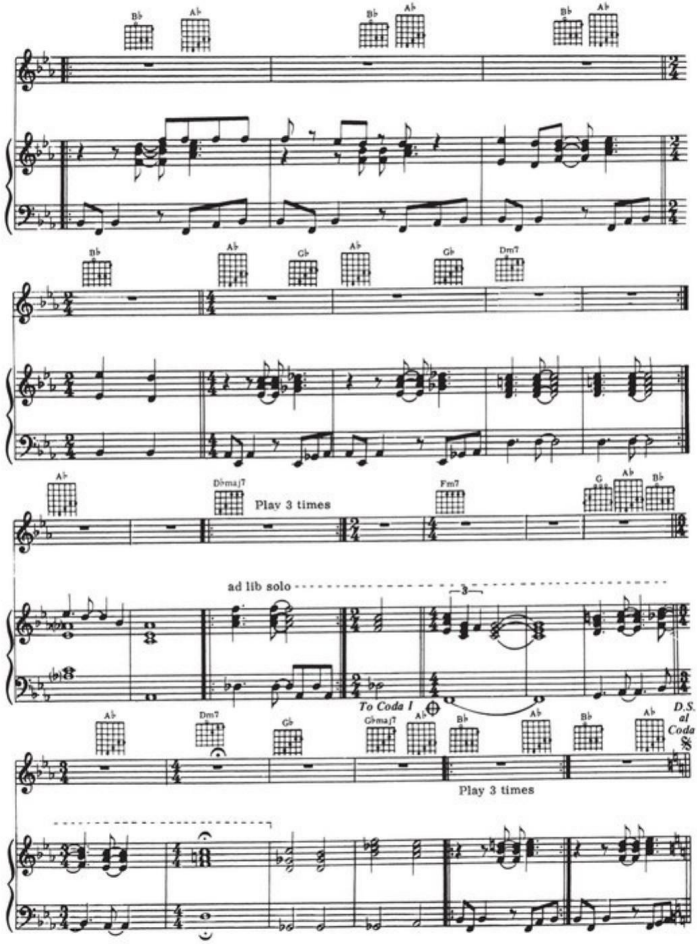
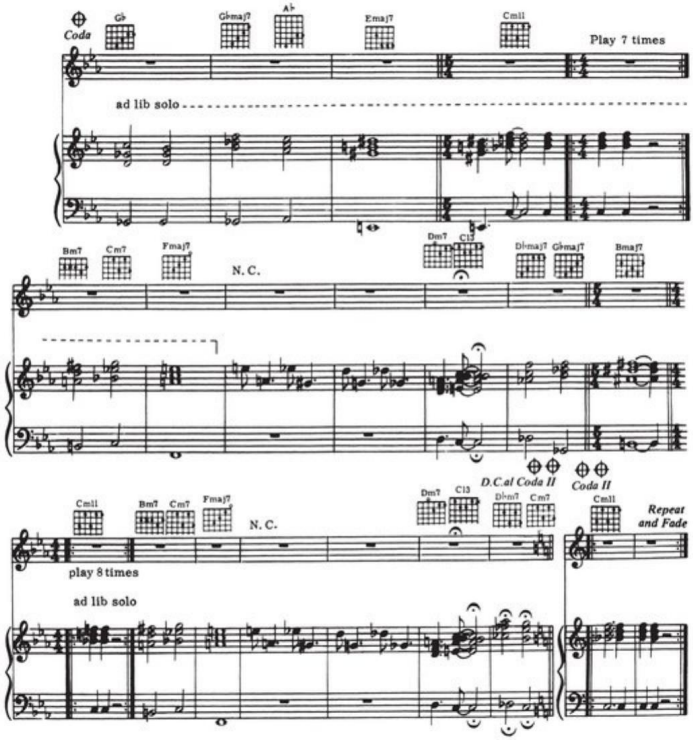

G7
E7
A7
dude ranch a - bove the sea.
Cm7
D♭maj7
A - ja, when all my dime dan - cin' is through I
G♭maj7
Fm7
D7-5
D♭maj7(#11)
To Coda II
1.
Cmaj9
run to you.
2.
Gm7
Fm7
Bb
Ab
Play 8 times


B♭
A♭
B♭
A♭
B♭
A♭
B♭
A♭
G♭
A♭
G♭
Dm7
A♭
D♭maj7
Play 3 times
Fm7
G
A♭
B♭
ad lib solo
3
To Coda 1
D.S. al Coda
A♭
Dm7
G♭
G♭maj7
A♭
B♭
A♭
B♭
A♭
Play 3 times

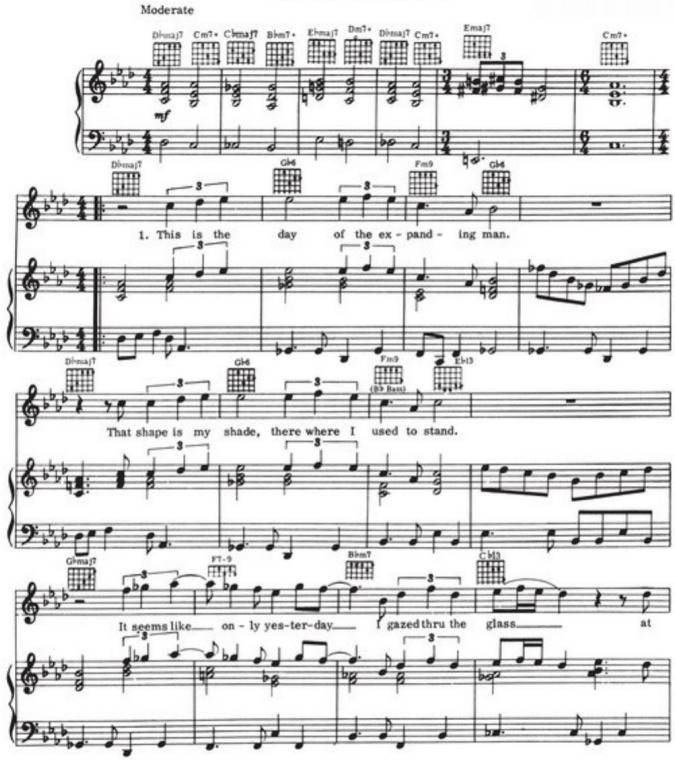


2. Upon the hill they've got time to burn.
There's no return
Double Helix in the sky tonight.
Throw out the hardware
Let's do it right.

3. Upon the hill they think I'm okay.
Okay so they say.
Chinese music always sets me free.
Angular banjoes sound good to me.

DEACON BLUES

Words and Music by WALTER BECKER
and DONALD FAGEN


Moderate
1. This is the day of the ex - pand - ing man.
That shape is my shade, there where I used to stand.
It seems like on - ly yes-ter-day I gazed thru the glass at

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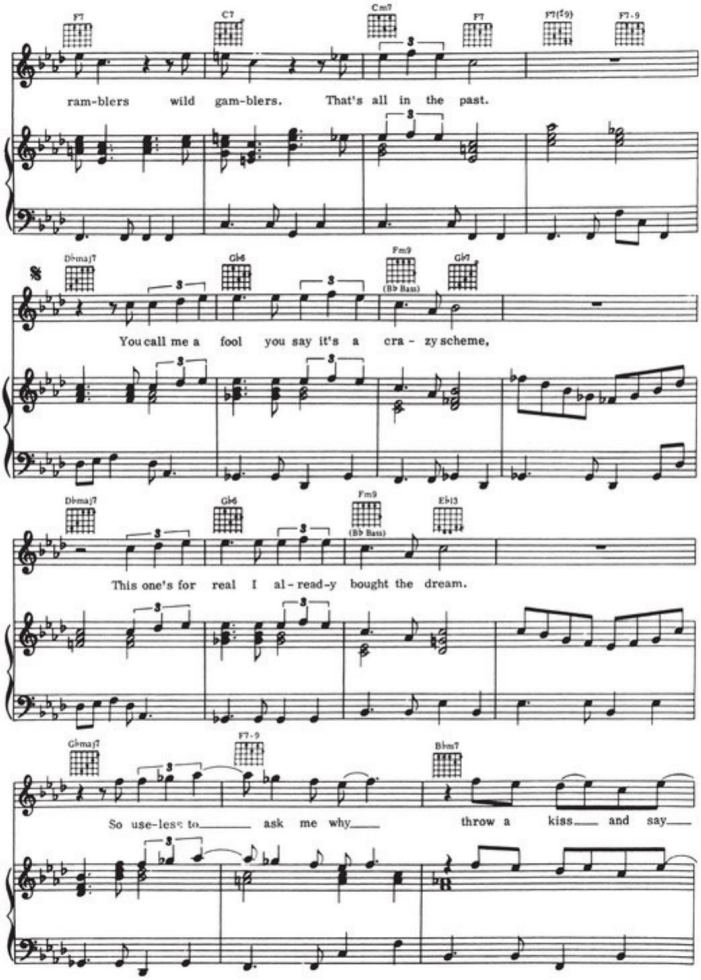
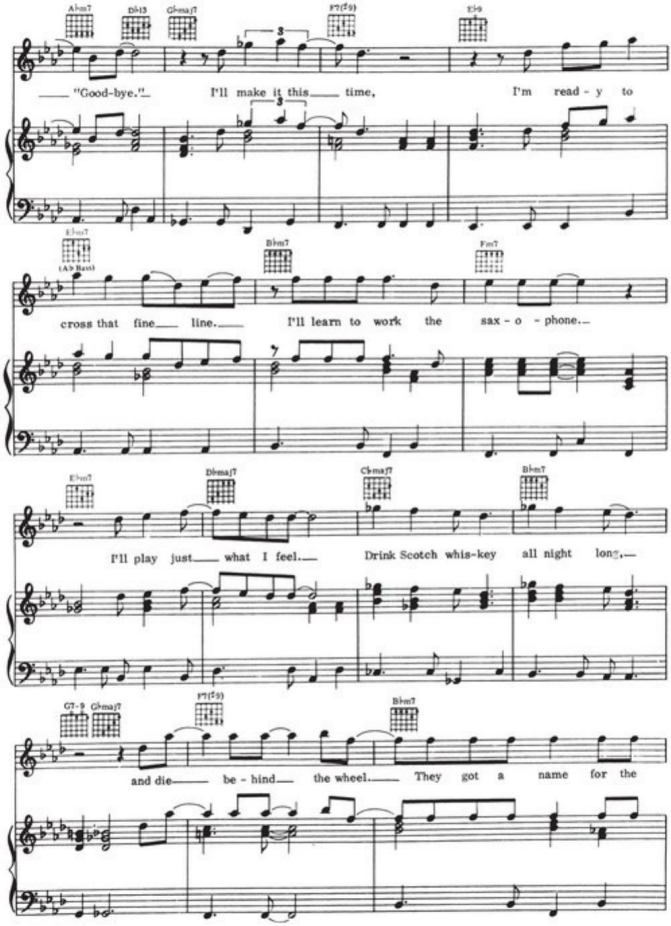
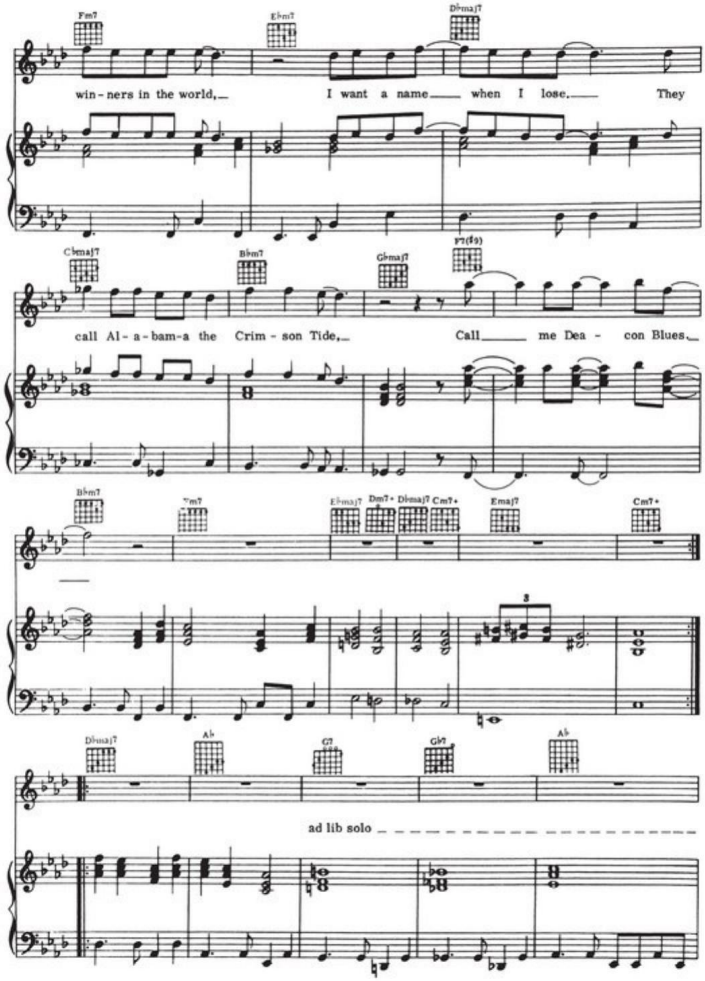
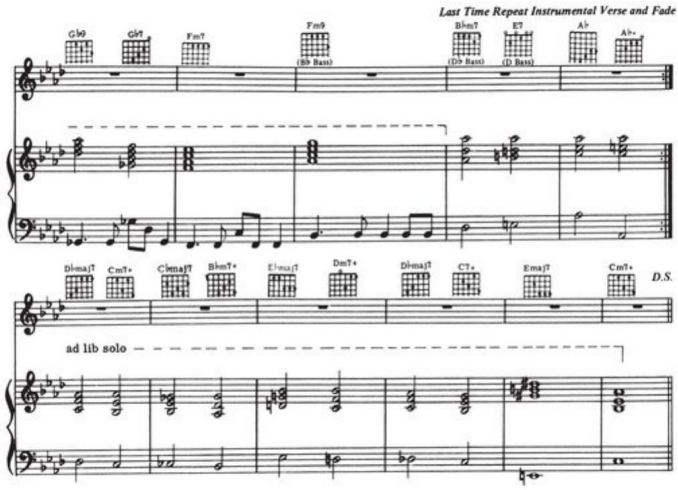

F7
C7
Cm7
F7
F7(59)
F7-9
ram-blers wild gam-blers. That's all in the past.
𝄋
Dbmaj7
Gb6
Fm9
(Bb Bass)
Gb7
You call me a fool you say it's a cra - zy scheme,
Dbmaj7
Gb6
Fm9
(Bb Bass)
Eb13
This one's for real I al - read-y bought the dream.
Gbmaj7
F7-9
Bbm7
So use-less to ask me why throw a kiss and say


Abm7
Eb13
Gbmaj7
F7(b9)
Eb9
"Good-bye."
I'll make it this time,
I'm read - y to
Ebm7
(Ab Bass)
Bbm7
Fm7
cross that fine line.
I'll learn to work the
sax - o - phone.
Ebm7
Dbmaj7
Cbmaj7
Bbm7
I'll play just what I feel.
Drink Scotch whis-key all night long,
Gb7 - 9
Gbmaj7
F7(b9)
Bbm7
and die be - hind the wheel.
They got a name for the


win - ners in the world, I want a name when I lose. They
call Al - a - bam - a the Crim - son Tide, Call me Dea - con Blues.
ad lib solo



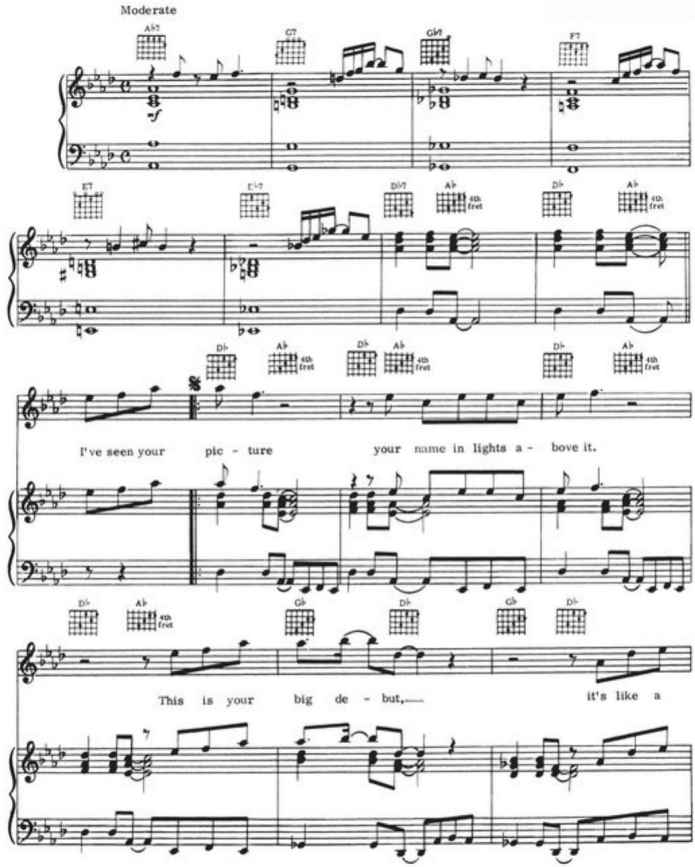
2. My back to the wall
A victim of laughing chance.
This is for me the essence of true romance.
Sharing the things we know and love
With those of my kind
Libations, sensations,
That stagger the mind.
I crawl like a viper
Through these suburban streets
Make love to these women,
Languid and bitter sweet.
I'll rise when the sun goes down.
Cover ev'ry game in town.
A world of my own
I'll make it my home, sweet home.

3. This is the night of the expanding man.
I take one last drag
As I approach the stand.
I cried when I wrote this song.
Sue me if I play too long.

This brother is free.
I'll be what I want to be.

PEG

Words and Music by WALTER BECKER and DONALD FAGEN



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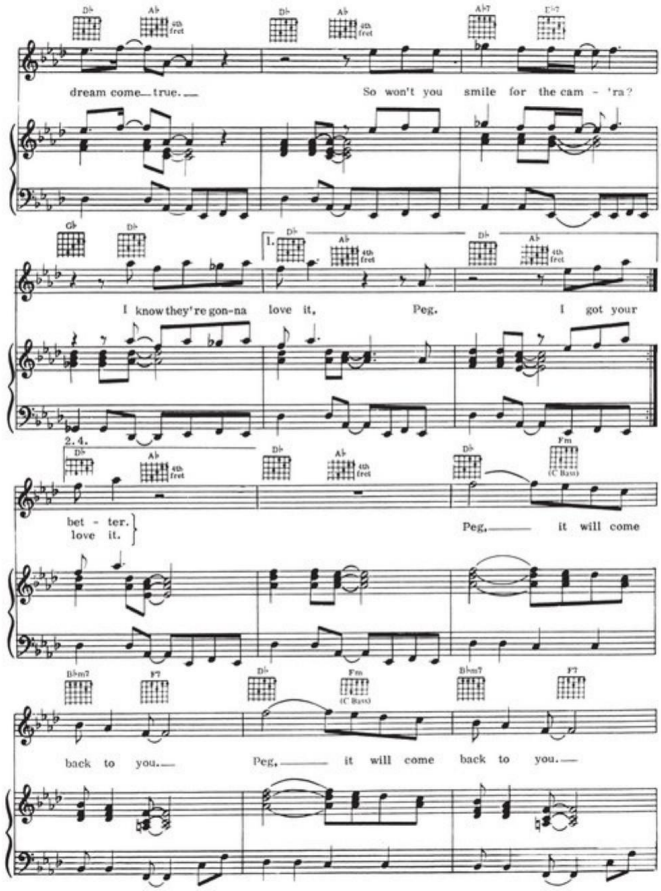
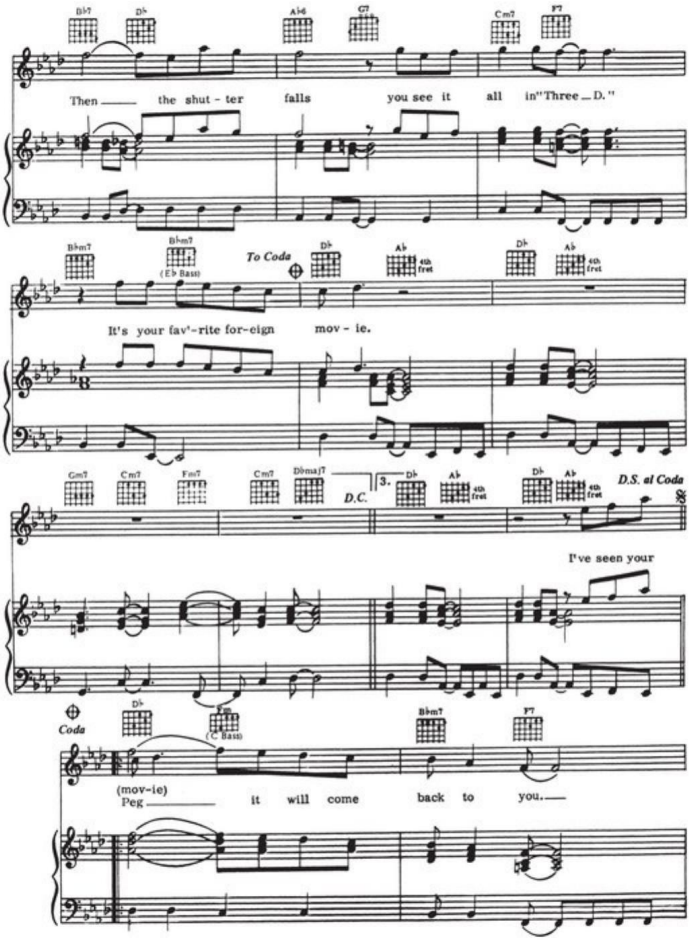
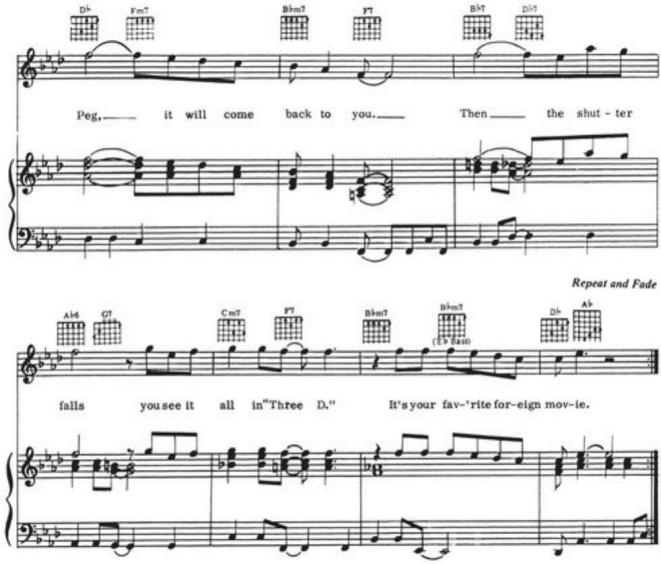

dream come true.
So won't you smile for the cam - 'ra?
I know they're gon-na love it, Peg. I got your
bet - ter.
love it.
Peg, it will come
back to you.
Peg, it will come back to you.


Then the shut - ter falls you see it all in "Three ... D."
It's your fav'-rite for-eign mov - ie.
To Coda
D.C.
D.S. al Coda
I've seen your
Coda
(mov-ie)
Peg it will come back to you.



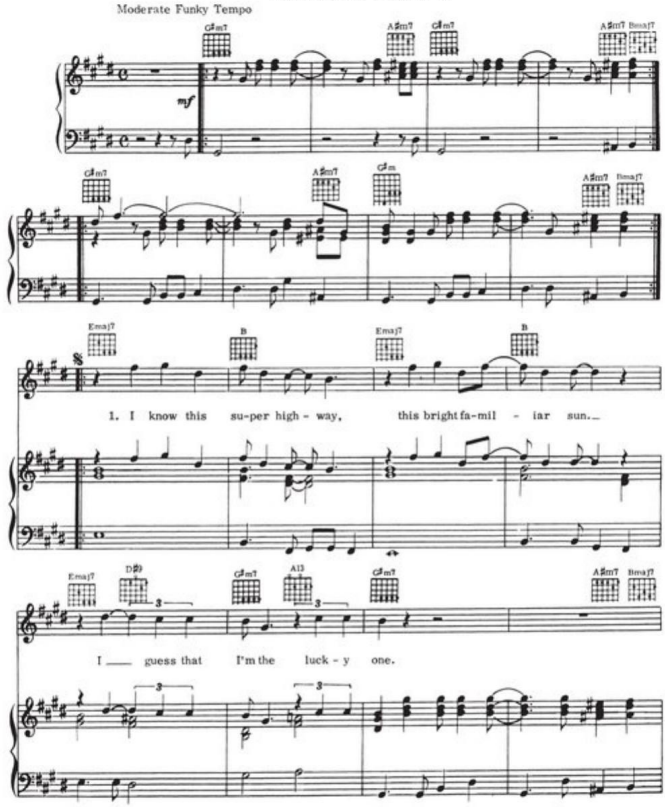
2. I got your pin shot
I keep it with your letter.
Done up in a blueprint blue,
It sure looks good on you.
So won't you smile for the camera,
I know I'll love you better.

3. Instrumental

4. Repeat Verse 1.

HOME AT LAST

Words and Music by WALTER BECKER
and DONALD FAGEN



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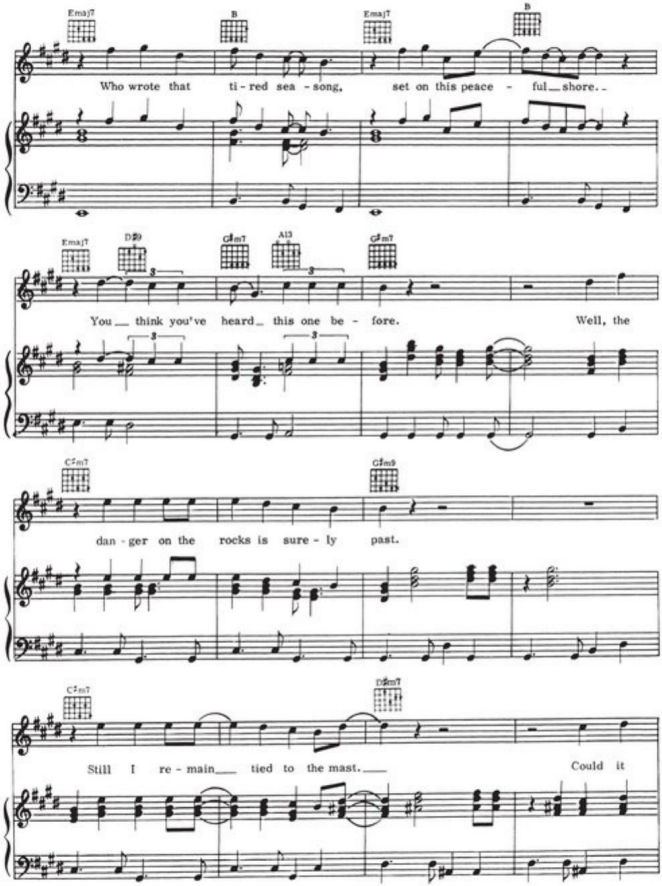
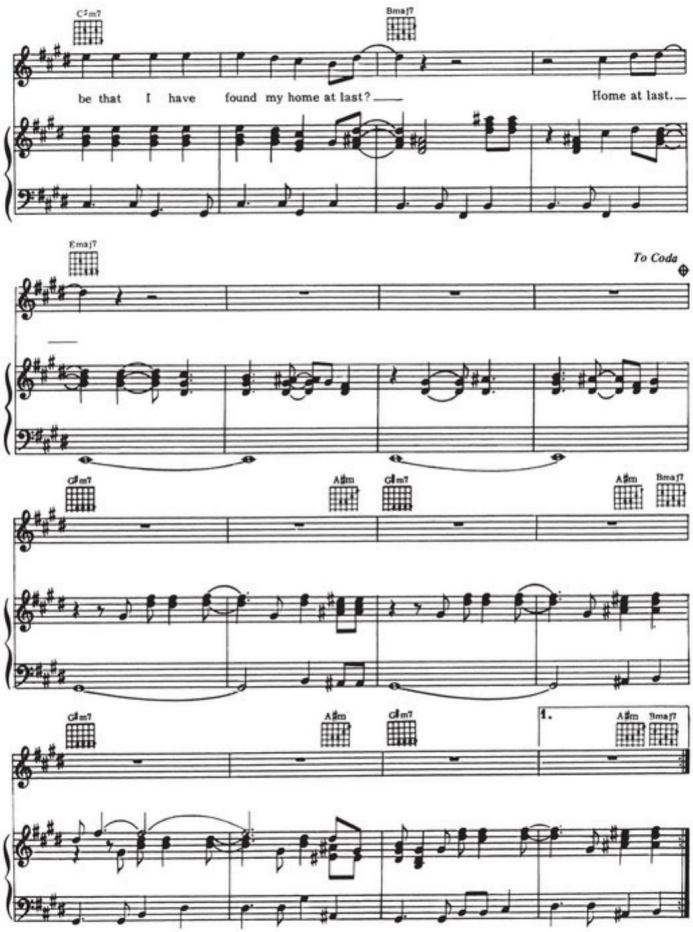
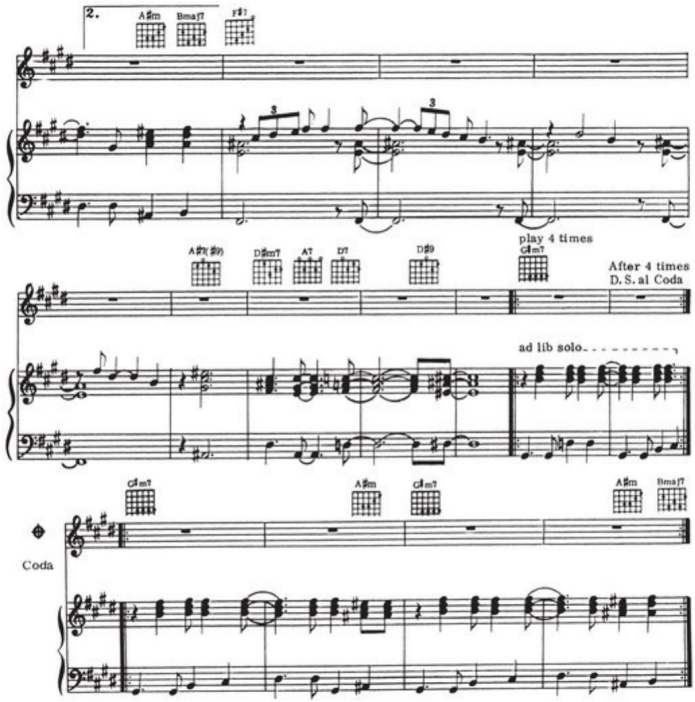

Emaj7
B
Emaj7
B
Who wrote that ti - red sea - song, set on this peace - ful shore.
Emaj7
D♯9
G♯m7
A13
G♯m7
You think you've heard this one be - fore. Well, the
C♯m7
G♯m9
dan - ger on the rocks is sure - ly past.
C♯m7
D♯m7
Still I re - main tied to the mast. Could it


C♯m7
Bmaj7
be that I have found my home at last?
Home at last.
Emaj7
To Coda
G♯m7
A♯m
G♯m7
A♯m
Bmaj7
G♯m7
A♯m
G♯m7
1.
A♯m
Bmaj7

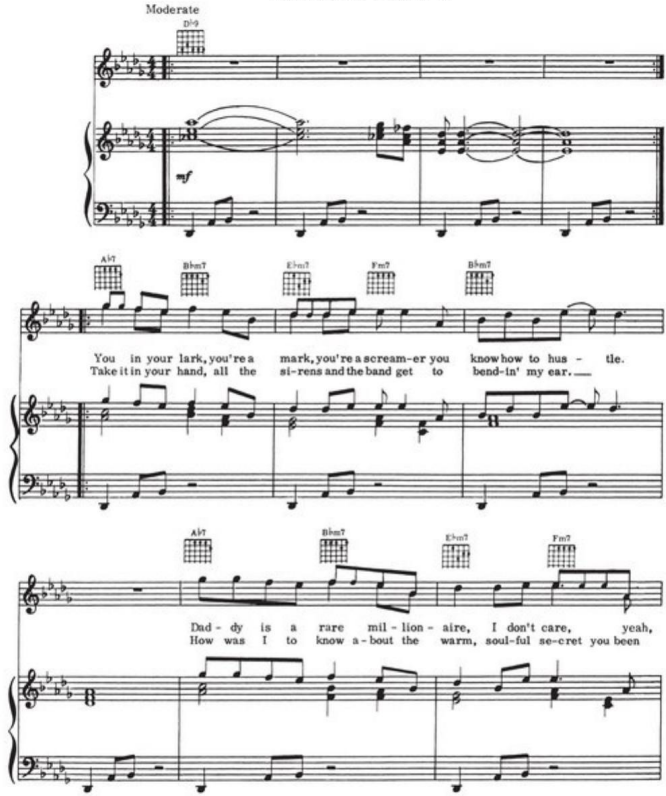


2. She serves the smooth retsina,
She keeps me safe and warm.
It's just the calm before the storm.
Call in my reservation,
So long, hey thanks my friend,
I guess I'll try my luck again.

3. Instrumental

I GOT THE NEWS

Words and Music by WALTER BECKER and DONALD FAGEN


Moderate
D♭9
mf
A♭7
B♭m7
E♭m7
Fm7
B♭m7
You in your lark, you're a mark, you're a scream-er you know how to hus - tle.
Take it in your hand, all the si-rens and the band get to bend-in' my ear.
A♭7
B♭m7
E♭m7
Fm7
Dad - dy is a rare mil - lion - aire, I don't care, yeah,
How was I to know a - bout the warm, soul-ful se-cret you been

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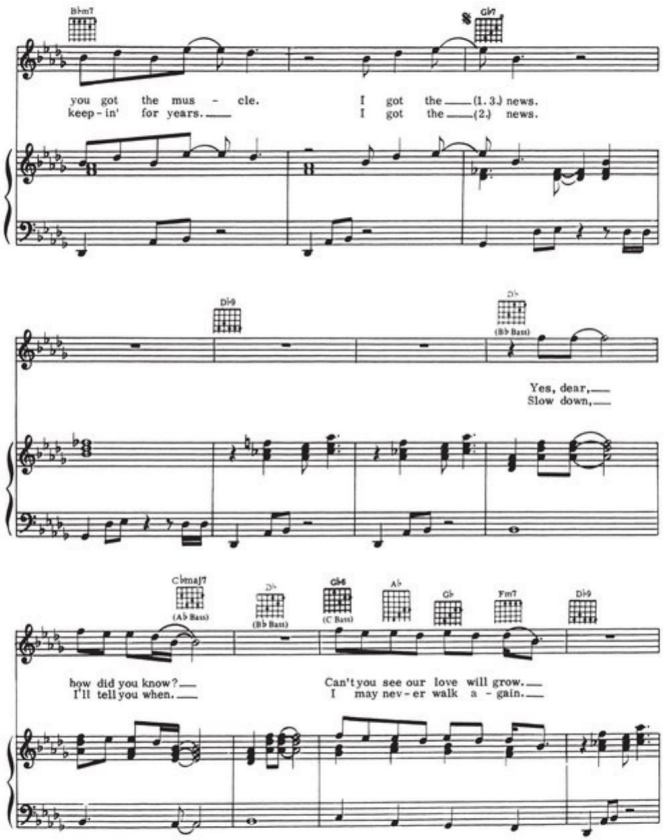
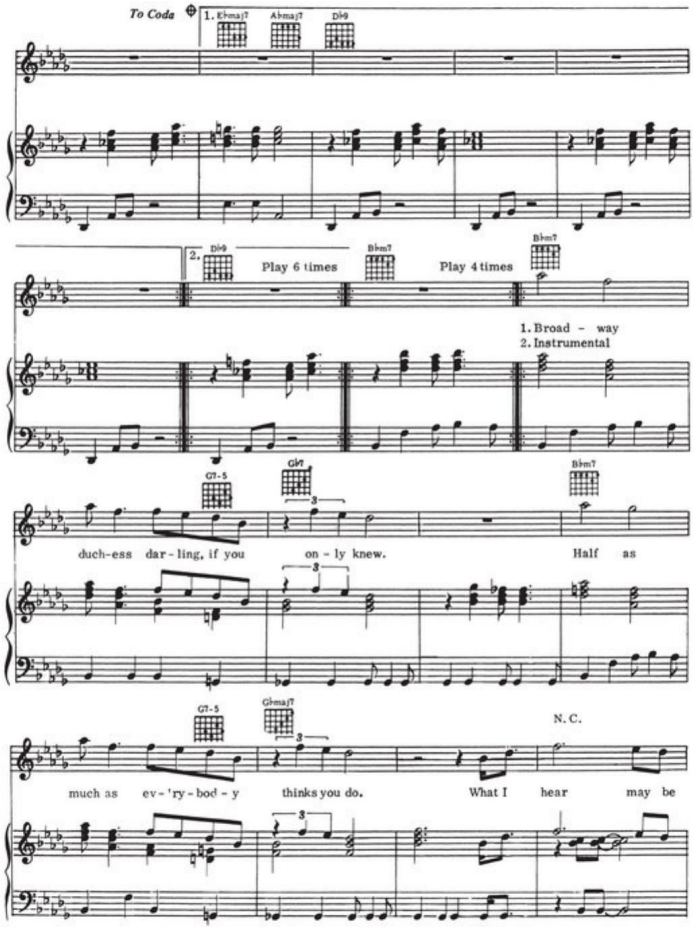
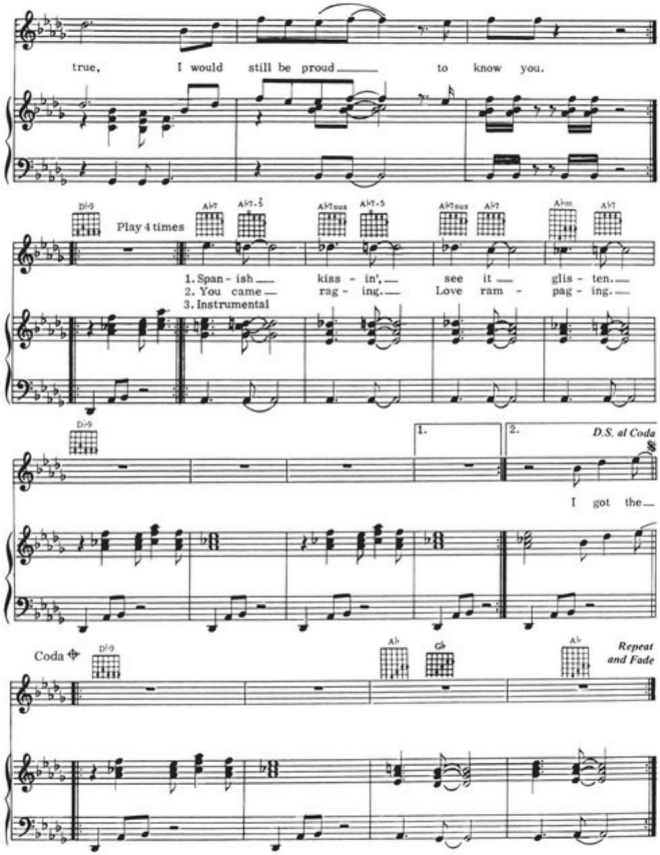
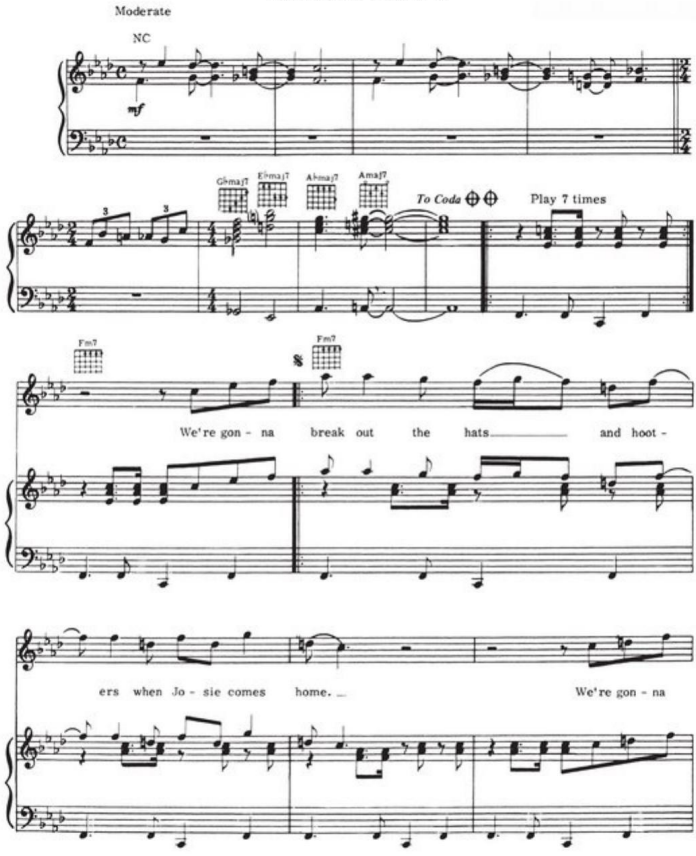

B♭m7
G♭7
you got the mus - cle.
keep - in' for years.
I got the (1. 3.) news.
I got the (2.) news.
D♭9
D♭
(B♭ Bass)
Yes, dear,
Slow down,
C♭maj7
(A♭ Bass)
D♭
(B♭ Bass)
G♭6
(C Bass)
A♭
G♭
Fm7
D♭9
how did you know?
I'll tell you when.
Can't you see our love will grow.
I may nev - er walk a - gain.


To Coda
1. E♭maj7
A♭maj7
D♭9
2.
D♭9
Play 6 times
B♭m7
Play 4 times
B♭m7
1. Broad - way
2. Instrumental
G7-5
Gm7
B♭m7
duch-ess dar-ling, if you on-ly knew. Half as
G7-5
Gmaj7
N.C.
much as ev-'ry-bod-y thinks you do. What I hear may be


true, I would still be proud to know you.
Play 4 times
1. Span - ish kiss - in', see it glis - ten.
2. You came rag - ing. Love ram - pag - ing.
3. Instrumental
1.
2.
D.S. al Coda
I got the
Coda
Repeat and Fade

JOSIE

Words and Music by WALTER BECKER
and DONALD FAGEN



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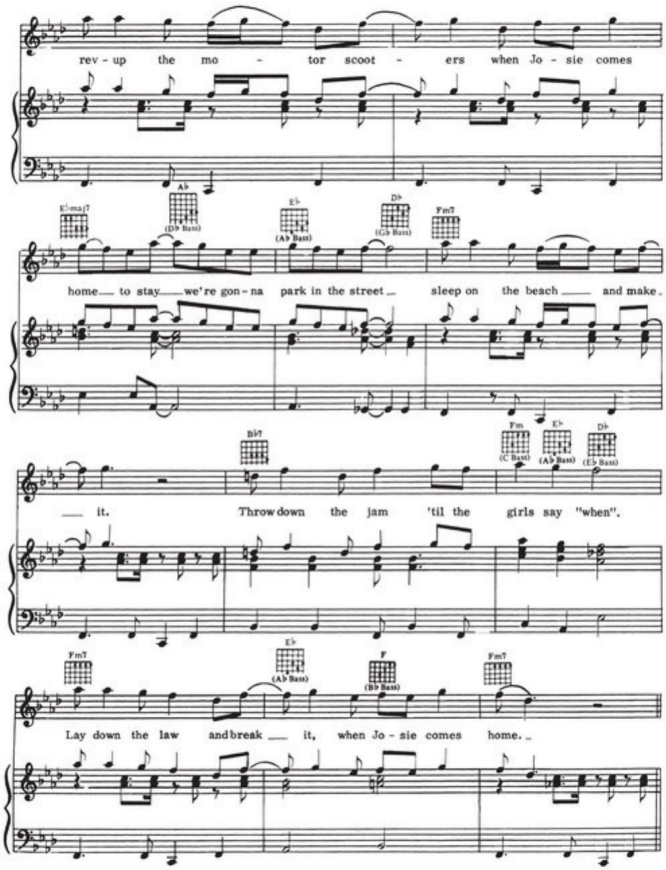
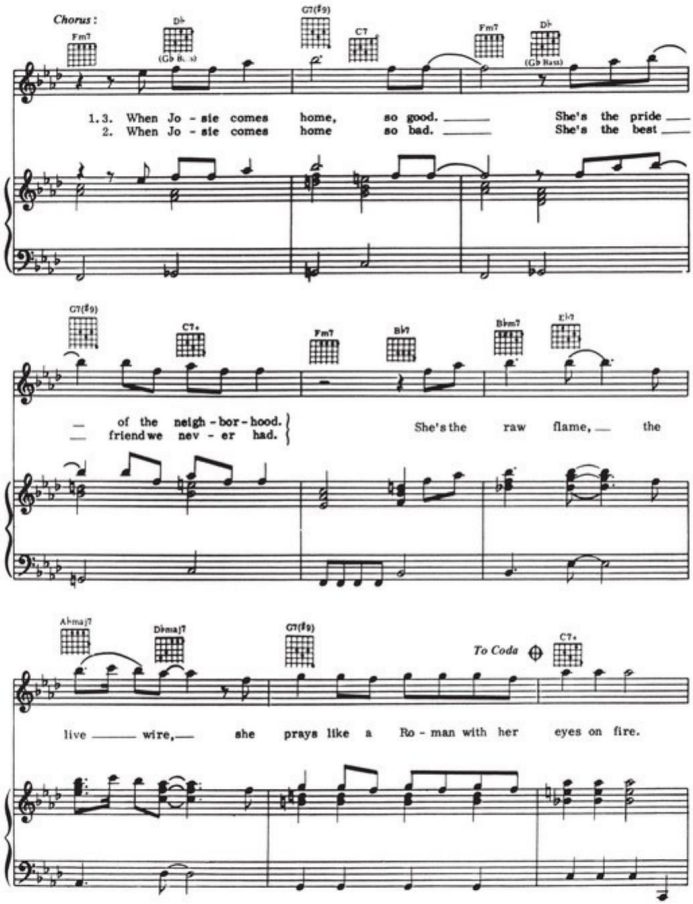
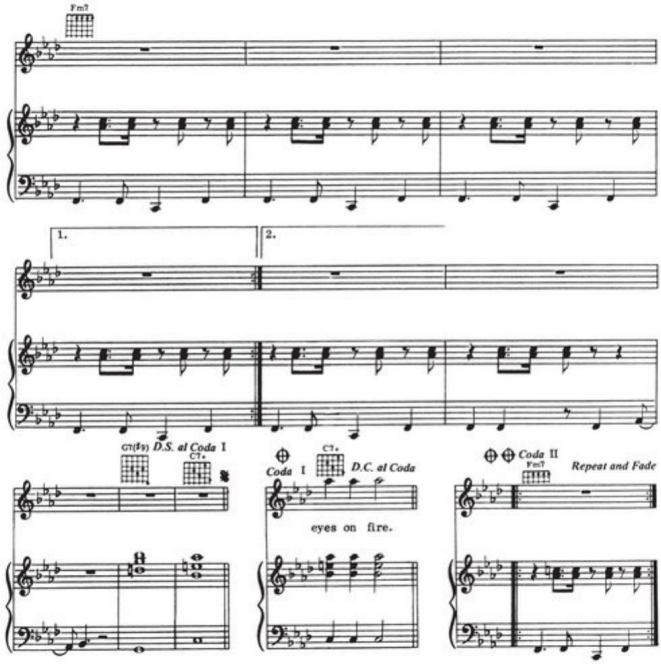
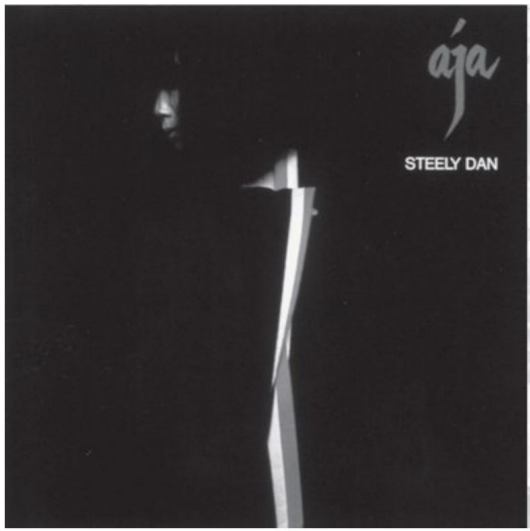

rev - up the mo - tor scoot - ers when Jo - sie comes
home to stay we're gon - na park in the street sleep on the beach and make
it. Throw down the jam 'til the girls say "when".
Lay down the law and break it, when Jo - sie comes home.


Chorus :
Fm7
D♭
(G♭ Bass)
G7(♯9)
C7
Fm7
D♭
(G♭ Bass)
1. 3. When Jo - sie comes home, so good. She's the pride
2. When Jo - sie comes home so bad. She's the best
G7(♯9)
C7♦
Fm7
B♭7
B♭m7
E♭7
of the neigh - bor - hood.
friend we nev - er had.
She's the raw flame, the
A♭maj7
D♭maj7
G7(♯9)
To Coda
C7♦
live wire, she prays like a Ro - man with her eyes on fire.



2. Jo, would you love to scrapple ?
She'll never say no.
Shine up the battle apple.
We'll shake 'em all down tonight,
We're gonna mix in the street
Strike at the stroke of midnight
Dance on the bones 'till the girls say "when".
Pick up what's left by daylight
When Josie comes home.

3. Instrumental


aja
STEELY DAN

Gaucho

BABYLON SISTERS

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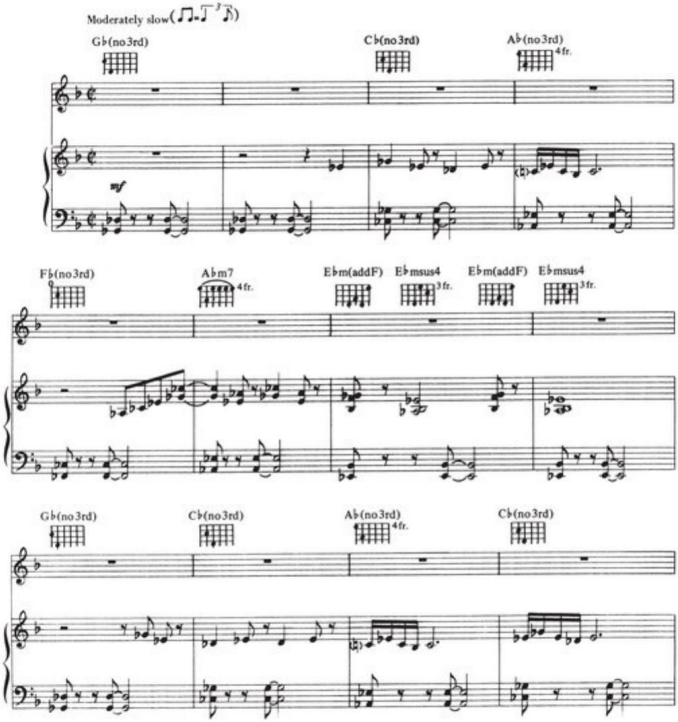
and DONALD FAGEN



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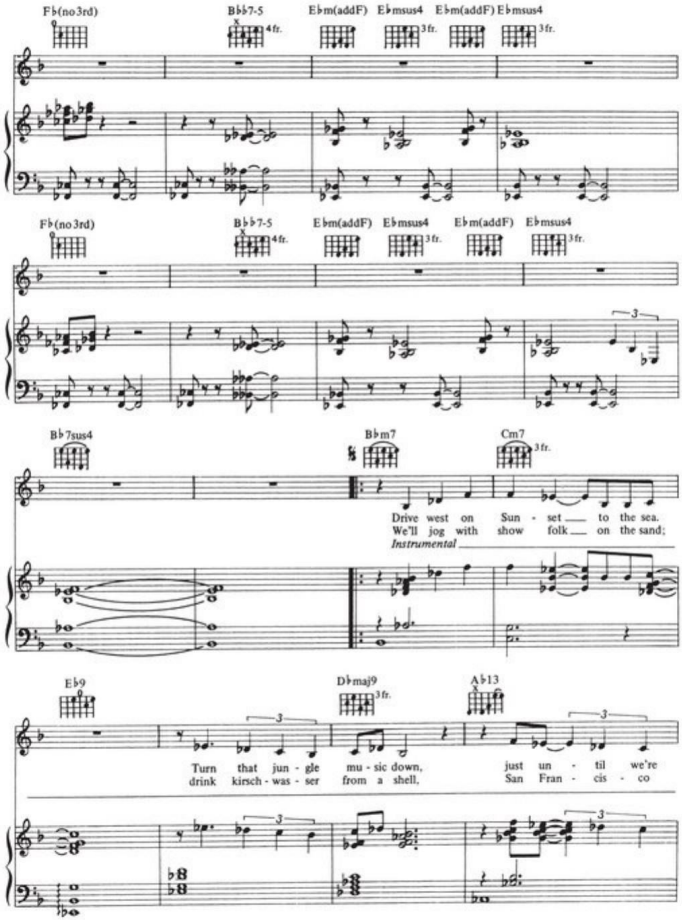
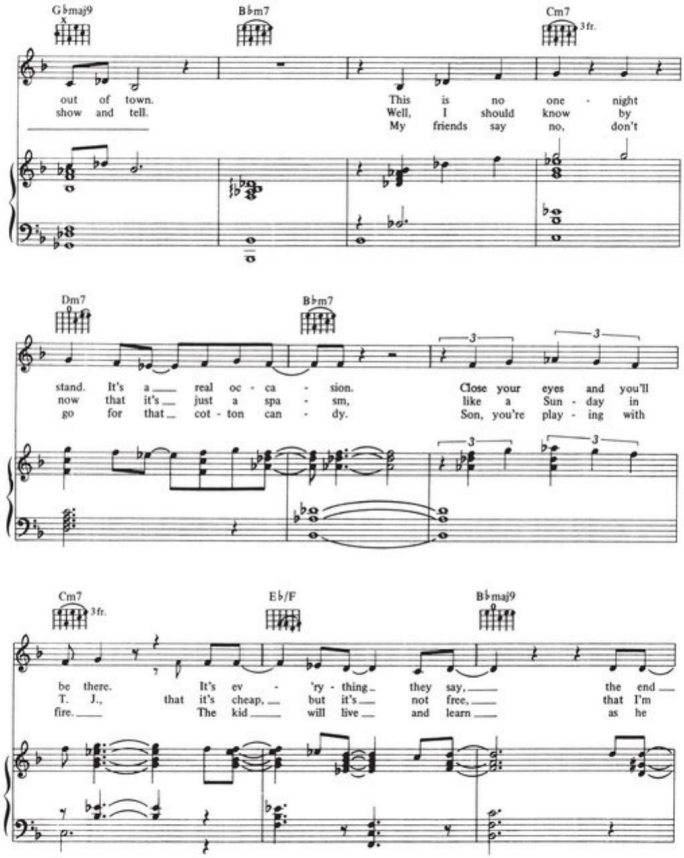
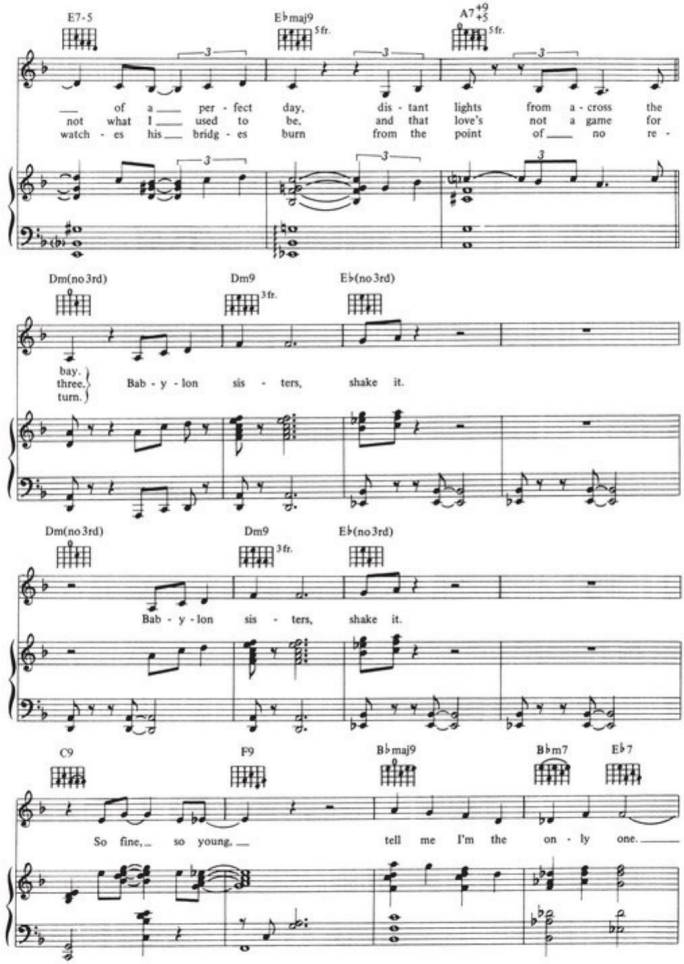
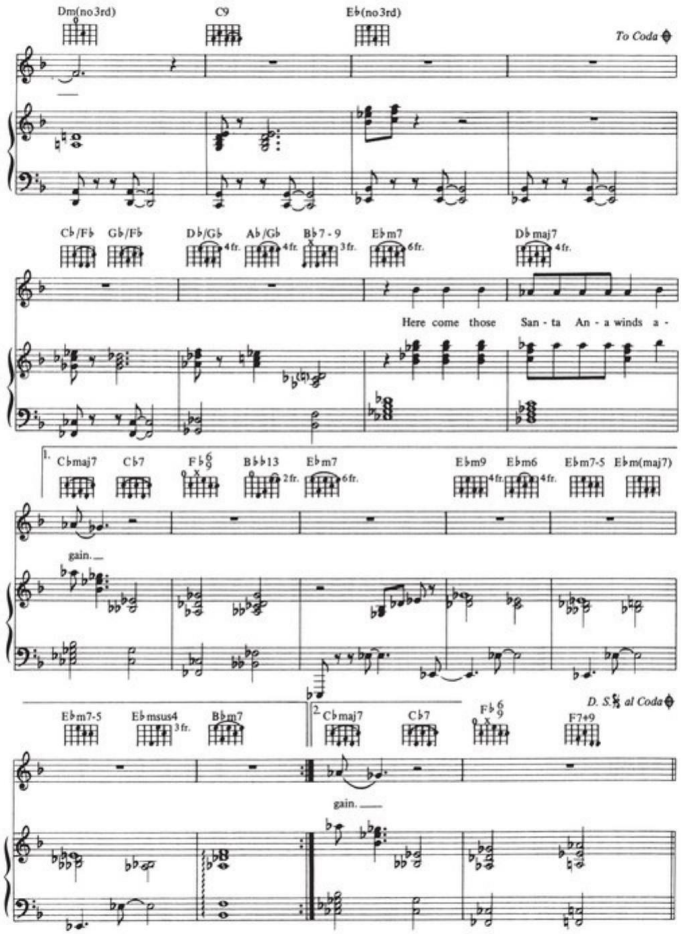
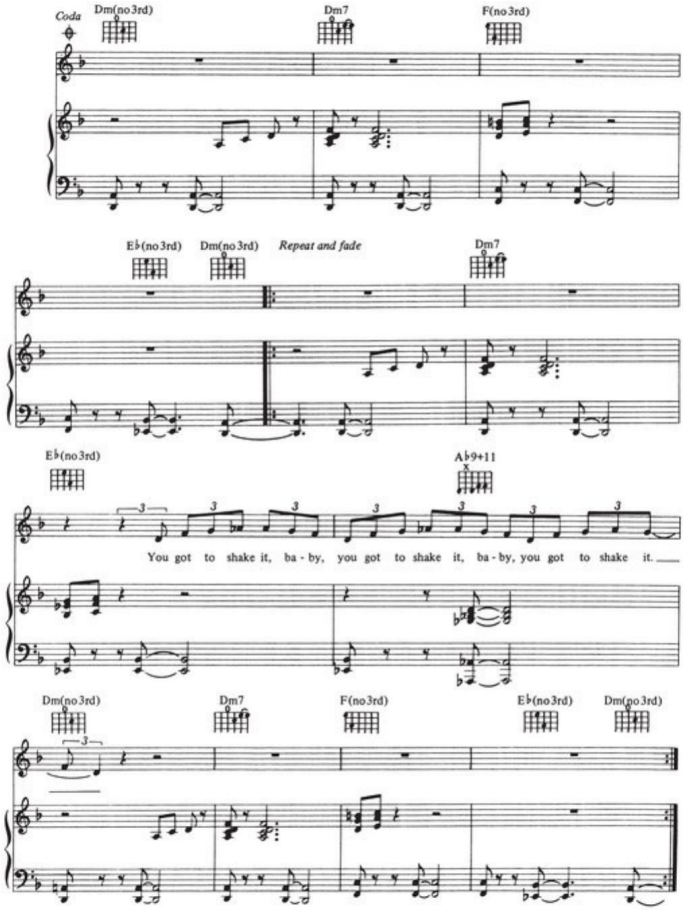

F♭(no3rd)
B♭♭7-5
4fr.
E♭m(addF)
E♭msus4
3fr.
E♭m(addF)
E♭msus4
3fr.
F♭(no3rd)
B♭♭7-5
4fr.
E♭m(addF)
E♭msus4
3fr.
E♭m(addF)
E♭msus4
3fr.
3
B♭7sus4
B♭m7
Cm7
3fr.
Drive west on Sun - set to the sea.
We'll jog with show folk on the sand;
Instrumental
E♭9
3
D♭maj9
3fr.
A♭13
3
Turn that jun - gle mu - sic down, just un - til we're
drink kirsch - was - ser from a shell, San Fran - cis - co
3
3


G♭maj9
B♭m7
Cm7
3fr.
out of town.
show and tell.
This is no one - night
Well, I should know by
My friends say no, don't
Dm7
B♭m7
stand. It's a real oc - ca - sion.
now that it's just a spa - sm,
go for that cot - ton can - dy.
Close your eyes and you'll
like a Sun - day in
Son, you're play - ing with
3
3
3
3
Cm7
3fr.
E♭/F
B♭maj9
be there. It's ev - 'ry - thing they say, the end
T. J., that it's cheap, but it's not free, that I'm
fire. The kid will live and learn as he

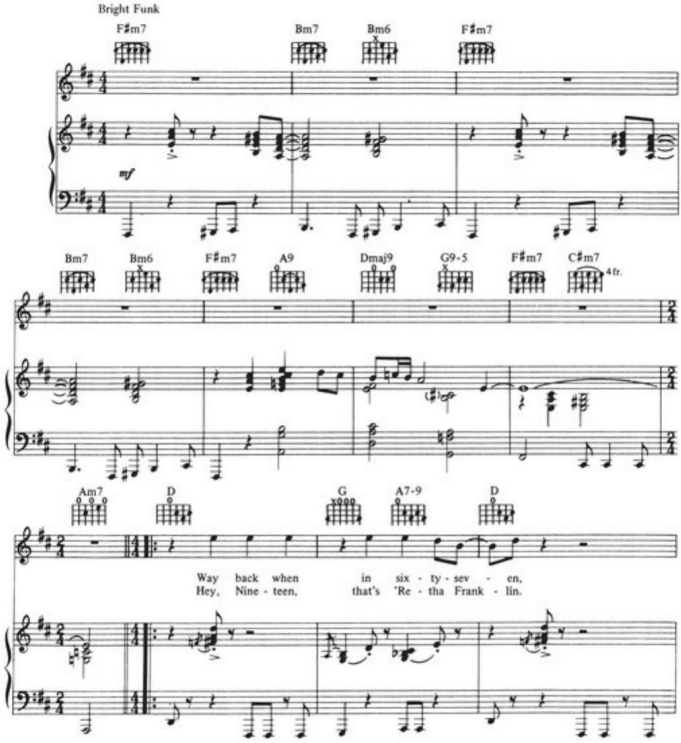

E7-5
E♭maj9
5fr.
A7+9 +5
5fr.
of a per - fect day, dis - tant lights from a - cross the
not what I used to be, and that love's not a game for
watch - es his bridg - es burn from the point of no re -
Dm(no 3rd)
Dm9
3fr.
E♭(no 3rd)
bay.
three.
turn.
Bab - y - lon sis - ters, shake it.
Dm(no 3rd)
Dm9
3fr.
E♭(no 3rd)
Bab - y - lon sis - ters, shake it.
C9
F9
B♭maj9
B♭m7
E♭7
So fine, so young, tell me I'm the on - ly one.


Dm(no3rd)
C9
E♭(no3rd)
To Coda
C♭/F♭
G♭/F♭
D♭/G♭
A♭/G♭
B♭7-9
E♭m7
D♭maj7
Here come those San - ta An - a winds a -
1.
C♭maj7
C♭7
F♭
B♭♭13
E♭m7
E♭m9
E♭m6
E♭m7-5
E♭m(maj7)
gain.
E♭m7-5
E♭msus4
B♭♭m7
2.
C♭maj7
C♭7
F♭
F7+9
D. S. al Coda
gain.


Coda
Dm(no 3rd)
Dm7
F(no 3rd)
E♭(no 3rd)
Dm(no 3rd)
Repeat and fade
Dm7
E♭(no 3rd)
A♭9+11
You got to shake it, ba - by, you got to shake it, ba - by, you got to shake it.
Dm(no 3rd)
Dm7
F(no 3rd)
E♭(no 3rd)
Dm(no 3rd)

HEY NINETEEN

Words and Music by WALTER BECKER
and DONALD FAGEN



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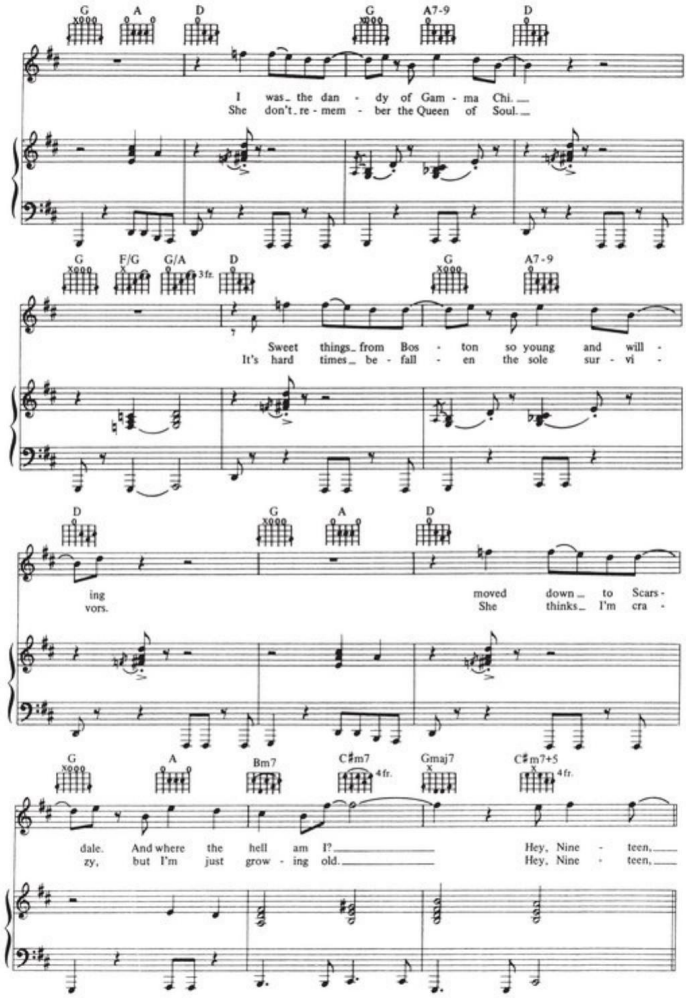
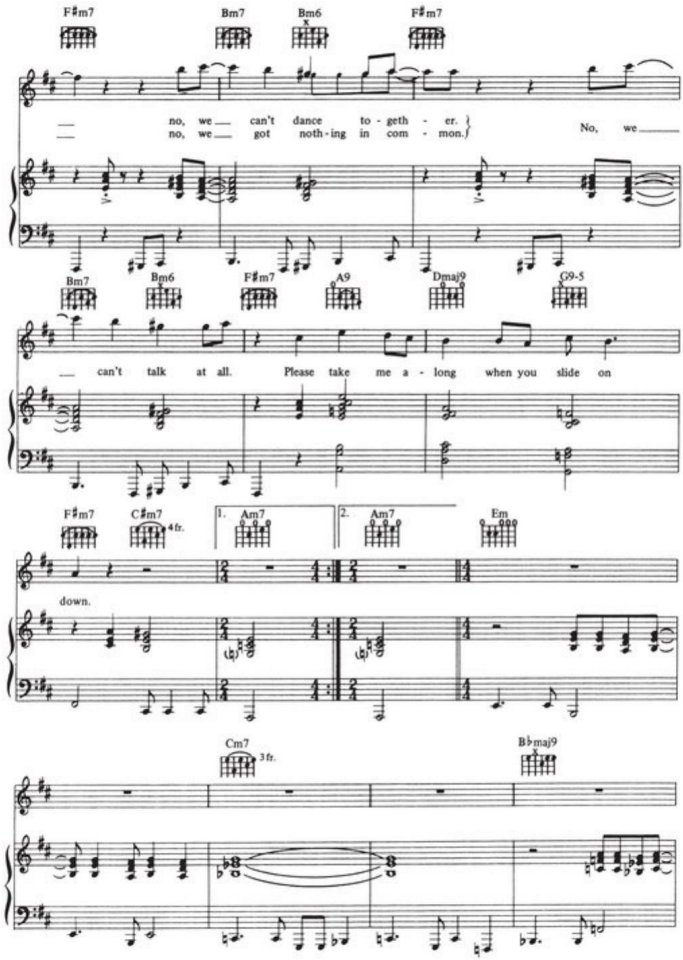
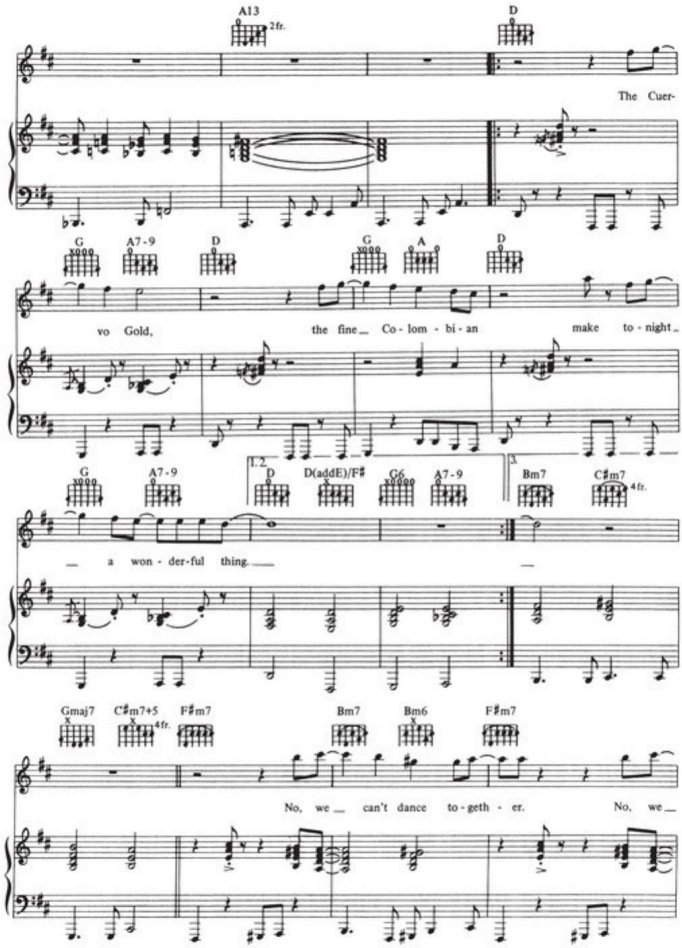
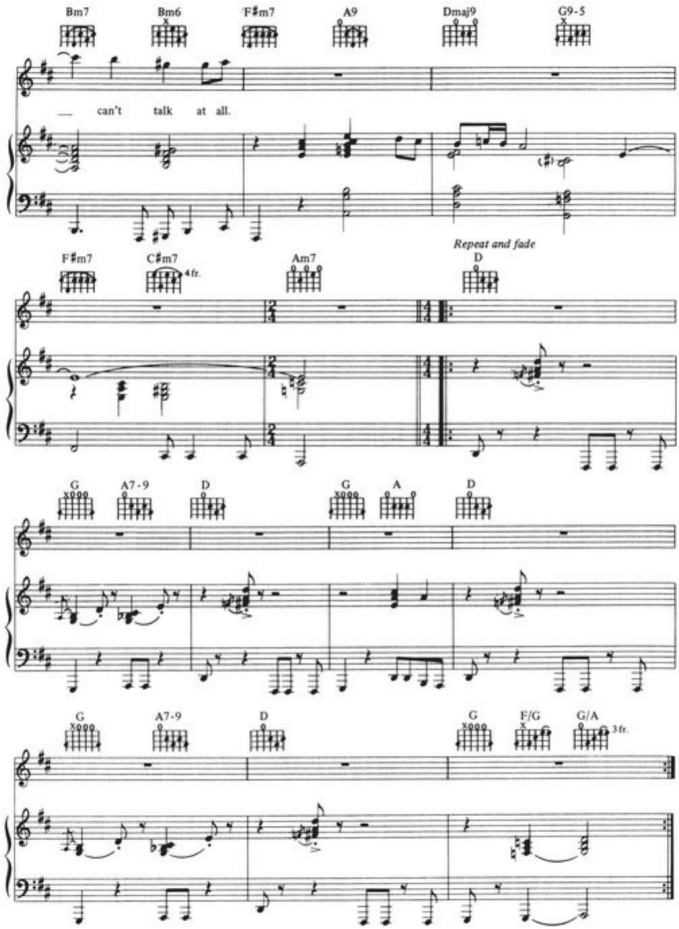

G A D G A7-9 D
I was the dan - dy of Gam - ma Chi.
She don't re - mem - ber the Queen of Soul.
G F/G G/A D G A7-9
3fr.
Sweet things from Bos - ton so young and will -
It's hard times be - fall - en the sole sur - vi -
D G A D
ing moved down to Scars -
vors. She thinks I'm cra -
G A Bm7 C♯m7 Gmaj7 C♯m7+5
4fr. 4fr.
dale. And where the hell am I? Hey, Nine - teen,
zy, but I'm just grow - ing old. Hey, Nine - teen,

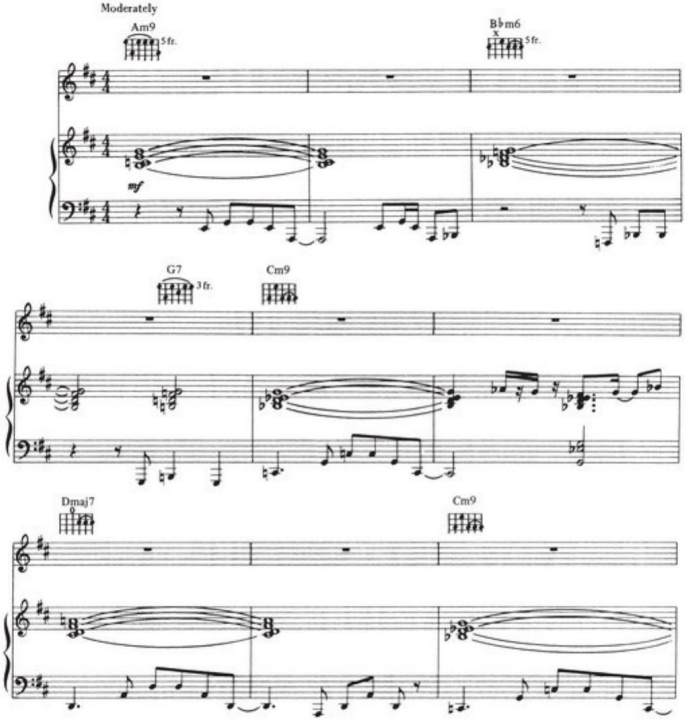

F♯m7
Bm7
Bm6
F♯m7
no, we can't dance to - geth - er.
no, we got noth - ing in com - mon.
No, we
Bm7
Bm6
F♯m7
A9
Dmaj9
G9-5
can't talk at all. Please take me a - long when you slide on
F♯m7
C♯m7
4fr.
1. Am7
2. Am7
Em
down.
Cm7
3fr.
B♭maj9


A13
2fr.
D
The Cuer-
G
A7-9
D
G
A
D
vo Gold, the fine Co-lom-bi-an make to-night
G
A7-9
1.2.
D
D(addE)/F♯
G6
A7-9
3.
Bm7
C♯m7
4fr.
a won-der-ful thing.
Gmaj7
C♯m7+5
4fr.
F♯m7
Bm7
Bm6
F♯m7
No, we can't dance to-geth-er. No, we


Bm7
Bm6
F♯m7
A9
Dmaj9
G9-5
— can't talk at all.
Repeat and fade
F♯m7
C♯m7 4fr.
Am7
D
G
A7-9
D
G
A
D
G
A7-9
D
G
F/G
G/A 3fr.

GLAMOUR PROFESSION

Words and Music by WALTER BECKER
and DONALD FAGEN



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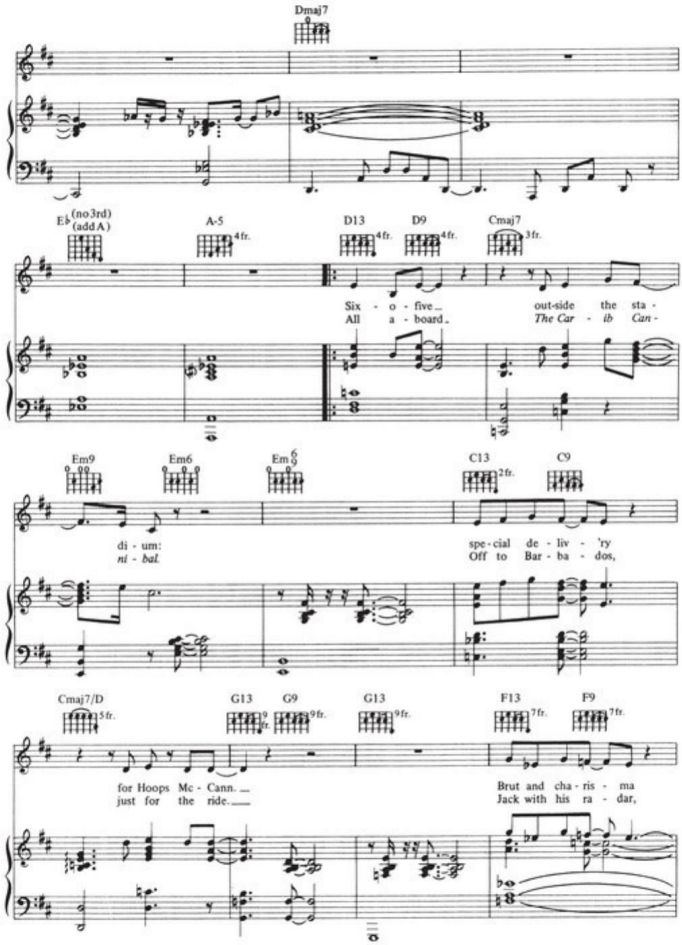
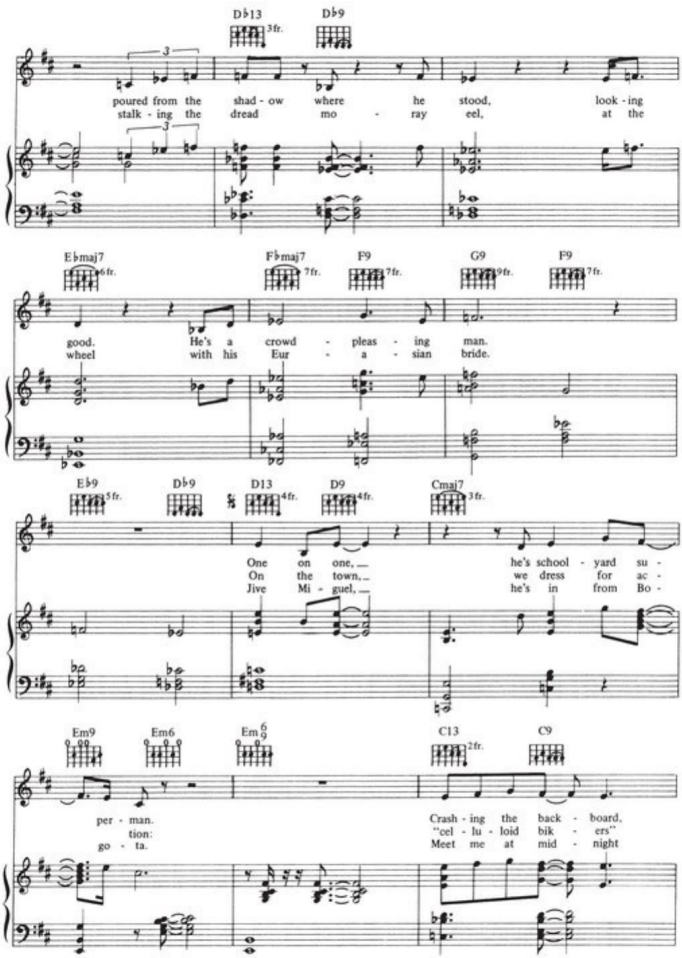
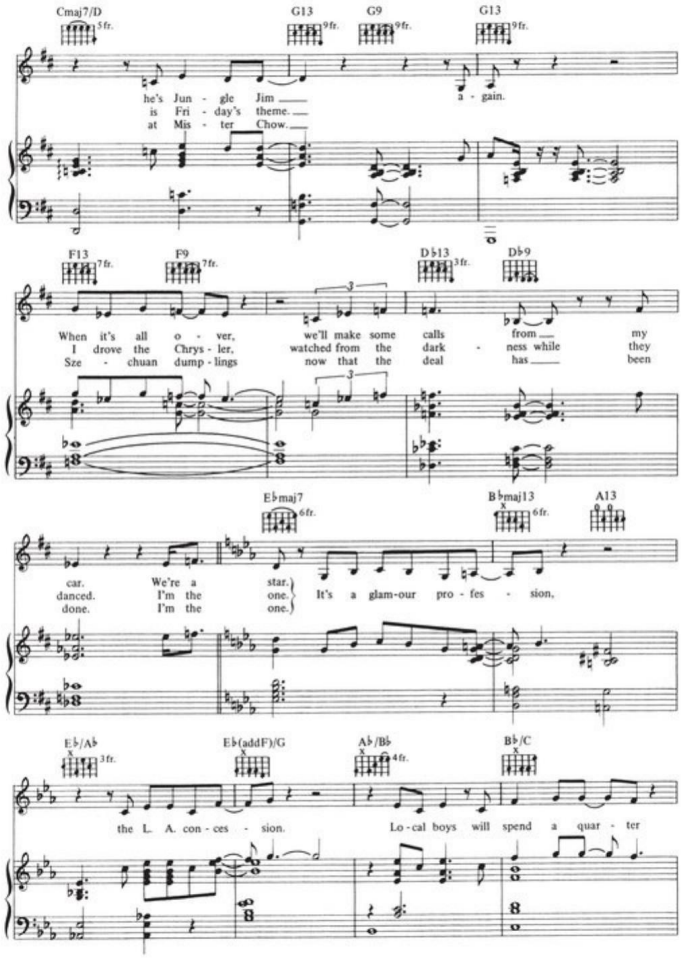
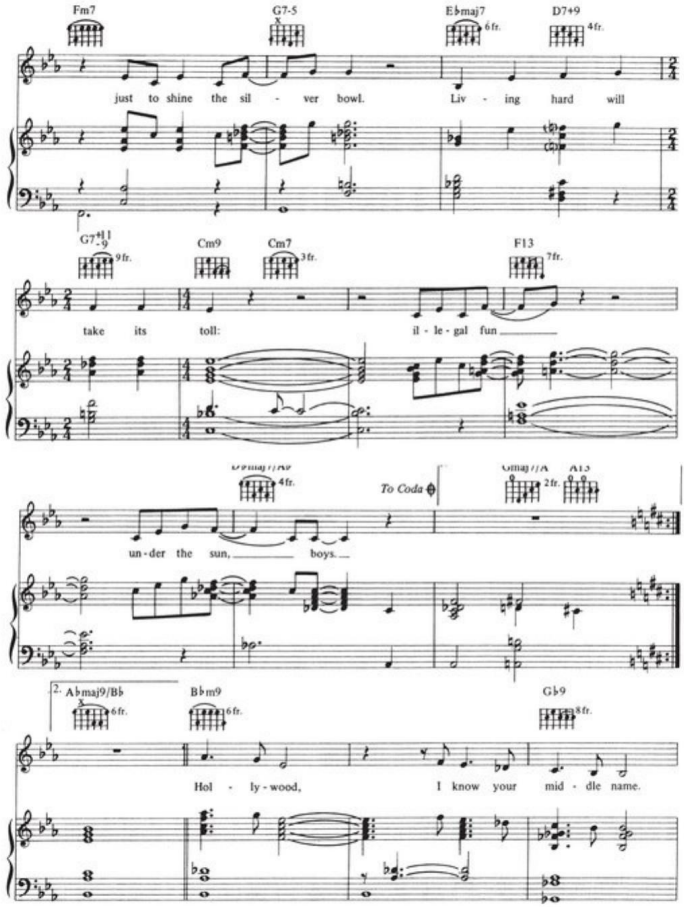
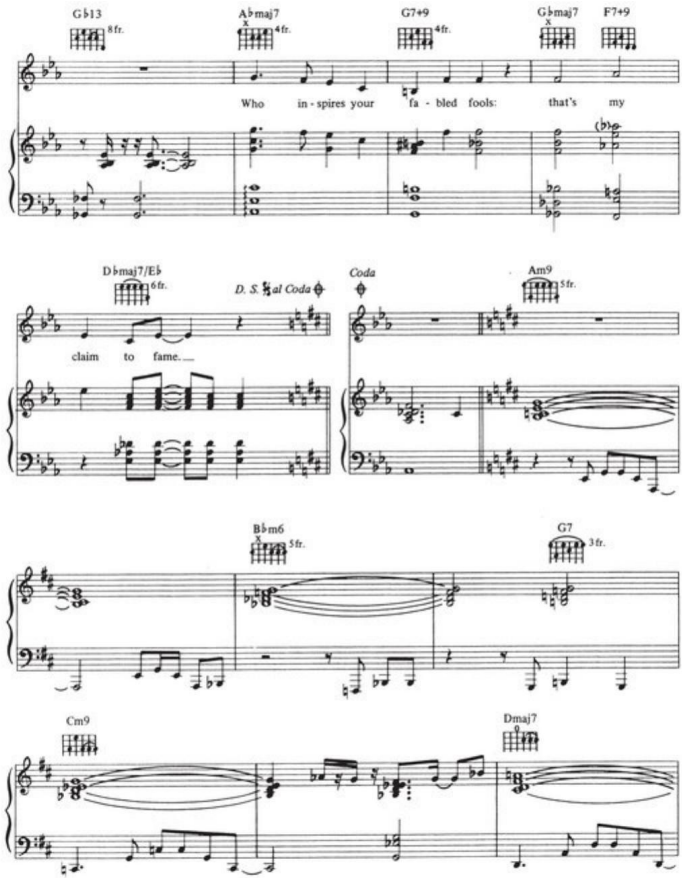
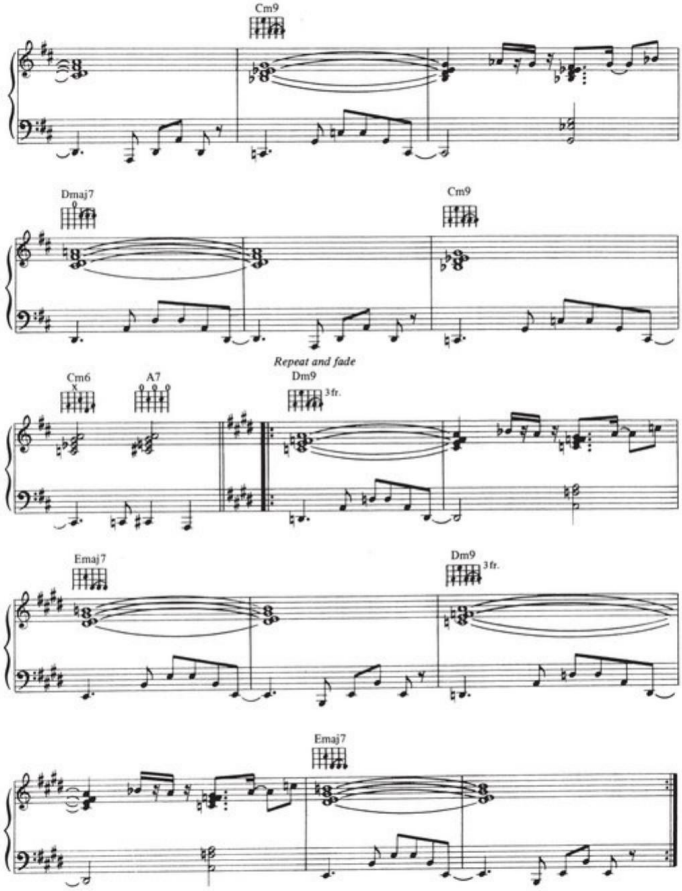

Dmaj7
E♭(no 3rd)(add A)
A-5
4fr.
D13
4fr.
D9
4fr.
Cmaj7
3fr.
Six - o - five...
All a - board.
out-side the sta -
The Car - ib Can -
Em9
Em6
Em
C13
2fr.
C9
di - um:
ni - bal.
spe - cial de - liv - 'ry
Off to Bar - ba - dos,
Cmaj7/D
5fr.
G13
G9
9fr.
G13
9fr.
F13
7fr.
F9
7fr.
for Hoops Mc - Cann.
just for the ride.
Brut and cha - ris - ma
Jack with his ra - dar,


D♭13 3fr.
D♭9
poured from the shad - ow where he stood, look - ing
stalk - ing the dread mo - ray eel, at the
E♭maj7 6fr.
F♭maj7 7fr.
F9 7fr.
G9 9fr.
F9 7fr.
good. He's a crowd - pleas - ing man.
wheel with his Eur - a - sian bride.
E♭9 5fr.
D♭9
D13 4fr.
D9 4fr.
Cmaj7 3fr.
One on one, — he's school - yard su -
On the town, — we dress for ac -
Jive Mi - guel, — he's in from Bo -
Em9
Em6
Em6/9
C13 2fr.
C9
per - man.
tion:
go - ta.
Crash - ing the back - board,
"cel - lu - loid bik - ers"
Meet me at mid - night


Cmaj7/D
5fr.
G13
9fr.
G9
9fr.
G13
9fr.
he's Jun - gle Jim
is Fri - day's theme.
at Mis - ter Chow.
a - gain.
F13
7fr.
F9
7fr.
D♭13
3fr.
D♭9
When it's all o - ver,
I drove the Chrys - ler,
Sze - chuan dump - lings
we'll make some calls from my
watched from the dark - ness while they
now that the deal has been
E♭maj7
6fr.
B♭maj13
6fr.
A13
car.
danced.
done.
We're a star.
I'm the one.
I'm the one.
It's a glam-our pro - fes - sion,
E♭/A♭
3fr.
E♭(addF)/G
A♭/B♭
4fr.
B♭/C
the L. A. con - ces - sion.
Lo - cal boys will spend a quar - ter

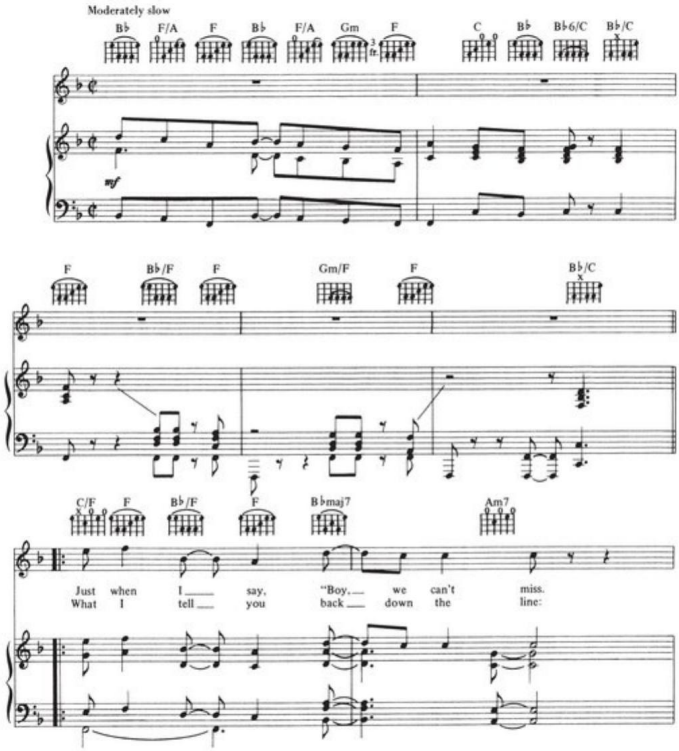

Fm7
G7-5
E♭maj7
6fr.
D7+9
4fr.
just to shine the sil - ver bowl.
Liv - ing hard will
G7♯11
9fr.
Cm9
Cm7
3fr.
F13
7fr.
take its toll:
il - le - gal fun
4fr.
To Coda
2fr.
un - der the sun,
boys.
2. A♭maj9/B♭
6fr.
B♭m9
6fr.
G♭9
8fr.
Hol - ly - wood,
I know your mid - dle name.


G♭13
8fr.
A♭maj7
4fr.
G7+9
4fr.
G♭maj7
F7+9
Who in - spires your fa - bled fools: that's my
D♭maj7/E♭
6fr.
D. S. 𝄋 al Coda
Coda
Am9
5fr.
claim to fame.
B♭m6
5fr.
G7
3fr.
Cm9
Dmaj7


Cm9
Dmaj7
Cm9
Repeat and fade
Cm6
A7
Dm9
3 fr.
Emaj7
Dm9
3 fr.
Emaj7

GAUCHO

Words and Music by WALTER BECKER,
DONALD FAGEN and KEITH JARRETT


Moderately slow
B♭ F/A F B♭ F/A Gm F C B♭ B♭6/C B♭/C
mf
F B♭/F F Gm/F F B♭/C
C/F F B♭/F F B♭maj7 Am7
Just when I say, "Boy, we can't miss.
What I tell you back down the line:

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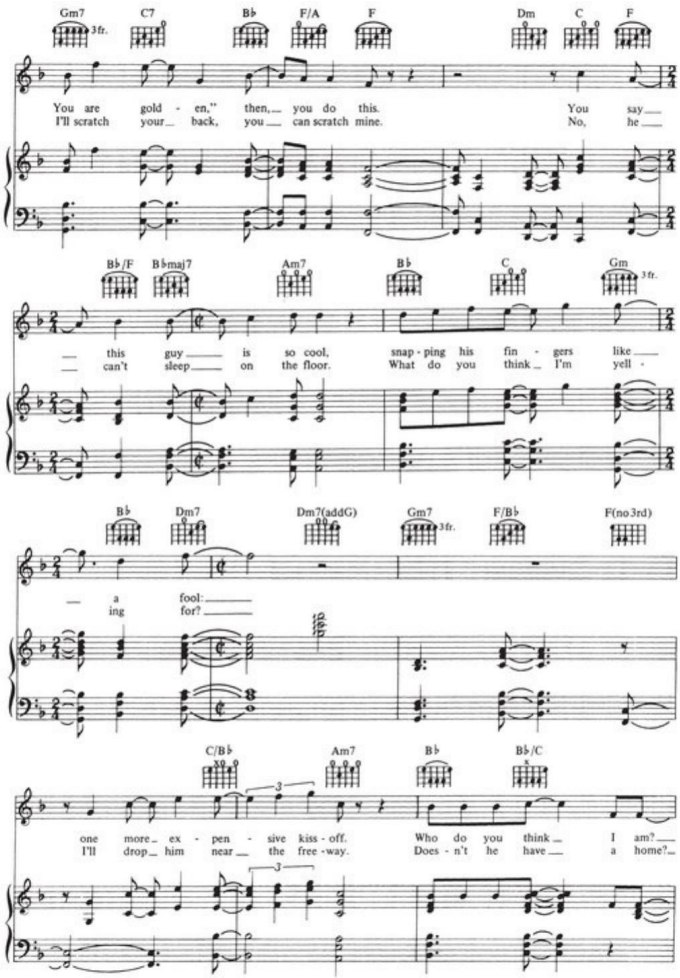
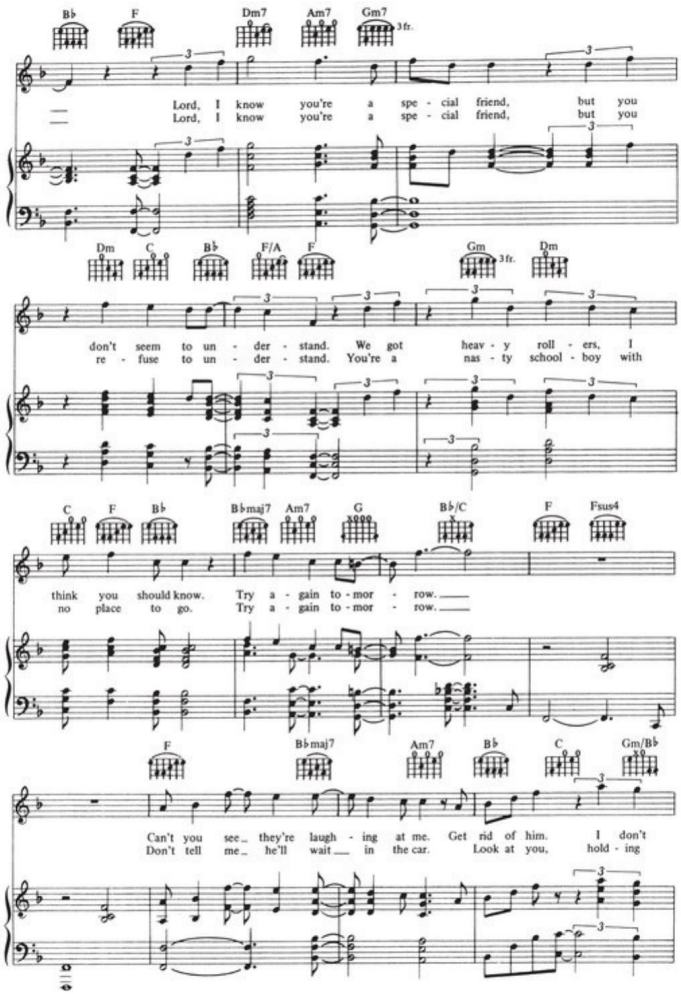
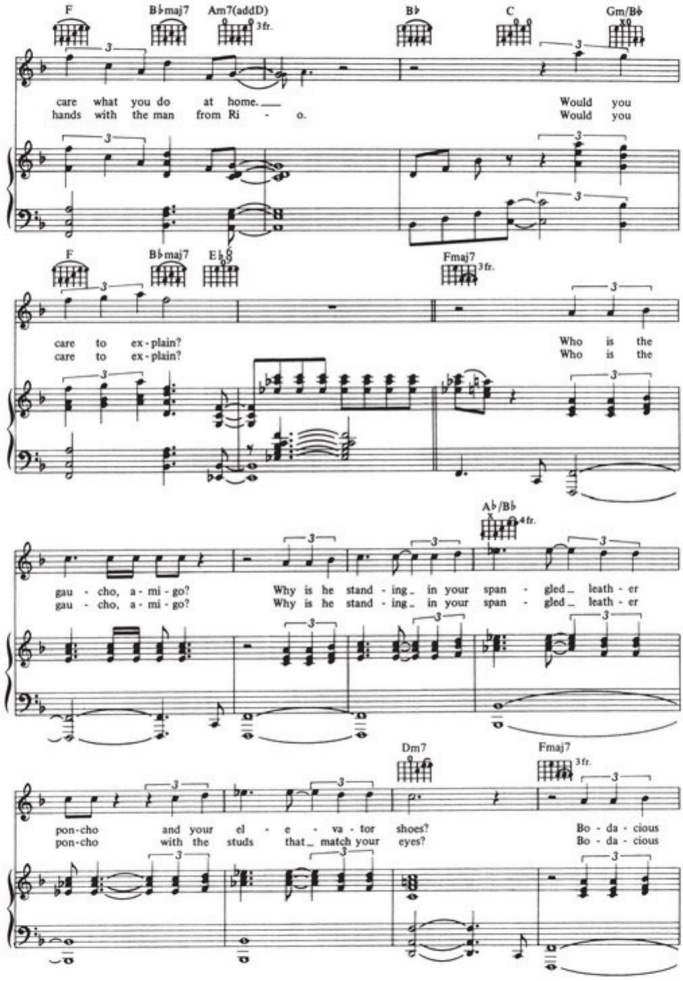
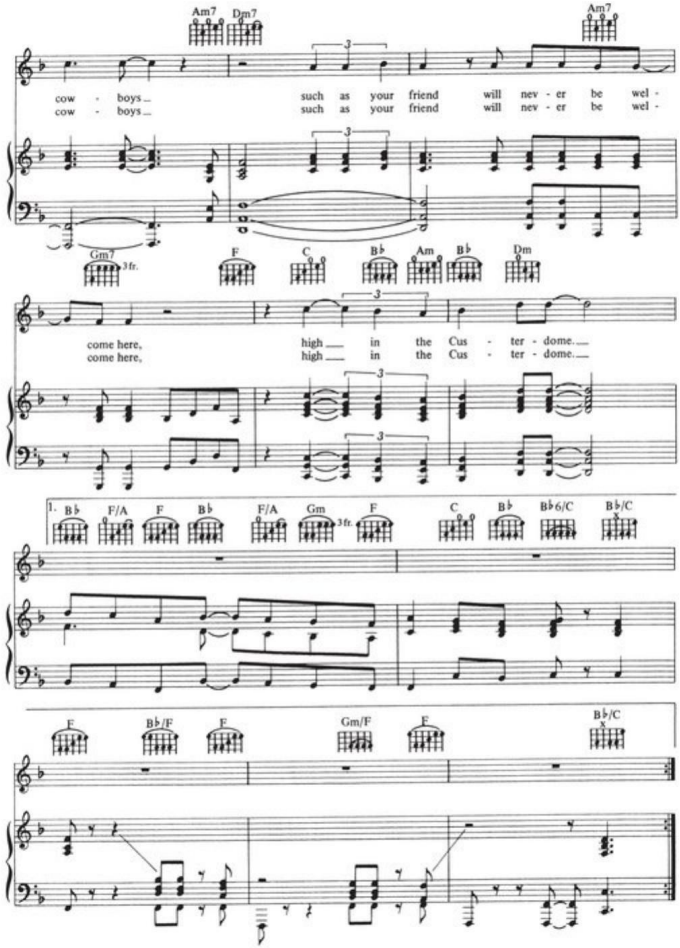
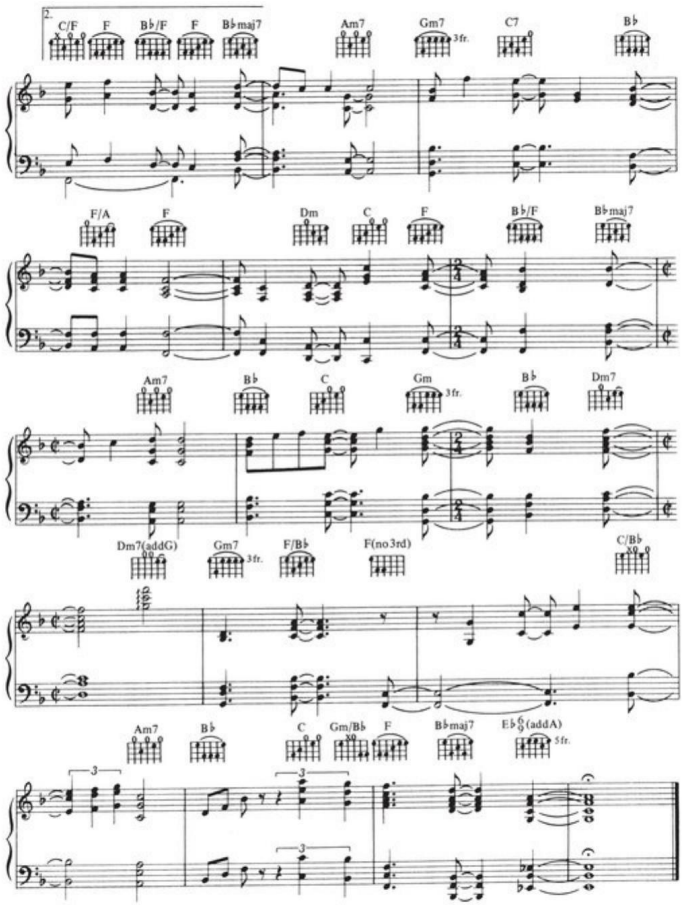

Gm7 3fr. C7 B♭ F/A F Dm C F
You are gold - en," then, you do this. You say
I'll scratch your back, you can scratch mine. No, he
B♭/F B♭maj7 Am7 B♭ C Gm 3fr.
this guy is so cool, snap - ping his fin - gers like
can't sleep on the floor. What do you think I'm yell -
B♭ Dm7 Dm7(addG) Gm7 3fr. F/B♭ F(no 3rd)
a fool:
ing for?
C/B♭ Am7 B♭ B♭/C
one more ex - pen - sive kiss - off. Who do you think I am?
I'll drop him near the free - way. Does - n't he have a home?


B♭ F Dm7 Am7 Gm7 3fr.
Lord, I know you're a spe - cial friend, but you
Lord, I know you're a spe - cial friend, but you
Dm C B♭ F/A F Gm 3fr. Dm
don't seem to un - der - stand. We got heav - y roll - ers, I
re - fuse to un - der - stand. You're a nas - ty school - boy with
C F B♭ B♭maj7 Am7 G B♭/C F Fsus4
think you should know. Try a - gain to - mor - row.
no place to go. Try a - gain to - mor - row.
F B♭maj7 Am7 B♭ C Gm/B♭
Can't you see they're laugh - ing at me. Get rid of him. I don't
Don't tell me he'll wait in the car. Look at you, hold - ing

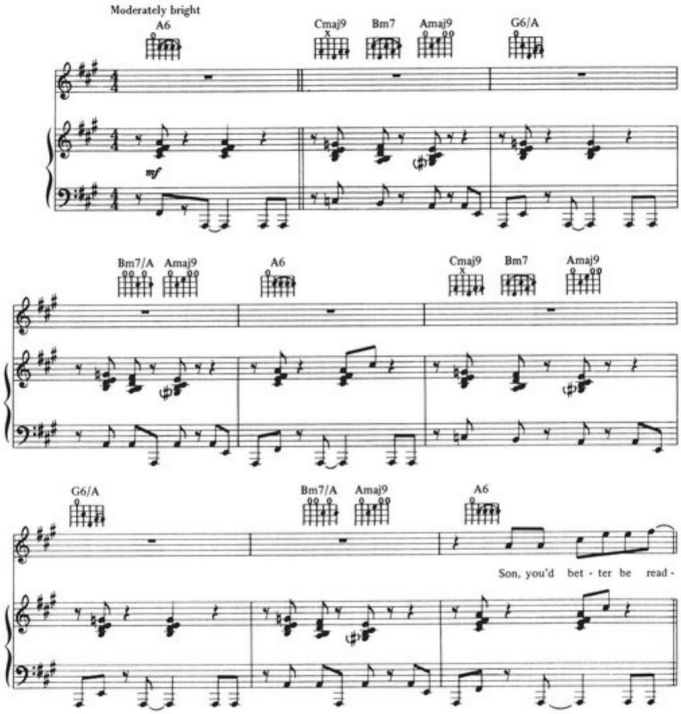

F
B♭maj7
Am7(addD)
3fr.
B♭
C
Gm/B♭
care what you do at home.
hands with the man from Ri - o.
Would you
Would you
F
B♭maj7
E♭8
Fmaj7
3fr.
care to ex-plain?
care to ex-plain?
Who is the
Who is the
A♭/B♭
4fr.
gau - cho, a-mi-go?
gau - cho, a-mi-go?
Why is he stand-ing_ in your span - gled_ leath-er
Why is he stand-ing_ in your span - gled_ leath-er
Dm7
Fmaj7
3fr.
pon-cho and your el - e - va-tor shoes?
pon-cho with the studs that_ match your eyes?
Bo - da - cious
Bo - da - cious


Am7 Dm7
Am7
cow - boys
such as your friend will nev - er be wel -
cow - boys
such as your friend will nev - er be wel -
Gm7 3fr.
F
C
B♭
Am
B♭
Dm
come here,
high in the Cus - ter - dome.
come here,
high in the Cus - ter - dome.
1.
B♭
F/A
F
B♭
F/A
Gm 3fr.
F
C
B♭
B♭6/C
B♭/C
F
B♭/F
F
Gm/F
E
B♭/C


2.
C/F
F
B♭/F
F
B♭maj7
Am7
Gm7
3fr.
C7
B♭
F/A
F
Dm
C
F
B♭/F
B♭maj7
Am7
B♭
C
Gm
3fr.
B♭
Dm7
Dm7(addG)
Gm7
3fr.
F/B♭
F(no 3rd)
C/B♭
Am7
B♭
C
Gm/B♭
F
B♭maj7
E♭(addA)
5fr.
3
3
3

TIME OUT OF MIND

Words and Music by WALTER BECKER
and DONALD FAGEN



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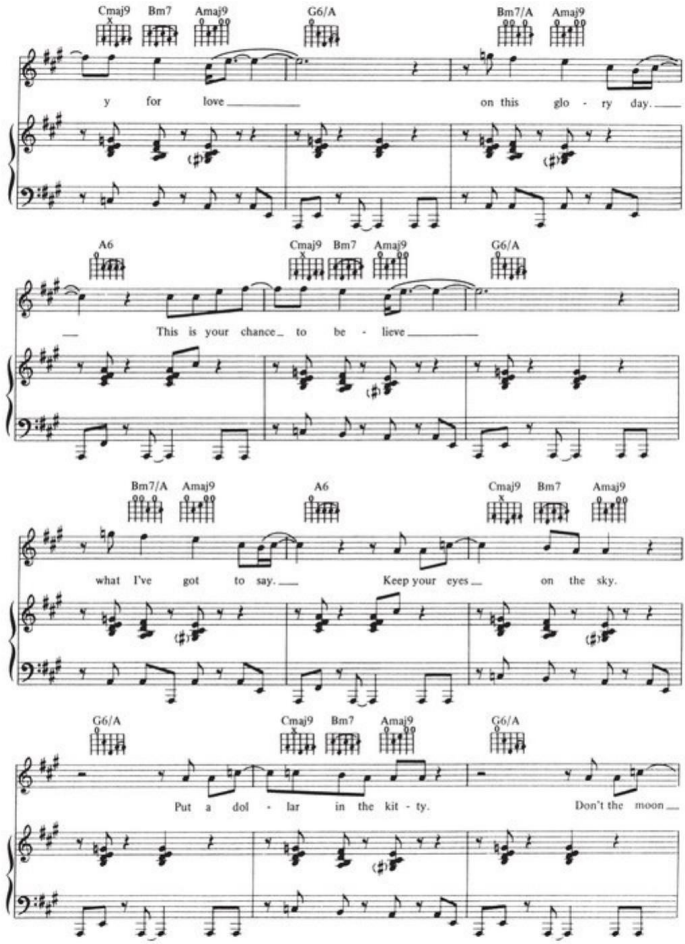
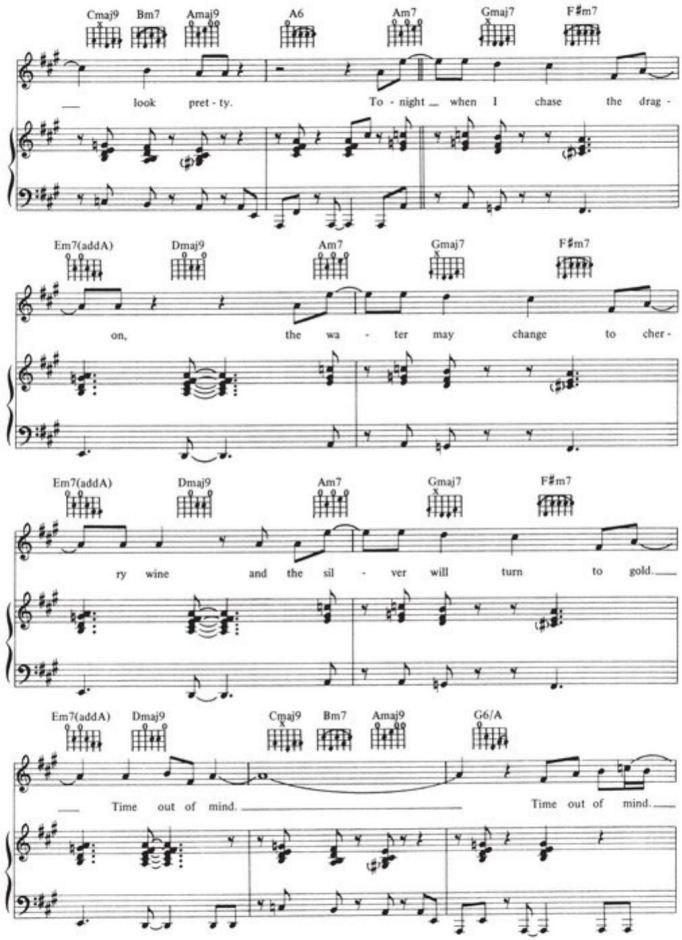
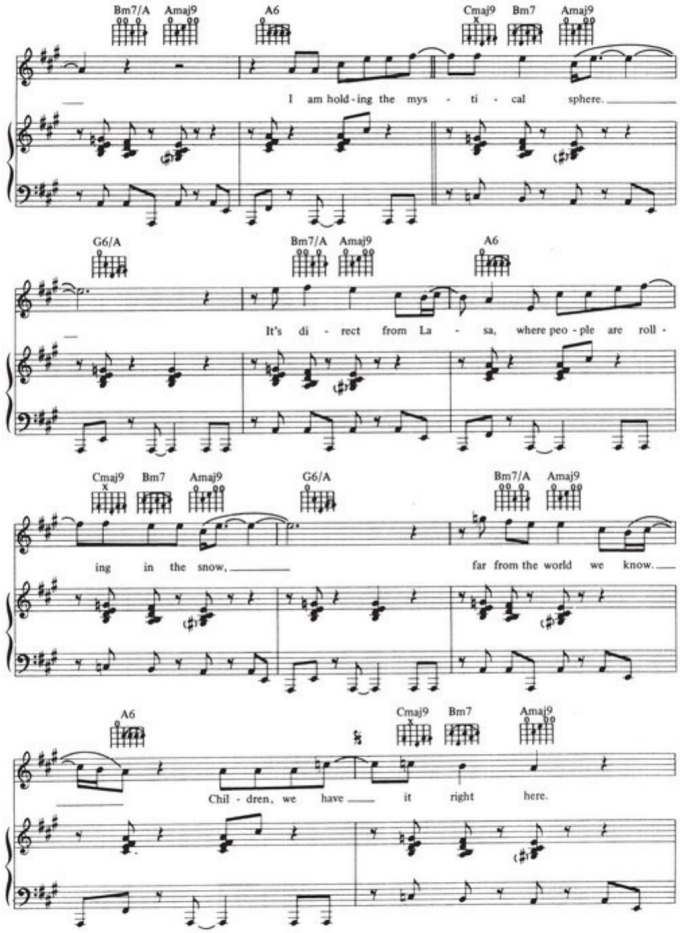
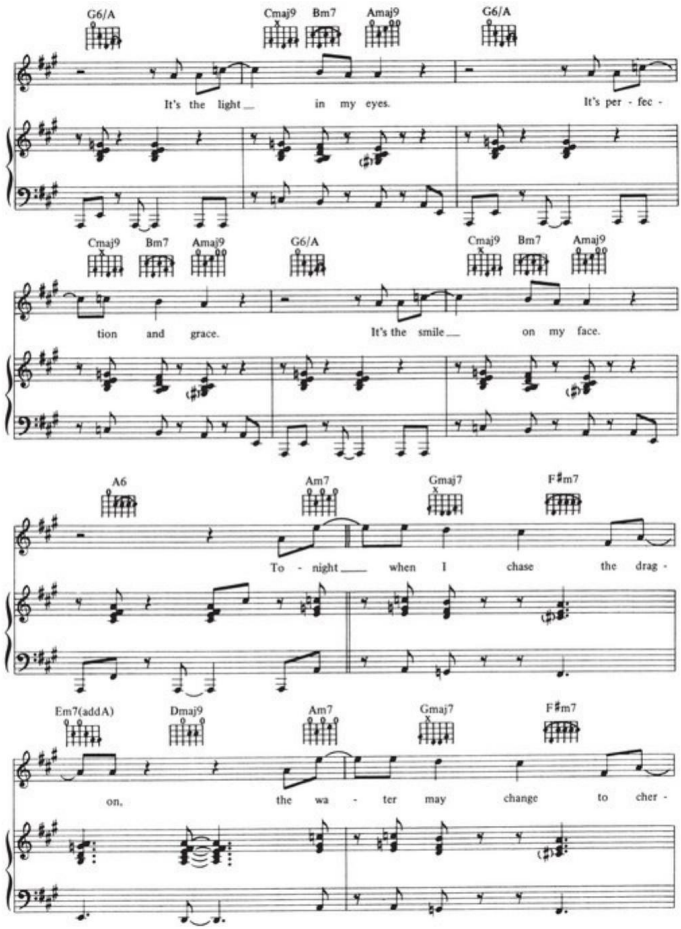
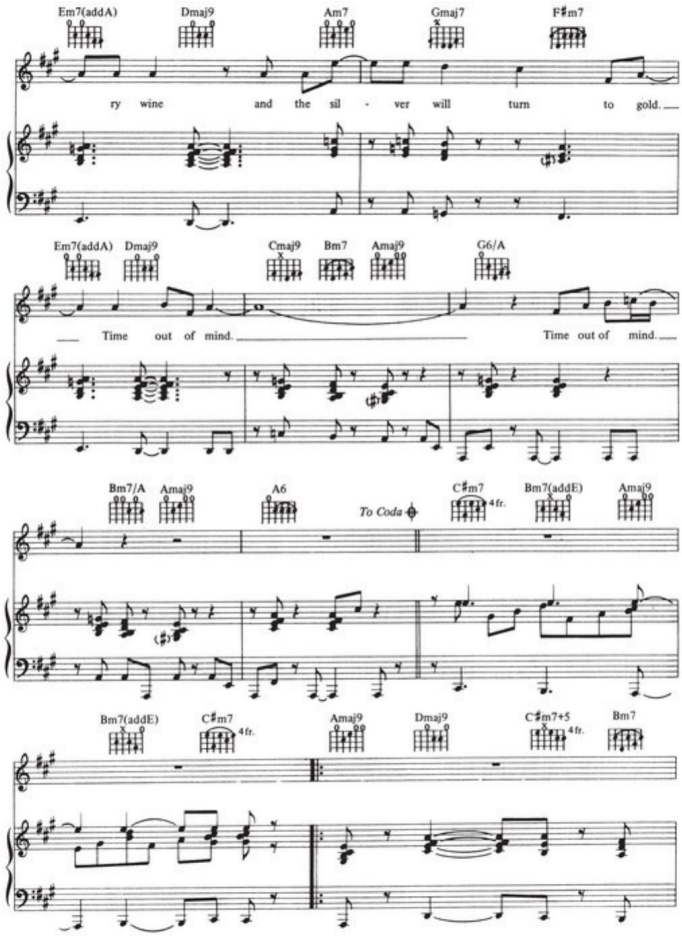
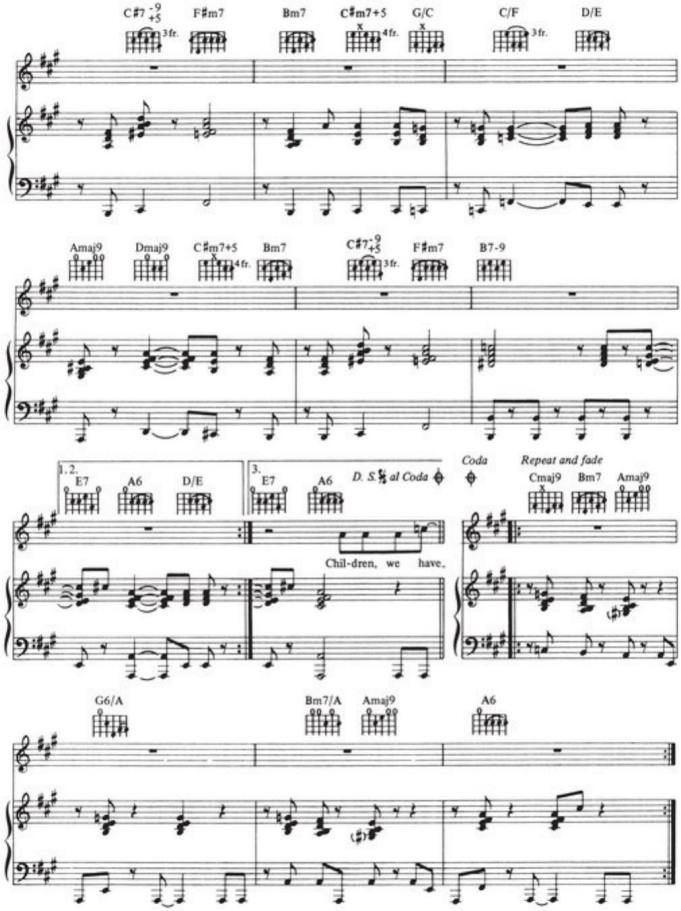

Cmaj9 Bm7 Amaj9 G6/A Bm7/A Amaj9
y for love on this glo - ry day.
A6 Cmaj9 Bm7 Amaj9 G6/A
This is your chance to be - lieve
Bm7/A Amaj9 A6 Cmaj9 Bm7 Amaj9
what I've got to say. Keep your eyes on the sky.
G6/A Cmaj9 Bm7 Amaj9 G6/A
Put a dol - lar in the kit - ty. Don't the moon


Cmaj9 Bm7 Amaj9 A6 Am7 Gmaj7 F♯m7
look pret - ty. To - night when I chase the drag -
Em7(addA) Dmaj9 Am7 Gmaj7 F♯m7
on, the wa - ter may change to cher -
Em7(addA) Dmaj9 Am7 Gmaj7 F♯m7
ry wine and the sil - ver will turn to gold.
Em7(addA) Dmaj9 Cmaj9 Bm7 Amaj9 G6/A
Time out of mind. Time out of mind.


Bm7/A Amaj9 A6 Cmaj9 Bm7 Amaj9
I am hold - ing the mys - ti - cal sphere.
G6/A Bm7/A Amaj9 A6
It's di - rect from La - sa, where peo - ple are roll -
Cmaj9 Bm7 Amaj9 G6/A Bm7/A Amaj9
ing in the snow, far from the world we know.
A6 Cmaj9 Bm7 Amaj9
Chil - dren, we have it right here.

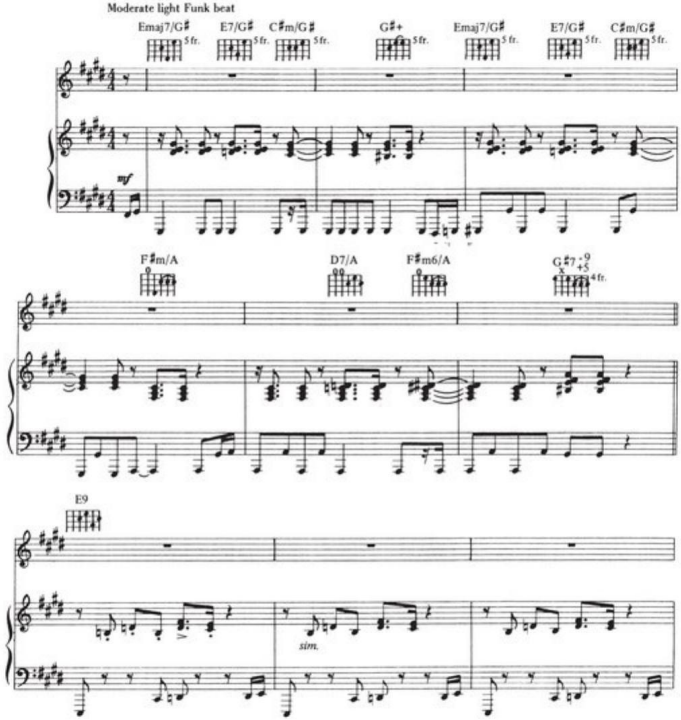

G6/A
Cmaj9
Bm7
Amaj9
G6/A
It's the light in my eyes.
It's per - fec -
Cmaj9
Bm7
Amaj9
G6/A
Cmaj9
Bm7
Amaj9
tion and grace.
It's the smile on my face.
A6
Am7
Gmaj7
F♯m7
To - night when I chase the drag -
Em7(add A)
Dmaj9
Am7
Gmaj7
F♯m7
on, the wa - ter may change to cher -


Em7(addA)
Dmaj9
Am7
Gmaj7
F♯m7
ry wine and the sil - ver will turn to gold.
Em7(addA)
Dmaj9
Cmaj9
Bm7
Amaj9
G6/A
Time out of mind.
Time out of mind.
Bm7/A
Amaj9
A6
To Coda
C♯m7
4fr.
Bm7(addE)
Amaj9
Bm7(addE)
C♯m7
4fr.
Amaj9
Dmaj9
C♯m7+5
4fr.
Bm7


C#7 -9 +5
3fr.
F#m7
Bm7
C#m7+5
4fr.
G/C
C/F
3fr.
D/E
Amaj9
Dmaj9
C#m7+5
4fr.
Bm7
C#7 -9 +5
3fr.
F#m7
B7-9
1.2.
E7
A6
D/E
3.
E7
A6
D. S. 𝄋 al Coda
Coda
Repeat and fade
Cmaj9
Bm7
Amaj9
Chil-dren, we have,
G6/A
Bm7/A
Amaj9
A6

MY RIVAL

Words and Music by WALTER BECKER
and DONALD FAGEN



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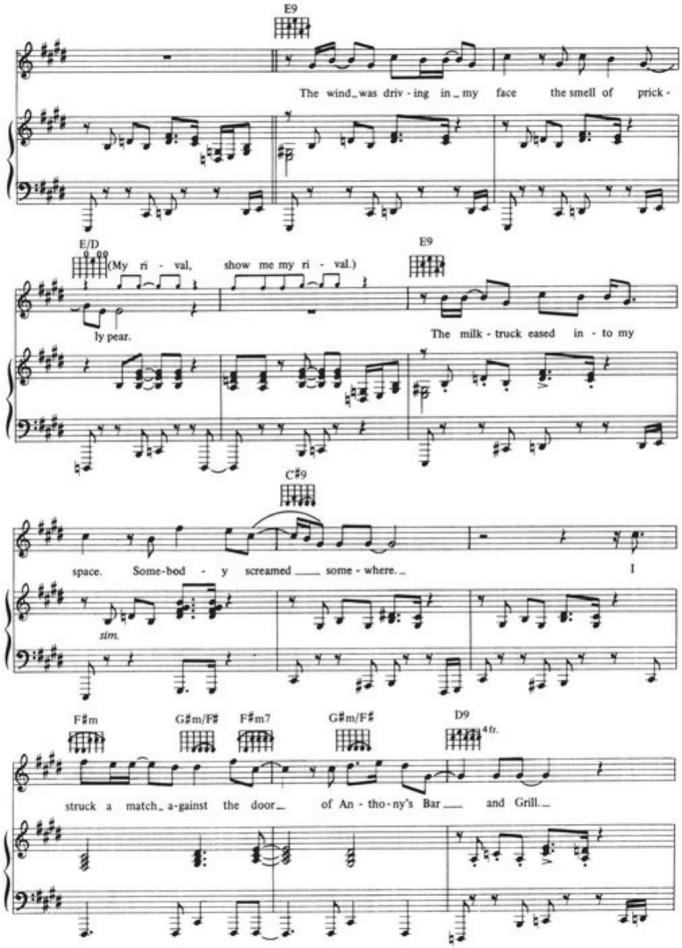
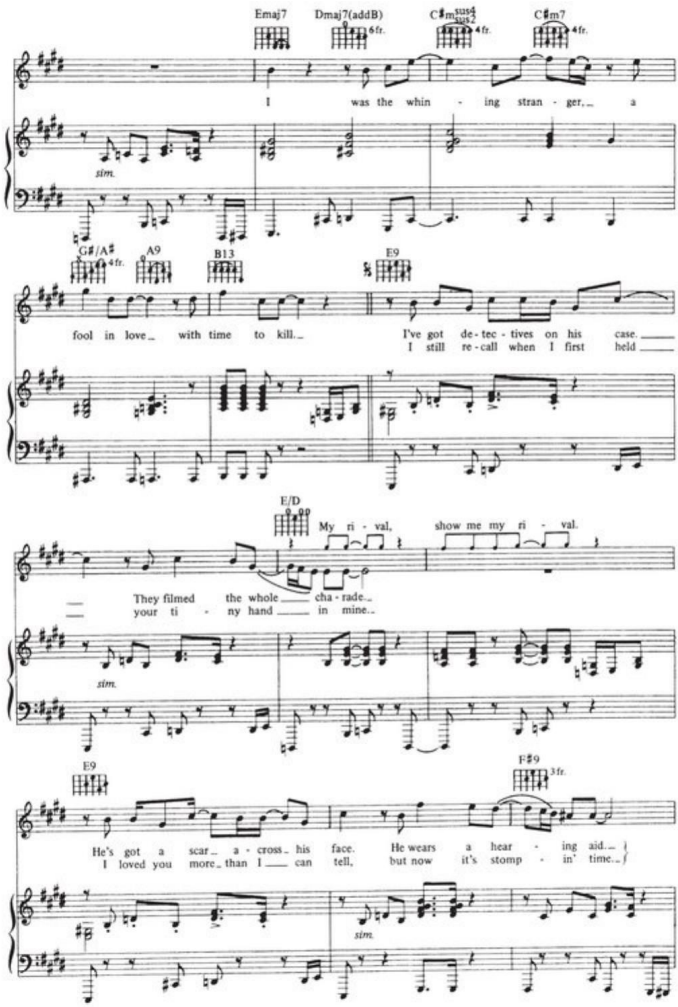
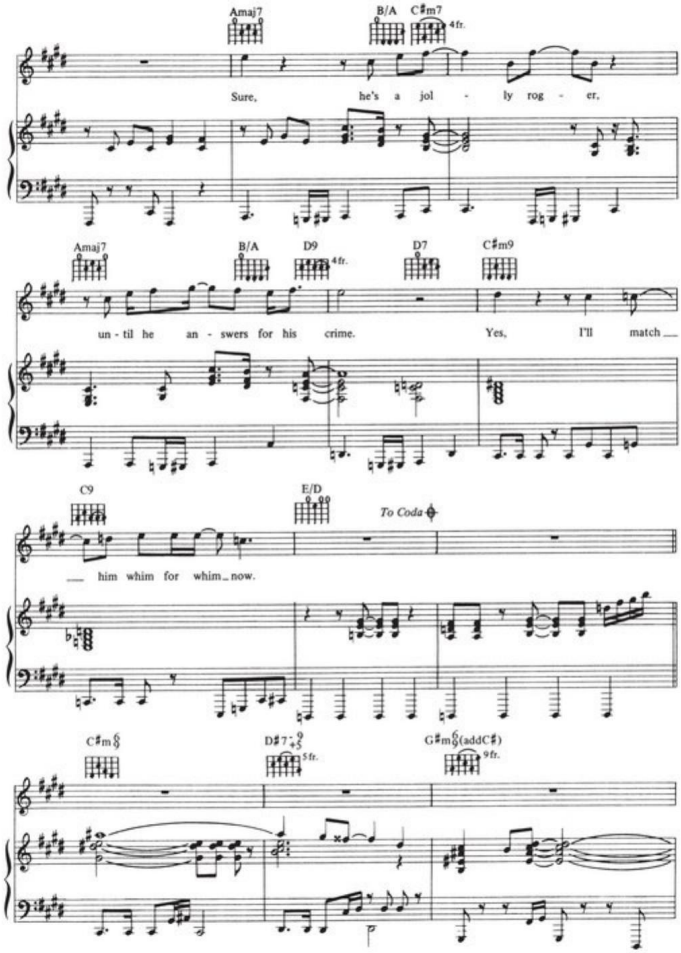
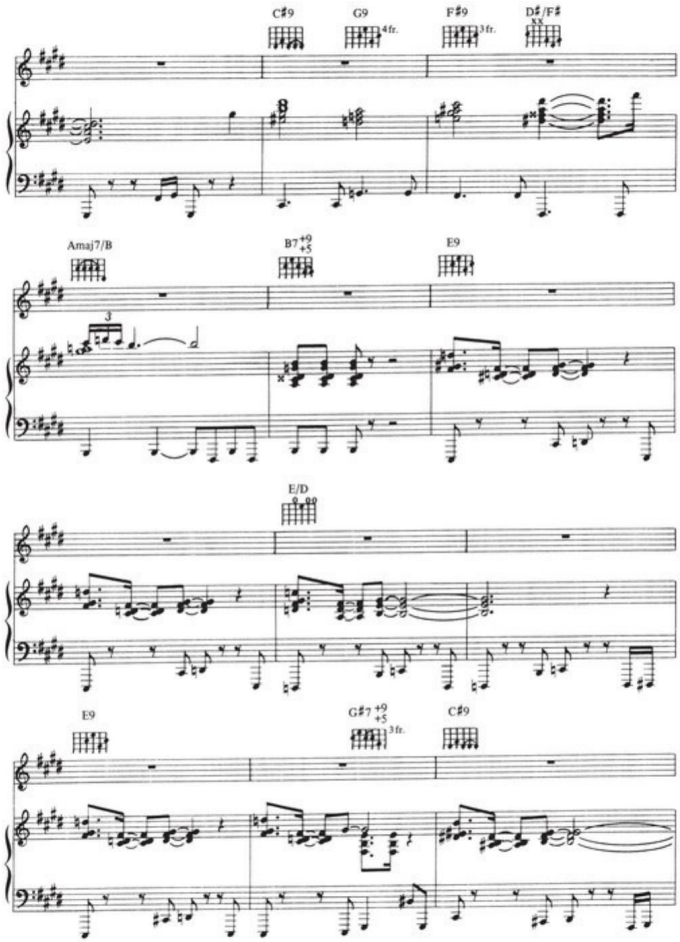
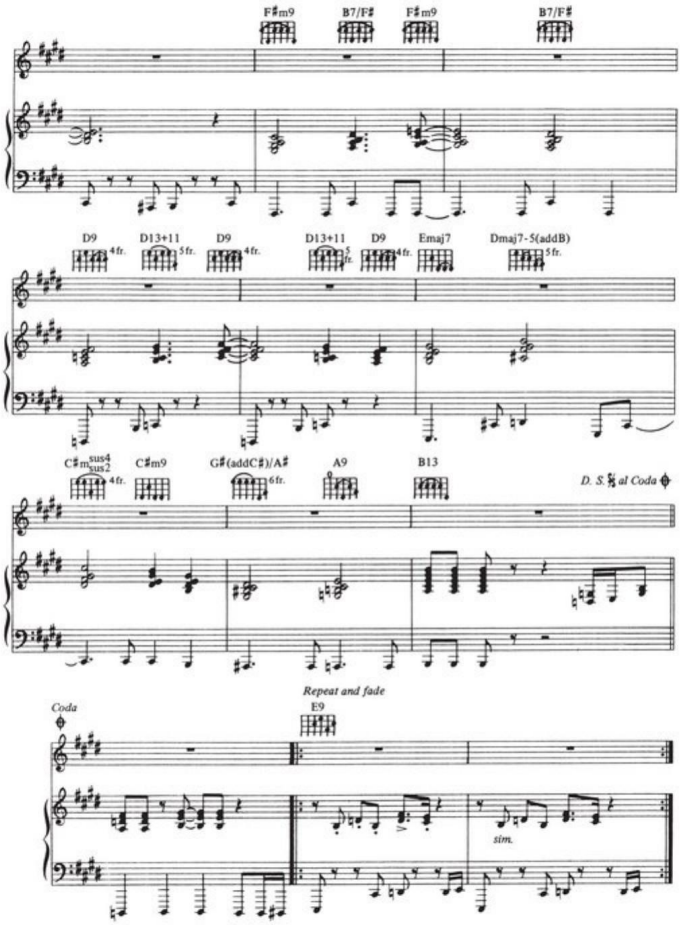

E9
The wind was driv - ing in my face the smell of prick -
E/D
(My ri - val, show me my ri - val.)
E9
ly pear.
The milk - truck eased in - to my
C♯9
space. Some-bod - y screamed some - where.
I
sim.
F♯m
G♯m/F♯
F♯m7
G♯m/F♯
D9
4fr.
struck a match a-gainst the door of An - tho - ny's Bar and Grill.


Emaj7
Dmaj7(addB)
C♯m
C♯m7
4fr.
I was the whin - ing stran - ger, a
sim.
G♯/A♯
A9
B13
E9
fool in love with time to kill.
I've got de-tec-tives on his case.
I still re-call when I first held
E/D
My ri - val, show me my ri - val.
They filmed the whole cha-rade.
your ti - ny hand in mine.
sim.
E9
F♯9
3fr.
He's got a scar a-cross his face. He wears a hear - ing aid.
I loved you more than I can tell, but now it's stomp - in' time.
sim.

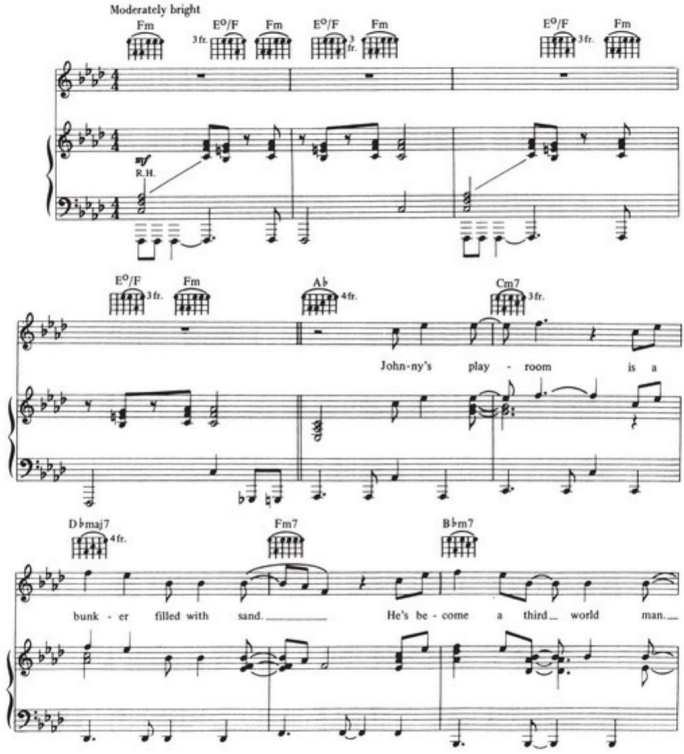

Amaj7
B/A
C♯m7
4fr.
Sure, he's a jol - ly rog - er,
Amaj7
B/A
D9
4fr.
D7
C♯m9
un - til he an - swers for his crime. Yes, I'll match
C9
E/D
To Coda
him whim for whim now.
C♯m§
D♯7+5
5fr.
G♯m§(addC♯)
9fr.


C♯9
G9
4fr.
F♯9
3fr.
D♯/F♯
Amaj7/B
B7 +9 +5
E9
E/D
E9
G♯7 +9 +5
3fr.
C♯9


F♯m9
B7/F♯
F♯m9
B7/F♯
D9
4fr.
D13+11
5fr.
D9
4fr.
D13+11
5fr.
D9
4fr.
Emaj7
Dmaj7-5(addB)
5fr.
C♯msus4sus2
4fr.
C♯m9
G♯(addC♯)/A♯
6fr.
A9
B13
D. S. 𝄋 al Coda
Coda
Repeat and fade
E9
sim.

THIRD WORLD MAN

Words and Music by WALTER BECKER
and DONALD FAGEN



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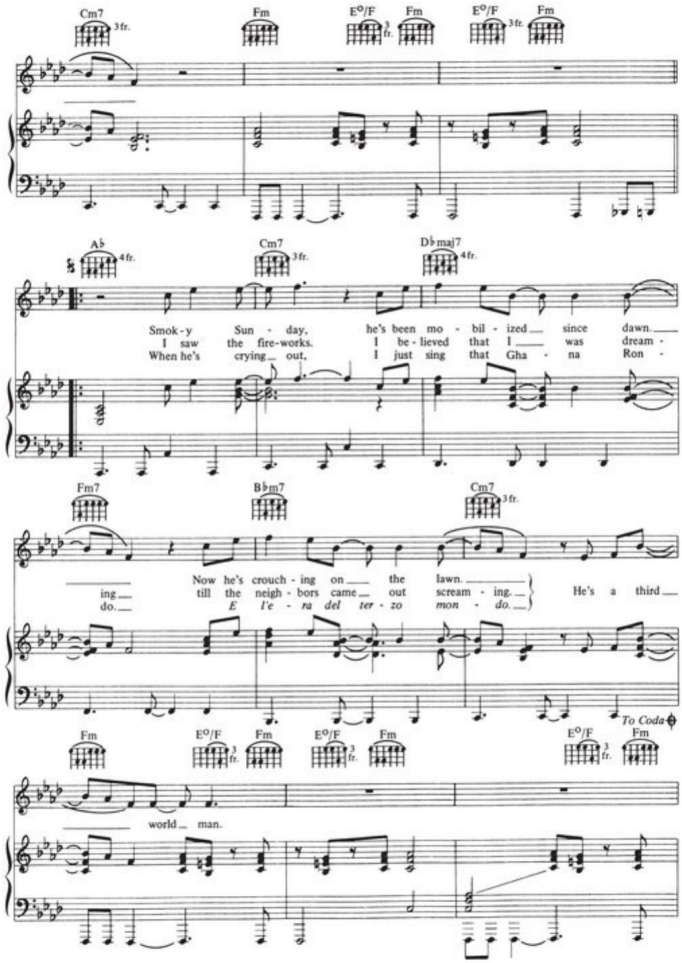
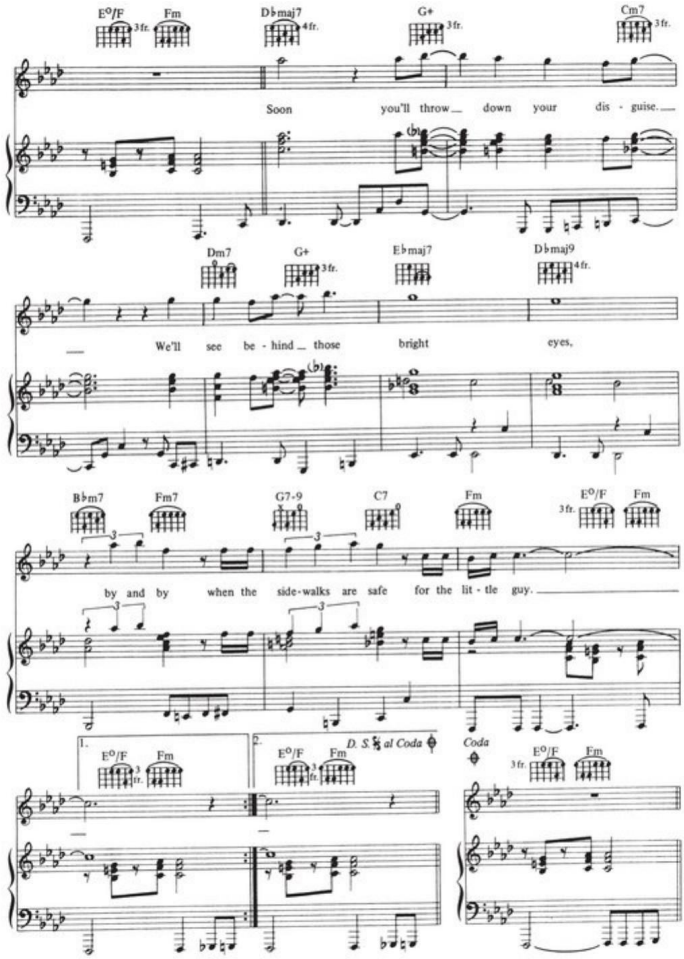
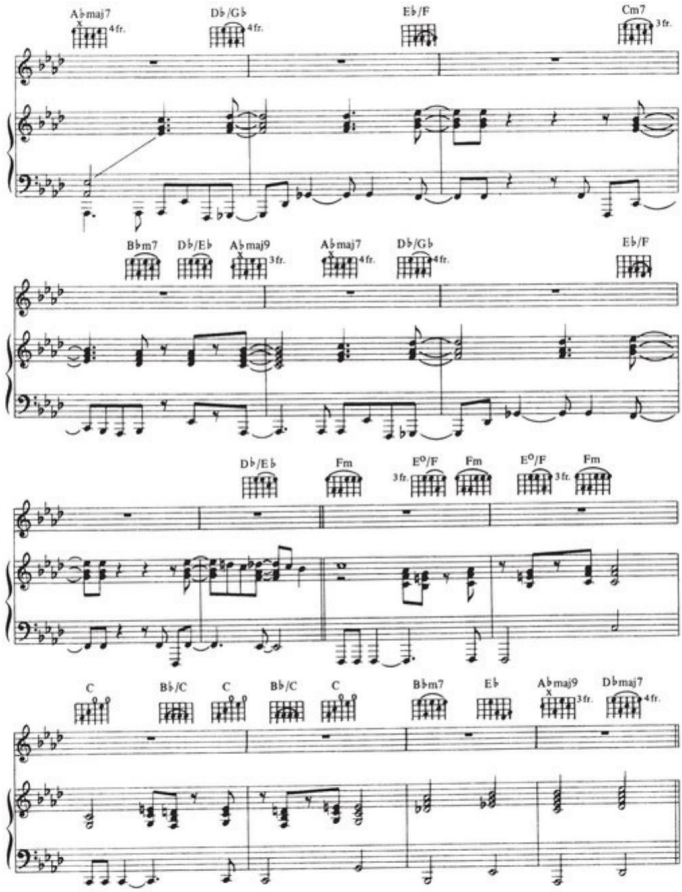
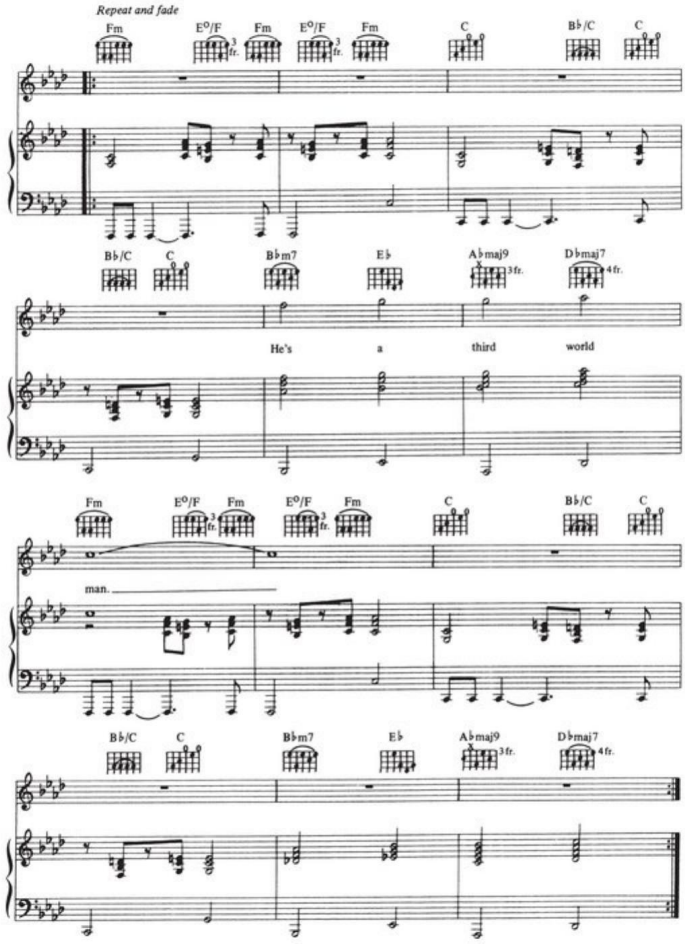

Cm7 3fr.
Fm
E°/F 3fr.
Fm
E°/F 3fr.
Fm
A♭ 4fr.
Cm7 3fr.
D♭maj7 4fr.
Smok - y Sun - day, he's been mo - bil - ized since dawn.
I saw the fire - works. I be - lieved that I was dream -
When he's crying out, I just sing that Gha - na Ron -
Fm7
B♭m7
Cm7 3fr.
ing. Now he's crouch - ing on the lawn.
do. till the neigh - bors came out scream - ing. He's a third
E l'e - ra del ter - zo mon - do.
To Coda
Fm
E°/F 3fr.
Fm
E°/F 3fr.
Fm
E°/F 3fr.
Fm
world man.


E°/F
Fm
D♭maj7
G+
Cm7
3fr.
4fr.
Soon you'll throw down your dis - guise.
Dm7
G+
E♭maj7
D♭maj9
We'll see be - hind those bright eyes,
B♭m7
Fm7
G7-9
C7
Fm
E°/F
Fm
by and by when the side-walks are safe for the lit - tle guy.
1.
2.
D. S. 𝄋 al Coda
Coda


A♭maj7
4fr.
D♭/G♭
4fr.
E♭/F
Cm7
3fr.
B♭m7
D♭/E♭
A♭maj9
3fr.
A♭maj7
4fr.
D♭/G♭
4fr.
E♭/F
D♭/E♭
Fm
E°/F
3fr.
Fm
E°/F
3fr.
Fm
C
B♭/C
C
B♭/C
C
B♭m7
E♭
A♭maj9
3fr.
D♭maj7
4fr.


Repeat and fade
Fm
E°/F
3 fr.
Fm
E°/F
3 fr.
Fm
C
B♭/C
C
B♭/C
C
B♭m7
E♭
A♭maj9
3 fr.
D♭maj7
4 fr.
He's
a
third
world
Fm
E°/F
2 fr.
Fm
E°/F
2 fr.
Fm
C
B♭/C
C
man.
B♭/C
C
B♭m7
E♭
A♭maj9
3 fr.
D♭maj7
4 fr.

steely dan
Gaucho